CLARISSA.

OR, THE HISTORY OF A YOUNG LADY:

Comprehending

The moſt Important Concerns of private LIFE.

And particularly ſhewing,

The Diſtreſſes that may attend the MISCONDUCT Both of PARENTS and CHILDREN,

In Relation to MARRIAGE.

VOL. VIII.

The FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for J. RIVINGTON, in St. Paul's Church-yard; W. JOHNSTON, in Ludgate-ſtreet; C. RIVINGTON, in Staining-lane; R. WITHY, in Cornhill; J. COOTE, and M. RICHARDSON, in Paternoſter-row; and T. LOWNDS, in Fleet-ſtreet.

MDCCLXIV.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
72
MAY

THE HISTORY OF CLARISSA HARLOWE.

VOL. VIII.

LETTER I.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq*;

Thurſday Night.

I MAY as well try to write; ſince, were I to go to bed, I ſhall not ſleep. I never had ſuch a weight of grief upon my mind in my life, as upon the demiſe of this admirable woman; whoſe ſoul is now rejoicing in the regions of light.

You may be glad to know the particulars of her happy Exit. I will try to proceed; for all is huſh and ſtill; the family retired; but not one of them, and leaſt of all her poor Couſin, I dare ſay, to reſt.

At Four o'clock, as I mentioned in my laſt, I was ſent for down; and, as thou uſedſt to like my deſcrip-

tions, I will give thee the woeful ſcene that preſented itſelf to me, as I approached the bed.

The Colonel was the firſt that took my attention, kneeling on the ſide of the bed, the Lady's right-hand in both his, which his face covered, bathing it with his tears; altho' ſhe had been comforting him, as the women ſince told me, in elevated ſtrains, but broken accents.

On the other ſide of the bed ſat the good Widow; her face overwhelmed with tears, leaning her head againſt the bed's head in a moſt diſconſolate manner; and turning her face to me, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, O Mr. Belford, cried ſhe, with folded hands—The dear Lady—A heavy ſob permitted her not to ſay more.

Mrs. Smith, with claſped fingers, and upliſted eyes, as if imploring help from the Only Power which could give it, was kneeling down at the bed's feet, tears in large drops trickling down her cheeks.

Her Nurſe was kneeling between the Widow and Mrs. Smith, her arms extended. In one hand ſhe held an ineffectual cordial, which ſhe had juſt been offering to her dying miſtreſs; her face was ſwoln with weeping (tho' uſed to ſuch ſcenes as this); and ſhe turned her eyes towards me, as if ſhe called upon me by them to join in the helpleſs ſorrow; a freſh ſtream burſting from them as I approached the bed.

The Maid of the houſe, with her face upon her folded arms, as ſhe ſtood leaning againſt the wainſcot, more audibly expreſſed her grief than any of the others.

The Lady had been ſilent a few minutes, and ſpeechleſs as they thought, moving her lips without uttering a word; one hand, as I ſaid, in her Couſin's. But when Mrs. Lovick on my approach pronounced my name, Oh! Mr. Belford, ſaid ſhe, with a faint inward voice, but very diſtinct nevertheleſs—Now!—Now! [in broken periods ſhe ſpoke]—I bleſs God for his mercies to his poor creature—will all ſoon be over—A few—A very few moments—will end this ſtrife—And I ſhall be happy! Comfort

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 72 MAY

Comfort here, Sir—turning her head to the Colonel—Comfort my Couſin—See!—the blame—able kindneſs—He would not wiſh me to be happy—ſo *ſoon!*

Here ſhe ſtopt, for two or three minutes, earneſtly looking upon him: Then reſuming, My deareſt Couſin, ſaid ſhe, be comforted—What is dying but the common lot?—The mortal frame may *ſeem* to labour—But that is all!—It is not ſo hard to die, as I believed it to be!—The Preparation is the difficulty—I bleſs God, I have had time for That—The reſt is worſe to beholders, than to me!—I am all bleſſed hope—Hope itſelf.

She *looked* what ſhe ſaid; a ſweet ſmile beaming over her countenance.

After a ſhort ſilence, Once more, my dear, Couſin, ſaid ſhe, but ſtill in broken accents, commend me moſt dutifully to my Father and Mother—There ſhe ſtopt. And then proceeding—To my Siſter, To my Brother, To my Uncles—And tell them I bleſs them with my parting breath—for all their goodneſs to me—Even for their diſpleaſure, I bleſs them—Moſt happy has been to me my puniſhment *here!* Happy indeed!

She was ſilent for a few moments, lifting up her eyes, and the hand her Couſin held not between his. Then, *O death!* ſaid ſhe, *where is thy ſting!* [The words I remember to have heard in the Burial-ſervice read over my Uncle and poor Belton]. And after a pauſe—*It is good for me that I was afflicted!* Words of Scripture, I ſuppoſe.

Then turning towards us, who were loſt in ſpeechleſs ſorrow—O dear, *dear* gentlemen, ſaid ſhe, you know not what *foretaſtes*—what *aſſurances*—And there ſhe again ſtopt, and looked up, as if in a thankful rapture, ſweetly ſmiling.

Then turning her head towards me—Do *you*, Sir, tell your friend, that I forgive him! And I pray to God to forgive him!—Again pauſing, and lifting up her eyes, as if praying that He would. Let him know how happily I die:—And that ſuch as my own, I wiſh o be his laſt hour.

She was again ſilent for a few moments: And then reſuming—My ſight fails me!—Your voices only—[for we both applauded her chriſtian, her divine frame, tho' in accents as broken as her own]; and the voice of grief is alike in all. Is not this Mr. Morden's hand? preſſing one of his with that he had juſt let go. Which is Mr. Belford's? holding out the other. I gave her mine. God Almighty bleſs you both, ſaid ſhe, and make you both—in your laſt hour—for you *muſt* come to this—happy as I am.

She pauſed again, her breath growing ſhorter; and, after a few minutes, And now, my deareſt Couſin, give me your hand—Nearer—ſtill nearer—drawing it towards her; and ſhe preſſed it with her dying lips—God protect you, dear, dear Sir—And once more, receive my beſt and moſt grateful thanks—And tell my dear Miſs Howe—and vouchſafe to ſee, and to tell my worthy Norton—She will be one day, I fear not, tho' now lowly in her fortunes, a Saint in Heaven—Tell them both, that I remember them with thankful bleſſings in my laſt moments!—And pray God to give them happineſs *here* for many, many years, for the ſake of their friends and lovers; and an heavenly crown *hereafter*; and ſuch aſſurances of it, as I have, thro' the all-ſatisfying merits of my bleſſed Redeemer.

Her ſweet voice and broken periods methinks ſtill fill my ears, and never will be out of my memory.

After a ſhort ſilence, in a more broken and faint accent;—And you, Mr. Belford, preſſing my hand, may God preſerve you, and make you ſenſible of all your errors—You ſee, in me, how all ends—May *you* be—And down ſunk her head upon her pillow, ſhe fainting away, and drawing from us her hands.

We thought ſhe was then gone; and each gave way to a violent burſt of grief.

But ſoon ſhewing ſigns of a returning life, our attention was again engaged; and I beſought her, when a little recovered, to complete in my favour her half-

pro-

pronounced bleſſing. She waved her hand to us both, and bowed her head ſix ſeveral times, as we have ſince recollected, as if diſtinguiſhing every perſon preſent; not forgetting the nurſe and the maid-ſervant; the latter having approached the bed, weeping, as if crouding in for the divine Lady's laſt bleſſing; and ſhe ſpoke faltering and inwardly,—Bleſs—bleſs—bleſs—you All—And now—And now—[holding up her almoſt lifeleſs hands for the laſt time] Come—O come—Bleſſed Lord—JESUS!

And with theſe words, the laſt but half pronounced, expired; Such a ſmile, ſuch a charming ſerenity overſpreading her ſweet face at the inſtant, as ſeemed to manifeſt her eternal happineſs already begun.

O Lovelace!—But I can write no more!

I RESUME my pen to add a few lines.

While warm, tho' pulſeleſs, we preſſed each her hand with our lips; and then retired into the next room.

We looked at each other, with intent to ſpeak: But, as if one motion governed, as one cauſe affected, both, we turned away ſilent.

The Colonel ſighed as if his heart would burſt: At laſt, his face and hands uplifted, his back towards me, Good Heaven! ſaid he to himſelf, ſupport me!—And is it thus, O Flower of Nature!—Then pauſing—And muſt we no more—*Never more!*—My bleſſed, bleſſed Couſin! uttering ſome other words, which his ſighs made inarticulate:—And then, as if recollecting himſelf—Forgive me, Sir!—Excuſe me, Mr. Belford! And, ſliding by me, Anon I hope to ſee you, Sir—And down-ſtairs he went, and out of the houſe, leaving me a Statue.

When I recovered, I was ready to repine at what I *then* called an unequal diſpenſation; forgetting her happy preparation, and ſtill happier departure; and that ſhe had but drawn a common lot; triumphing in it, and

leaving behind her, every one leſs aſſured of happineſs, tho' equally certain that the Lot would one day be their own.

She departed exactly at 40 minutes after Six o'clock, as by her watch on the table.

And thus died Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, in the bloſſom of her youth and beauty: And who, her tender years conſidered, has not left behind her her ſuperior in extenſive knowlege, and watchful prudence; nor hardly her equal for unblemiſhed virtue, examplary piety, ſweetneſs of manners, diſcreet generoſity, and true chriſtian charity: And theſe all ſet off by the moſt graceful modeſty and humility; yet on all proper occaſions manifeſting a noble preſence of mind and true magnanimity: So that ſhe may be ſaid to have been not only an ornament to her Sex, but to Human nature.

A better pen than mine may do her fuller juſtice. Thine, I mean, O Lovelace! For well doſt thou know how much ſhe excelled in the graces both of mind and perſon, natural and acquired, all that is woman. And thou alſo canſt beſt account for the cauſes of her immature death, thro' thoſe calamities which in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time from the higheſt pitch of felicity (every one in a manner adoring her) brought her to an Exit ſo happy for herſelf, but, that it was ſo *early*, ſo much to be deplored by all who had the honour of her acquaintance.

This taſk, then, I leave to thee: But now I can write no more, only that I am a ſympathizer in every part of thy diſtreſs, except (and yet it is cruel to ſay it) in That which ariſes from thy guilt.

One o'clock, Friday Morning.

LETTER II.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq;*

Nine, Friday Morn.

I HAVE no opportunity to write at length, having neceſſary orders to give on the melancholy occaſion.

Joel,

Joel, who got to me by Six in the morning, and whom I diſpatched inſtantly back with the Letter I had ready from laſt night, gives me but an indifferent account of the ſtate of your mind. I wonder not at it; but Time (and nothing elſe can) will make it eaſier to you: If (that is to ſay) you have compounded with your conſcience; elſe it may be heavier every day than other.

TOURVILLE tells me what a way you are in. I hope you will not think of coming hither. The Lady in her Will deſires you may not ſee her. Four copies are making of it. It is a long one; for ſhe gives her reaſons for all ſhe wills. I will write to you more particularly as ſoon as poſſibly I can.

THREE Letters are juſt brought by a ſervant in livery, directed *To Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe.* I will ſend copies of them to you. The contents are enough to make one mad. How would this poor Lady have rejoiced to receive them!—And yet, if ſhe had, ſhe would not have been enabled to ſay, as ſhe nobly did (*a*), *That God would not let her depend for comfort upon any but Himſelf*—And indeed for ſome days paſt ſhe had ſeemed to have got above all worldly conſiderations—Her *fervent Love, even for her Miſs Howe*, as ſhe acknowleged, having given way to *ſupremer fervors* (*b*).

LETTER III.

Mrs. NORTON, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Wedneſday, Sept. 6.

AT length, my beſt beloved Miſs Clary, every-thing is in the wiſhed train: For all your relations are unanimous in your favour. Even your Brother and Siſter are with the foremoſt to be reconciled to you.

I knew it muſt end thus! By patience, and perſevering ſweetneſs, what a triumph have you gained!

(*a*) See Vol. VII. Letter cvi. (*b*) Ibid. Letter xcviii.

This happy change is owing to Letters received from your Phyſician, from your Couſin Morden, and from Mr. Brand.

Colonel Morden will be with you no doubt before this can reach you, with his pocket-book filled with money bills, that nothing may be wanting to make you eaſy.

And *now*, all our hopes, all our prayers, are, that this good news may reſtore you to ſpirits and health; and that (ſo long with-held) it may not come too late.

I know how much your dutiful heart will be raiſed with the joyful tidings I write you, and ſtill ſhall more particularly tell you of, when I have the happineſs to ſee you: Which will be by next Saturday, at fartheſt; perhaps on Friday afternoon, by the time you can receive this.

For this day, being ſent for by the general voice, I was received by every one with great goodneſs and condeſcenſion, and *entreated* (for that was the word they were pleaſed to uſe, when I needed *no* entreaty, I am ſure) to haſten up to you, and to aſſure you of all their affectionate regards to you: And your Father bid me ſay all the kind things that were in my *heart* to ſay, in order to comfort and raiſe you up; and they would hold themſelves bound to make them good.

How agreeable is this commiſſion to your Norton! My heart will overflow with kind ſpeeches, never fear! I am already meditating what I ſhall ſay, to chear and raiſe you up, in the names of every one dear and near to you. And ſorry I am, that I cannot this moment ſet out, as I might, inſtead of writing, would they favour my eager impatience with their chariot; but as it was not offered, it would be preſumption to have aſked for it: And to-morrow a hired chaiſe-and-pair will be ready; but at what hour I know not.

How I long once more to fold my dear precious young Lady to my fond, my *more* than fond, my *maternal* boſom!

Your

Your Siſter will write to you, and ſend her Letter, with This, by a particular hand.

I muſt not let them ſee what I write, becauſe of my wiſh about the chariot.

Your Uncle Harlowe will alſo write, and (I doubt not) in the kindeſt terms: For they are all extremely alarmed and troubled at the dangerous way your Doctor repreſents you to be in; as well as delighted with the character he gives you. Would to Heaven the good gentleman had written *ſooner!* And yet he writes, that you know not he has *now* written. But it is all our confidence, and our conſolation, that he would not have written at all, had he thought it too late.

They will preſcribe no conditions to you, my dear young Lady; but will leave all to your own duty and diſcretion. Only your Brother and Siſter declare, they will never yield to call Mr. Lovelace Brother: Nor will your Father, I believe, be eaſily brought to think of him for a Son.

I am to bring you down with me as ſoon as your health and inclination will permit. You will be received with open arms. Every one longs to ſee you. All the ſervants pleaſe themſelves, that they ſhall be permitted to kiſs your hands. The pert Betty's note is already changed; and ſhe now runs over in your juſt praiſes. What friends does proſperity make! What enemies adverſity! It always was, and always will be ſo, in every ſtate of life from the throne to the cottage.—But let all be forgotten now on this jubilee change: And may you, my deareſt Miſs, be capable of rejoicing in this good news; as I know you *will* rejoice, if capable of any-thing.

God preſerve you to our happy meeting! And I will, if I may ſay ſo, weary Heaven with my inceſſant prayers to preſerve and reſtore you afterwards!

I need not ſay how much I am, my dear young Lady,

Your ever-affectionate and devoted

JUDITH NORTON.

An unhappy delay as to the chaiſe, will make it Saturday morning, before I can fold you to my ſon heart.

LETTER IV.

Miſs ARAB. HARLOWE, *To Miſs* CL. HARLOWE.

Dear Siſter, *Wedn. Morning, Sep.* 6.

WE have juſt heard that you are exceedingly ill. We all loved you as never young creature was loved: You are ſenſible of That, Siſter Clary. And you have been very naughty—But we could not be angry always.

We are indeed more afflicted with the news of your being ſo very ill than I can expreſs: For I ſee not but after this ſeparation (as we underſtand that your misfortune has been greater than your fault, and that, however unhappy, you have demeaned yourſelf like the good young creature you uſed to be) we ſhall love you better, if poſſible, than ever.

Take comfort therefore, Siſter Clary: and don't be too much caſt down—Whatever your mortifications may be from ſuch noble proſpects over-clouded, and from the reflections you will have from *within*, on your faulty ſtep, and from the ſullying of ſuch a charming character by it, you will receive none from *any of us:* And, as an earneſt of your Papa's and Mamma's favour and reconciliation, they aſſure you by me of their Bleſſing and hourly prayers.

If it will be any comfort to you, and my Mother finds this Letter is received as we expect (which we ſhall know by the good effect it will have upon your health) ſhe will herſelf go to town to you. Mean time, the good woman you ſo dearly love will be haſtened up to you: and ſhe writes by this opportunity to acquaint you of it, and of all our returning Love.

I hope you'll rejoice at this good news. Pray let us hear that you do. Your next grateful Letter on this occaſion,

occaſion, eſpecially if it gives us the pleaſure of hearing you are better upon this news, will be received with the ſame (if not greater) delight, than we uſed to have in all your prettily-penn'd epiſtles. Adieu, my dear Clary! I am *Your loving Siſter and true Friend,*

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

LETTER V.

To his dear Niece Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Wedn. Sept. 6.

WE were greatly grieved, my beloved Miſs Clary, at your fault; but we are ſtill more, if poſſible, to hear you are ſo very ill; and we are ſorry things have been carried ſo far.

We know your talents, my dear, and how movingly you could write, whenever you pleaſed; ſo that nobody could ever deny you any-thing; and, believing you depended on your pen, and little thinking you were ſo ill, and that you had lived ſo regular a life, and were ſo truly penitent, are much troubled every one of us, your Brother and all, for being ſo ſevere. Forgive my part in it, my deareſt Clary. I am your *Second-Papa*, you know. And you *uſed* to love me.

I hope you'll ſoon be able to come down, and, after a while, when your indulgent parents can ſpare you, that you will come to me for a whole month, and rejoice my heart, as you uſed to do. But if, thro' illneſs, you cannot ſo ſoon come down as we wiſh, I will go up to you: For I long to ſee you. I never more longed to ſee you in my life; and you was always the darling of my heart, you know.

My Brother Antony deſires his hearty commendations to you, and joins with me in the tendereſt aſſurance, that all ſhall be well, and, if poſſible, better than ever; for we now have been ſo long without you, that we know the miſs of you, and even hunger and thirſt, as I may ſay, to ſee you, and to take you once more to

our

our hearts: Whence indeed you was never baniſhed ſo far, as our concern for the unhappy ſtep made *us* think and *you* believe you were. Your Siſter and Brother both talk of ſeeing you in town: So does my dear Siſter your indulgent Mother.

God reſtore your health, if it be his will: Elſe I know not what will become of

Your truly loving Uncle, and Second-Papa,

JOHN HARLOWE.

LETTER VI.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq;*

Friday Night, Sept. 8. *paſt Ten.*

I Will now take up the account of our proceedings from my Letter of laſt night, which contained the dying words of this incomparable Lady.

As ſoon as we had ſeen the laſt ſcene cloſed (ſo bleſſedly for herſelf!) we left the body to the care of the good women, who, according to the orders ſhe had given them that very night, removed her into that laſt houſe which ſhe had diſplay'd ſo much fortitude in providing.

In the morning, between 7 and 8 o'clock, according to appointment, the Colonel came to me here. He was very much indiſpoſed. We went together, accompanied by Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith, into the deceaſed's chamber. We could not help taking a view of the lovely corpſe, and admiring the charming ſerenity of her noble aſpect. The women declared, they never ſaw death ſo lovely before; and that ſhe looked as if in an eaſy ſlumber, the colour having not quite left her cheeks and lips.

I unlocked the drawer, in which (as I mentioned in a *(a)* former) ſhe had depoſited her papers. I told you in mine of Monday laſt, that ſhe had the night before ſealed up with three black ſeals a parcel inſcribed, *As ſoon as I am certainly dead, this to be broke open by Mr. Belford.*

(a) See Vol. VII. Letter xci.

Belford. I accuſed myſelf for having not done it overnight. But really I was then incapable of any-thing.

I broke it open accordingly, and found in it no leſs than Eleven Letters, each ſealed with her own ſeal and black wax, one of which was directed to me.

I will incloſe a copy of it.

To JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

SIR, *Sunday Evening, Sept.* 3.

I Take this laſt and ſolemn occaſion to repeat to you my thanks for all your kindneſs to me at a time when I moſt needed countenance and protection.

A few conſiderations I beg leave, as *now* at your peruſal of This, from the dead, to preſs upon you, with all the warmth of a ſincere friendſhip.

By the time you will ſee This, you will have had an inſtance, I humbly truſt, of the comfortable importance of a pacified conſcience, in the laſt hours of one, who, *to* the laſt hour, will wiſh your eternal welfare.

The great Duke of Luxemburgh, as I have heard, on his death-bed, declared, That he would then much rather have had it to reflect upon, that he had adminiſtred a cup of cold water to a worthy poor creature in diſtreſs, than that he had won ſo many battles as he had triumphed for—And, as one well obſerves, All the ſentiments of worthy grandeur vaniſh at that unavoidable moment which decides the deſtiny of men.

If then, Sir, at the tremendous hour, it be thus with the conquerors of armies, and the ſubduers of nations, let me in very few words (many are not needed) aſk, What, at That period, muſt be the reflections of thoſe (if *capable* of reflection) who have lived a life of ſenſe and offence; whoſe ſtudy and whoſe pride moſt inglorioufly have been to ſeduce the innocent, and to ruin the weak, the unguarded, and the friendleſs; made ſtill more friendleſs by *their* baſe ſeductions?—Oh! Mr. Belford, weigh, ponder, and reflect upon it, now, that in health, and in vigour of mind and body, the

the reflections will moſt avail you—What an ungrateful, what an unmanly, what a meaner than reptile pride is this!

In the next place, Sir, let me beg of you, for *my ſake*, who AM, or, as *now* you will beſt read it, *have been*, driven to the neceſſity of applying to you to be the Executor of my Will, that you will bear, according to that generoſity which I think to be in you, with all my friends, and particularly with my Brother (who is really a worthy young man, but perhaps a little too headſtrong in his firſt reſentments and conceptions of things) if any-thing, by reaſon of this Truſt, ſhould fall out diſagreeably: and that you ſtill ſtudy to make peace, and to reconcile all parties; and more eſpecially, that you, who ſeem to have a great influence upon your *ſtill more* headſtrong friend, will interpoſe, if occaſion be, to prevent *further* miſchief—For ſurely, Sir, that violent ſpirit may ſit down ſatisfied with the evils he has already wrought; and, particularly, with the wrongs, the heinous and ignoble wrongs, he has in me done to my family, wounded in the tendereſt part of its honour.

For your compliance with this requeſt I have already your repeated promiſe. I claim the obſervance of it, therefore, as a debt from you: And tho' I hope I need not doubt it, yet was I willing, on this ſolemn, this *laſt* occaſion, thus earneſtly to re-enforce it.

I have another requeſt to make to you: It is only, That you will be pleaſed, by a particular meſſenger, to forward the incloſed Letters as directed.

And now, Sir, having the preſumption to think, that an *uſeful* member is loſt to ſociety by means of the unhappy ſtep which has brought my life ſo ſoon to its period, let me hope, that I may be an humble inſtrument in the hands of Providence, to reform a man of your abilities; and then I ſhall think that loſs will be more abundantly repaired to the world, while it will be, by God's goodneſs, my gain: And I ſhall have this farther hope, that once more I ſhall have an opportunity,

portunity, in a bleſſed Eternity, to thank you, as I now repeatedly do, for the good you have done to, and the trouble you have taken for, Sir,

Your obliged Servant,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

The other Letters are directed, To her Father, To her Mother, One to her two Uncles, To her Brother, To her Siſter, To her Aunt Hervey, To her Couſin Morden, To Miſs Howe, To Mrs. Norton, and laſtly one to You, in performance of her promiſe, *that a Letter ſhould be ſent to you when ſhe arrived at her Father's houſe!*——I will with-hold this laſt till I can be aſſured, that you will be fitter to receive it than Tourville tells me you are at preſent.

Copies of all theſe are ſealed up, and entitled, *Copies of my Ten poſthumous Letters, for* J. Belford, *Eſq*; and put in among the bundle of papers left to my direction, which I have not yet had leiſure to open.

No wonder, while able, that ſhe was always writing, ſince thus only of late could ſhe employ that time which heretofore, from the long days ſhe made, cauſed ſo many beautiful works to ſpring from her fingers. It is my opinion, that there never was a woman ſo young, who wrote ſo much, and with ſuch celerity. Her thoughts keeping pace, as I have ſeen, with her pen, ſhe hardly ever ſtopp'd or heſitated; and very ſeldom blotted out, or altered. It was a natural talent ſhe was miſtreſs of, among many other extraordinary ones.

I gave the Colonel his Letter, and ordered Harry inſtantly to get ready to carry the others.

Mean time (retiring into the next apartment) we opened the Will. We were both ſo much affected in peruſing it, that at one time the Colonel, breaking off, gave it to me to read on; at another, I gave it back to him to proceed with; neither of us being able to read it through without ſuch tokens of ſenſibility as affected the voices of each.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lovick, Mrs. Smith, and her Nurſe, were ſtill more touched, when we read thoſe articles in which they are reſpectively remembred: But I will avoid mentioning the particulars (except in what relates to the thread of my narration) as in proper time I ſhall ſend you a copy of it.

The Colonel told me, he was ready to account with me for the money and Bills he had brought up from Harlowe-Place; which would enable me, as he ſaid, directly to execute the Legacy-parts of the Will; and he would needs at that inſtant force into my hands a paper relating to that ſubject. I put it in my pocket-book, without looking into it; telling him, That as I hoped he would do all in his power to promote a literal performance of the Will, I muſt beg his advice and aſſiſtance in the Execution of it.

Her requeſt to be buried with her anceſtors, made a Letter of the following import neceſſary, which I prevailed upon the Colonel to write; being unwilling myſelf (ſo *early* at leaſt) to appear officious in the eye of a family, which probably wiſhes not any communication with me.

To JAMES HARLOWE, *jun. Eſq;*

SIR,

THE Letter which the bearer of this brings with him, will, I preſume, make it unneceſſary to acquaint you and my Couſins with the death of the moſt excellent of women. But I am requeſted by her Executor, who will ſoon ſend you a copy of her laſt Will, to acquaint her Father (which I chuſe to do by your means) that in it ſhe earneſtly deſires to be laid in the family vault, at the feet of her Grandfather.

If her Father will not admit of it, ſhe has directed her body to be buried in the church-yard of the pariſh where ſhe died.

I need not tell you, that a ſpeedy anſwer to This is neceſſary Her

Her Beatification commenced yeſterday afternoon, exactly at 40 minutes after Six.

I can write no more, than that I am

Yours, &c.

Friday Morn. Sept. 8. WM. MORDEN.

By the time this was written, and by the Colonel's leave tranſcribed, Harry came booted and ſpurred, his horſe at the door; and I delivered him the Letters to the family, with thoſe to Mrs. Norton and Miſs Howe (Eight in all) together with the above of the Colonel to Mr. James Harlowe; and gave him orders to make the utmoſt diſpatch with them.

The Colonel and I have beſpoke mourning for ourſelves and ſervants.

LETTER VII.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq*;

Sat. ten o'Clock.

POOR Mrs. Norton is come. She was ſet down at the door; and would have gone up-ſtairs directly. But Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick being together, and in tears, and the former hinting too ſuddenly to the truly-venerable woman the fatal news, ſhe ſunk down at her feet, in fits; ſo that they were forced to breathe a vein, to bring her to herſelf, and to a capacity of exclamation: And then ſhe ran on to Mrs. Lovick and to me, who entered juſt as ſhe recovered, in praiſe of the Lady, in lamentations for her, and invectives againſt you: But yet ſo circumſcribed were her invectives, that I could obſerve in them the woman well educated, and in her lamentations the paſſion chriſtianized, as I may ſay.

She was impatient to ſee the corpſe. The women went up with her. But they owned, that they were too much affected themſelves on this occaſion to deſcribe her extremely affecting behaviour.

With

With trembling impatience ſhe puſhed aſide the coffin-lid. She bathed the face with her tears, and kiſſed her cheeks and forehead, as if ſhe were living. It was *She* indeed! ſhe ſaid: Her ſweet young Lady! Her very Self! Nor had death, which changed all things, a power to alter her lovely features! She admired the ſerenity of her aſpect. She no doubt was happy, ſhe ſaid, as ſhe had written to her ſhe ſhould be: But how many miſerable creatures had ſhe left behind her!—The good woman lamenting that ſhe herſelf had lived to be one of them.

It was with difficulty they prevailed upon her to quit the corpſe; and when they went into the next apartment, I joined them, and acquainted her with the kind Legacy her beloved young Lady had left her: But This rather augmented, than diminiſhed her concern. She ought, ſhe ſaid, to have attended her in perſon. What was the world to her, wringing her hands, now the child of her boſom, and of her heart, was no more? Her principal conſolation, however, was, that ſhe ſhould not long ſurvive her. She hoped, ſhe ſaid, that ſhe did not ſin, in wiſhing ſhe might not.

It was eaſy to obſerve by the ſimilitude of ſentiments ſhewn in This and other particulars, that the divine Lady owed to this excellent woman many of her good notions.

I thought it would divert the poor gentlewoman, and not altogether unſuitably, if I were to put her upon furniſhing mourning for herſelf; as it would rouſe her, by a ſeaſonable and neceſſary employment, from that diſmal lethargy of grief, which generally ſucceeds the too violent anguiſh with which a gentle nature is accuſtomed to be torn upon the firſt communication of the unexpected loſs of a dear friend. I gave her therefore the thirty guineas bequeathed to her and to her ſon for mourning; the only mourning which the tetaſtrix has mentioned: And deſired her to loſe no time in preparing her own, as I doubted not, that ſhe would accompany

company the corpſe, if it were permitted to be carried down.

The Colonel propoſes to attend the herſe, if his kindred give him not freſh cauſe of diſpleaſure; and will take with him a copy of the Will. And being intent to give the family ſome favourable impreſſions of me, he deſired me to permit him to take with him the copy of the poſthumous Letter to me: Which I readily granted.

He is ſo kind as to promiſe me a minute account of all that ſhall paſs on the melancholy occaſion. And we have begun a friendſhip and ſettled a correſpondence, which but *one incident* can poſſibly happen to interrupt to the end of our lives. And that I hope will not happen.

But what muſt be the grief, the remorſe, that will ſeize upon the hearts of this hitherto inexorable family, on the receiving of the poſthumous Letters, and that of the Colonel appriſing them of what has happened?

I have given requiſite Orders to an Undertaker, on the ſuppoſition that the Body will be permitted to be carried down; and the women intend to fill the coffin with aromatic herbs.

The Colonel has obliged me to take the Bills and Draughts which he brought up with him, for the conſiderable ſums accrued ſince the Grandfather's death from the Lady's Eſtate.

I could have ſhewn to Mrs. Norton the copies of the two Letters which ſhe miſſed by coming up. But her grief wants not the heightenings which the reading of them would have given her.

I HAVE been dipping into the copies of the poſthumous Letters to the family, which Harry has carried down. Well may I call this Lady divine. They are all calculated to give comfort rather than reproach, tho' their cruelty to her merited nothing *but* reproach: But were I in any of their places, how much rather had I, that ſhe had quitted ſcores with me by the moſt ſevere

ſevere recriminations, than that ſhe ſhould thus nobly triumph over me by a generoſity that has no example?

I will incloſe ſome of them, which I deſire you to return as ſoon as you can.

LETTER VIII.

To the Ever-honoured JAMES HARLOWE, *ſen. Eſq;*

Moſt dear Sir!

WITH exulting confidence now does your emboldened daughter come into your awful preſence by theſe lines, who dared not but upon This occaſion to look up to you with hopes of favour and forgiveneſs; ſince, when This comes to your hands, it will be out of her power ever to offend you more.

And now let me bleſs you, my honoured Papa, and bleſs you, as I write, upon my knees, for all the benefits I have received from your indulgence: For your fond Love to me in the days of my prattling innocence: For the virtuous Education you gave me: And for, the Crown of all, the happy End, which thro' Divine Grace, by means of that virtuous Education, I hope, by the time you will receive This, I ſhall have made. And let me beg of you, dear venerable Sir, to blot from your remembrance, if poſſible, the laſt unhappy Eight months; and then I ſhall hope to be remembred with advantage for the pleaſure you had the goodneſs to take in your Clariſſa.

Still on her knees, let your poor Penitent implore your forgiveneſs of all her faults and follies; more eſpecially of that fatal error which threw her out of your protection.

When you know, Sir, that I have never been faulty in my Will: That ever ſince my calamity became irretrievable, I have been in a ſtate of preparation: That I have the ſtrongeſt aſſurances, that the Almighty has accepted my unfeigned repentance; and that by this time you will (as I humbly preſume to hope) have been

been the means of adding One to the number of the Bleſſed; you will have reaſon for joy rather than ſorrow. Since, had I eſcaped the ſnares by which I was entangled, I might have wanted thoſe exerciſes which I look upon now as ſo many Mercies diſpenſed to wean me betimes from a world that preſented itſelf to me with proſpects too alluring: And in that caſe (too eaſily ſatisfied with *worldly* felicity) I might not have attained to that bleſſedneſs, in which now, on your reading of This, I humbly preſume (thro' the Divine Goodneſs) I am rejoicing.

That the Almighty, in His own good time, will bring you, Sir, and my ever-honoured Mother, after a ſeries of earthly felicities, of which may my unhappy fault be the only interruption (and very grievous I know That muſt have been) to rejoice in the ſame bleſſed ſtate, is the repeated prayer of, Sir,

Your now happy Daughter,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER IX.

To the Ever-honoured Mrs. HARLOWE.

Honoured Madam,

THE laſt time I had the boldneſs to write to you, it was with all the conſciouſneſs of a ſelf-convicted criminal, ſupplicating her offended judge for mercy and pardon. I now, by theſe lines, approach you with more aſſurance; but nevertheleſs with the higheſt degree of reverence, gratitude, and duty. The reaſon of my aſſurance, my Letter to my Papa will give: And as I humbly on my knees implored *his* pardon, ſo now, in the ſame dutiful manner, do I ſupplicate yours, for the grief and trouble I have given you.

Every vein of my heart has bled for an unhappy raſhneſs; which (altho' involuntary as to the act) from the

the moment it was committed, carried with it its own puniſhment; and was accompanied with a true and ſincere penitence.

God, who has been a witneſs of my diſtreſſes, knows, that great as they have been, the greateſt of all was the diſtreſs that I knew I muſt have given to you, Madam, and to my Father, by a ſtep that had ſo very ugly an appearance in your eyes, and his; and indeed in the eyes of all my family: A ſtep ſo unworthy of *your* daughter, and of the education you had given her!

But HE, I preſume to hope, has forgiven me; and at the inſtant this will reach your hands, I humbly truſt, I ſhall be rejoicing in the bleſſed fruits of His forgiveneſs. And be This your comfort, my ever-honoured Mamma, that the principal end of your pious care for me is attained, tho' no in the way ſo much hoped for.

May the grief which my fatal error has given to you both, be the only grief that ſhall ever annoy you in this world!——May you, Madam, long live to ſweeten the cares, and heighten the comforts, of my Papa!——May my Siſter's continued, and, if poſſible, augmented duty, happily make up to you the Loſs you have ſuſtained of me! And whenever my Brother and ſhe change their Single State, may it be with ſuch Satisfaction to you both, as may make you forget my offence; and remember me only in thoſe days, in which you took pleaſure in me! And, at laſt, may a happy meeting with your forgiven penitent, in the eternal manſions, augment the bliſs of her, who, purified by ſufferings, already, when this ſalutes your hands, preſumes ſhe ſhall be

The Happy, and for Ever happy

CLARISSA HARLOWE!

LET-

LETTER X.

To JAMES HARLOWE *jun. Eſq;*

SIR,

THERE was but one time, but one occaſion, after the raſh ſtep I was precipitated upon, that I could hope to be excuſed looking up to you in the character of a Brother and a Friend. And NOW is that time, and THIS the occaſion. Now at reading This, will you pity your late unhappy Siſter! NOW will you forgive her faults, both ſuppoſed and real! And NOW will you afford to her *memory* that kind concern which you refuſed to her before!

I write, my Brother, in the firſt place, to beg your pardon for the offence my unhappy ſtep gave to you and to the reſt of a family ſo dear to me.

Virgin purity ſhould not ſo behave as to be ſuſpected: Yet, when you come to know all my ſtory, you will find further room for pity, if not for *more* than pity, for your late unhappy Siſter!

O that paſſion had not been deaf! That miſconception would have given way to enquiry! That your rigorous heart, if it could not itſelf be ſoftned (moderating the power you had obtained over every one) had permitted other hearts more indulgently to expand!

But I write not to give pain. I had rather you ſhould think me faulty ſtill, than take to yourſelf the conſequence that will follow from acquitting me

Abandoning therefore a ſubject which I had not intended to touch upon (for I hope, at the writing of this, I am above the ſpirit of recrimination) let me tell you, Sir, that my next motive for writing to you in this laſt and moſt ſolemn manner, is, To beg of you to forego any active reſentments (which may endanger a life ſo precious to all your friends) againſt the man to whoſe elaborate baſeneſs I owe my worldly ruin.

For, ought an innocent man to run an *equal* riſque with a guilty one?—A *more* than equal riſque, as the guilty one has been long enured to acts of violence, and is ſkilled in the arts of offence?

You would not arrogate to yourſelf God's province, who has ſaid, *Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it.* If you would, I tremble for the conſequence: For will it not be ſuitable to the Divine Juſtice to puniſh the *preſumptuous* Innocent (as you would be in this caſe) in the *very* error, and that by the hand of the *Self-defending* Guilty—Reſerving *him* for a future day of vengeance for his accumulated crimes?

Leave then the poor wretch to the Divine Juſtice. Let your Siſter's fault die with her. At leaſt, let it not be revived in blood. Life is a ſhort ſtage where longeſt. A little time hence, the now green head will be grey, if it lives this little time: And if Heaven will afford him time for repentance, why ſhould not *you?*

Then think, my Brother, what will be the conſequence to your dear Parents, if the guilty wretch, who has occaſioned to them the loſs of a Daughter, ſhould likewiſe deprive them of their beſt hope, and only Son, more worth in the family account than ſeveral Daughters?

Would you add, my Brother, to thoſe diſtreſſes which you hold your Siſter ſo inexcuſable for having (altho' from involuntary and undeſigned cauſes) given?

Seek not then, I beſeech you, to extend the evil conſequences of your Siſter's error. His Conſcience, when it ſhall pleaſe God to touch it, will be ſharper than your ſword.

I have ſtill another motive for writing to you in this ſolemn manner: It is, to entreat you to watch over your paſſions. The principal fault I know you to be guilty of, is, the violence of your temper when you think yourſelf in the right; which you would oftener be, but for that very violence.

You have ſeveral times brought your life into danger by it. Is

Is not the man guilty of a high degree of injuſtice, who is more apt to *give* contradiction, than able to *bear* it? How often, with you, has impetuoſity brought on abaſement? A conſequence too natural.

Let me then caution you, dear Sir, againſt a warmth of temper, an impetuoſity when moved, and you ſo *ready* to be moved, that may hurry you into unforeſeen difficulties; and which it is in ſome meaſure a ſin not to endeavour to reſtrain. God enable you to do it for the ſake of your own peace and ſafety, as well preſent as future! and for the ſake of your family and friends, who all ſee your fault, but are tender of ſpeaking to you of it!

As for me, my Brother, my puniſhment has been ſeaſonable. God gave me grace to make a right uſe of my ſufferings. I early repented. I never loved the man half ſo much as I hated his actions, when I ſaw what he was capable of. I gave up my *whole* heart to a better hope. God bleſſed my penitence and my reliance upon him. And now I preſume to ſay I AM HAPPY.

May Heaven preſerve you in ſafety, health, and honour, and long continue your life for a comfort and ſtay to your honoured Parents! And may you, in the change of your Single-State, meet with a wife as agreeable to every one elſe as to yourſelf, and be happy in a hopeful race, and not have one Clariſſa among them, to embitter your comforts when ſhe ſhould give you *moſt* comfort! But may my example be of uſe to warn the dear creatures whom once I hoped to live to ſee, and to cheriſh, of the evils with which this deceitful world abounds! are the prayers of

Your affectionate Siſter,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XI.

To Miſs HARLOWE.

NOW may you, my dear Arabella, unreſtrained by the ſeverity of your virtue, let fall a pitying tear on the paſt faults and ſufferings of your late unhappy Siſter; ſince, *Now*, ſhe can never offend you more. The Divine Mercy, which firſt inſpired her with repentance (an *early* repentance it was; ſince it preceded her ſufferings) for an error which ſhe offers not to extenuate, altho' perhaps it were capable of ſome extenuation, has *now*, at the inſtant that you are reading This, as I humbly hope, bleſſed her with the fruits of it.

Thus already, even while ſhe writes, in imagination, purified and exalted, ſhe the more fearleſly writes to her Siſter; and NOW is aſſured of pardon for all thoſe little occaſions of diſpleaſure which her frowarder youth might give you; and for the diſgrace which her fall has faſtened upon you, and upon her family.

May you, my Siſter, continue to bleſs thoſe dear and honoured relations, whoſe indulgence ſo well deſerves your utmoſt gratitude, with thoſe chearful inſtances of duty and obedience which have hitherto been ſo acceptable to *Them*, and praiſe-worthy in *You!* And may you, when a ſuitable propoſal ſhall offer, fill up more worthily that chaſm, which the loſs they have ſuſtained in me has made in their family!

Thus, my Arabella! my only Siſter! and for many happy years, my Friend! moſt fervently prays, That Siſter, whoſe affection for you, no acts of unkindneſs, no miſconſtruction of her conduct, could cancel! And who NOW, made perfect (as ſhe hopes) thro' ſufferings, ſtyles herſelf,

The Happy

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LET-

LETTER XII.

To JOHN *and* ANTONY HARLOWE, *Eſqrs.*

Honoured Sirs,

WHEN theſe lines reach your hands, your late unhappy Niece will have known the end of all her troubles; and, as ſhe humbly hopes, will be rejoicing in the mercies of a gracious God, who has declared, that He will forgive the truly penitent of heart.

I write, therefore, my dear Uncles, and to you Both in one Letter (ſince your fraternal Love has made you Both but as One perſon) to give you comfort, and not diſtreſs; for, however ſharp my afflictions have been, they have been but of ſhort duration; and I am betimes (happily as I hope) arrived at the end of a painful journey.

At the ſame time, I write to thank you both, for all your kind indulgence to me, and to beg your forgiveneſs of my laſt, my *only* great fault to you and to my family.

The ways of Providence are unſearchable. Various are the means made uſe of by It, to bring poor ſinners to a ſenſe of their duty. Some are drawn by Love, others are driven by Terrors, to their Divine Refuge. I had for Eighteen years out of Nineteen rejoiced in the favour and affection of every one. No trouble came near my heart. I ſeemed to be one of thoſe deſigned to be drawn by the ſilken cords of Love.—But, perhaps, I was too apt to value myſelf upon the love and favour of every one: The merit of the good I delighted to do, and of the inclinations which were given me, and which I could not *help* having, I was, perhaps, too ready to attribute to myſelf; and now, being led to account for the cauſe of my temporary calamities, find, I had a ſecret pride to be puniſhed for, which I had not fathomed: And it was neceſſary per-

haps that ſome ſore and terrible misfortunes ſhould befal me, in order to mortify that my pride, and that my vanity.

Temptations were accordingly ſent. I ſhrunk in the day of tryal. My diſcretion, which had been ſo cried up, was found wanting when it came to be weighed in an equal balance. I was betrayed, fell, and became the by-word of my companions, and a diſgrace to my family, which had prided itſelf in me perhaps too much. But as my fault was not that of a culpable will, when my pride was ſufficiently mortified, I was not ſuffered (altho' ſurrounded by dangers, and entangled in ſnares) to be totally loſt: But, purified by ſufferings, I was fitted for the change I have NOW, at the time you will receive This, ſo newly, and, as I humbly hope, ſo happily, experienced.

Rejoice with me then, dear Sirs, that I have weathered ſo great a ſtorm. Nor let it be matter of concern, that I am cut off in the bloom of youth. 'There 'is no inquiſition in the grave,' ſays the wiſe Man, 'whether we lived ten or an hundred years; and the 'day of death is better than the day of our birth.'

Once more, dear Sirs, accept my grateful thanks for all your goodneſs to me, from my early childhood, to the day, the unhappy day, of my error! Forgive that error!—And God give us a happy meeting in a bleſſed Eternity; prays

Your moſt dutiful and obliged Kinſwoman,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Mr. Belford gives the Lady's poſthumous Letters to Mrs. Hervey, Miſs Howe, and Mrs. Norton, at length likewiſe: But, altho' every Letter varies in ſtyle as well as matter from the others; yet, as they are written on the ſame ſubject, and are pretty long, it is thought proper to abſtract them.

That to her Aunt Hervey is written in the ſame pious and generous ſtrain with thoſe preceding, ſeeking to

to give comfort rather than diſtreſs. 'The Almighty, 'I hope, ſays ſhe, has received and bleſſed my peni-'tence, and I am happy. Could I have been more 'than ſo, at the end of what is called a *happy* life of '20, or 30, or 40 years to come? And what are 20, 'or 30, or 40 years to look back upon? In half of 'any of theſe periods, what friends might not I have 'mourned for? what temptations from worldly pro-'ſperity might I not have encountered with? And in 'ſuch a caſe, immerſed in earthly pleaſures, how little 'likelihood, that, in my laſt ſtage, I ſhould have been 'bleſſed with ſuch a Preparation and reſignation, as I 'have now been bleſſed with?'

She proceeds as follows: 'Thus much, Madam, of 'comfort to you and to myſelf from this diſpenſation. 'As to my dear parents, I hope they will conſole 'themſelves, that they have ſtill many bleſſings left, 'which ought to balance the troubles my error has 'given them: That, unhappy as I have been to be 'the interrupter of their felicities, they never, till this 'my fault, knew any *heavy evil:* That afflictions 'patiently borne may be turned into bleſſings: That 'uninterrupted happineſs is not to be expected in this 'life: That, after all, they have not, as I humbly 'preſume to hope, the probability of the everlaſting 'perdition of their child to deplore: And that, in 'ſhort, when my ſtory comes to be fully known, 'they will have the comfort to find, that my ſufferings 'redound more to my honour than to my diſgrace.

'Theſe conſiderations will, I hope, make their 'temporary loſs of but *one* child out of *three* (unhap-'pily circumſtanced too as ſhe was) matter of greater 'conſolation than affliction. And the rather, as we 'may hope for a happy meeting once more, never to 'be ſeparated either by time or offences.'

She concludes this Letter with an addreſs to her Couſin Dolly Hervey, whom ſhe calls her amiable Couſin; and thankfully remembers for the part ſhe

took in her afflictions,—'O my dear Couſin, let your 'worthy heart be guarded againſt thoſe deluſions, 'which have been fatal to my worldly happineſs!— 'That pity, which you beſtowed upon *me*, demon- 'ſtrates a gentleneſs of nature, which may poſſibly 'ſubject you to misfortunes, if your eye be permitted 'to miſlead your judgment.—But a ſtrict obſervance 'of your filial duty, my deareſt Couſin, and the pre- 'cepts of ſo prudent a Mother as you have the happi- 'neſs to have (enforced by ſo ſad an example in your 'own family as I have ſet) will, I make no doubt, 'with the Divine Aſſiſtance, be your guard and ſe- 'curity.'

The poſthumous Letter to Miſs HOWE is extremely tender and affectionate. She pathetically calls upon her 'to rejoice that all her Clariſſa's troubles are now 'at an end; that the ſtate of temptation and tryal, of 'doubt and uncertainty, is now over with her; and 'that ſhe has happily eſcaped the ſnares that were laid 'for her ſoul: The rather to rejoice, as that her miſ- 'fortunes were of ſuch a nature, that it was impoſſible 'ſhe could be tolerably happy in this life.'

She 'thankfully acknowleges the favours ſhe had 'received from Mrs. Howe and Mr. Hickman; and 'expreſſes her concern for the trouble ſhe has occa- 'ſioned to the former, as well as to her; and prays 'that all the earthly bleſſings they uſed to wiſh to each 'other, may ſingly devolve upon *her*.'

She beſeeches her, 'that ſhe will not ſuſpend the 'day, which ſhall ſupply to herſelf the friend ſhe will 'have loſt in her, and give to herſelf a ſtill nearer 'and dearer relation.

She tells her, 'That her choice (a choice made with 'the approbation of all her friends) has fallen upon a 'ſincere, an honeſt, a virtuous, and what is more 'than all, a *pious* man; a man, who, altho' he ad- 'mires her perſon, is ſtill more in love with the graces

'of

'of her mind. And as thoſe graces are improveable 'with every added year of life, which will impair the 'tranſitory ones of perſon, what a firm baſis, infers 'ſhe, has Mr. Hickman choſen to build his Love 'upon!'

She prays, 'That God will bleſs them together: 'and that the remembrance of her, and of what ſhe 'has ſuffered, may not interrupt their mutual happi-'neſs, ſhe deſires them to think of nothing but what 'ſhe *Now is*; and that a time will come when they 'ſhall meet again, never to be divided.'

'To the Divine Protection, mean time, ſhe com-'mits her; and charges her, by the Love that has 'always ſubſiſted between them, that ſhe will not 'mourn too heavily for her; and again calls upon her, 'after a gentle tear, which ſhe will allow her to let 'fall in memory of their uninterrupted friendſhip, to 'rejoice that ſhe is ſo early releaſed; and that ſhe is 'purified by her ſufferings, and is made, as ſhe aſ-'ſuredly truſts, by God's goodneſs, eternally happy.'

The poſthumous Letters to Mr. LOVELACE *and Mr.* MORDEN *will be inſerted hereafter: As will alſo the ſubſtance of that written to Mrs.* NORTON.

LETTER XIII.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq;*

Sat. Afternoon, Sept. 9.

I Underſtand, that thou breatheſt nothing but revenge againſt *me*, for treating thee with ſo much freedom; and againſt the accurſed woman and her infernal crew. I am not at all concened for thy menaces againſt myſelf. It is my deſign to make thee *feel*. It gives me pleaſure to find my intention anſwered. And I congratulate thee, that thou haſt not loſt that ſenſe.

As to the curſed crew, well do they deſerve the fire *here*, that thou threateneſt them with, and the fire here-

after that ſeems to await them. But I have this moment received news which will, in all likelihood, ſave thee the guilt of puniſhing the old wretch for her ſhare of wickedneſs as thy *agent*. But if that happens to her which is likely to happen, wilt thou not tremble for what may befal the *principal?*

Not to keep thee longer in ſuſpenſe; laſt night, it ſeems, the infamous woman got ſo heartily intoxicated with her beloved liquor, Arrack punch, at the expence of Colonel Salter, that, miſtaking her way, ſhe fell down a pair of ſtairs, and broke her leg: And now, after a dreadful night, ſhe lies foaming, raving, roaring, in a burning fever, that wants not any other fire to ſcorch her into a feeling more exquiſite and durable than any thy vengeance could give her.

The wretch has requeſted me to come to her: And leſt I ſhould refuſe a common meſſenger, ſent her vile aſſociate Sally Martin; who, not finding me at Soho, came hither; another part of her buſineſs being to procure the divine Lady's pardon for the old creature's wickedneſs to her.

This devil incarnate, Sally, declares, that ſhe never was ſo ſhocked in her life, as when I told her the lady was dead.

She took out her ſalts to keep her from fainting; and when a little recovered, ſhe accuſed herſelf for her part of the injuries the lady had ſuſtained; as ſhe ſaid Polly Horton would do for her's; and ſhedding tears, declared, that the world never produced ſuch another woman. She called her the ornament and glory of her Sex; acknowledged, that her ruin was owing more to *their inſtigations* than even (ſavage as thou art) to *thy own vileneſs*; ſince thou wert inclined to have done her juſtice more than once, had they not kept up thy profligate ſpirit to its height.

This wretch would fain have been admitted to a ſight of the corpſe. But I refuſed her requeſt with execrations.

She

She could forgive herſelf, ſhe ſaid, for every thing but her inſults upon the admirable Lady at Rowland's: Since all the reſt was but in purſuit of a *livelihood*, to which ſhe had been reduced, as ſhe boaſted, from better expectations, and which hundreds follow as well as ſhe. I did not aſk her, *By whom reduced.*

At going away, ſhe told me, that the old monſter's bruiſes are of more dangerous conſequence than the fracture: That a mortification is apprehended: And that the vile wretch has ſo much compunction of heart, on recollecting her treatment of Miſs Harlowe, and is ſo much ſet upon procuring her forgiveneſs, that ſhe is ſure the news ſhe has to carry her, will haſten her end.

All theſe things I leave upon thy reflection.

LETTER XIV.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq;*

Sat. Night.

YOUR ſervant gives me a dreadful account of your raving unmanageableneſs. I wonder not at it. But as nothing violent is laſting, I dare ſay, that your habitual gaiety of heart will quickly get the better of your phrenſy: And the rather do I judge ſo, as your fits are of the raving kind (ſuitable to your natural impetuoſity) and not of that melancholy ſpecies which ſeizes ſlower ſouls.

For this reaſon I will proceed in writing to you, that my narrative may not be broken by your diſcompoſure; and that the contents of it may *find you*, and help you to reflection, when you ſhall be reſtored.

Harry is returned from carrying the poſthumous Letters to the family, and to Miſs Howe; and that of the Colonel, which acquaints James Harlowe with his Siſter's death, and with her deſire to be interred near her Grandfather.

Harry was not admitted into the preſence of any of

the family. They were all aſſembled together, it ſeems, at Harlowe-place, on occaſion of the Colonel's Letter which informed them of the Lady's dangerous way *(a)*; and were comforting themſelves, as Harry was told, with hopes, that Mr. Morden had made the worſt of her ſtate, in order to quicken their reſolutions.

It is eaſy then to judge what muſt be their grief and ſurprize on receiving the fatal news which the Letters Harry ſent in to them communicated.

He ſtaid there long enough to find the whole houſe in confuſion; the ſervants running different ways; lamenting and wringing their hands as they ran; the female ſervants particularly; as if ſomebody (poor Mrs. Harlowe no doubt; and perhaps Mrs. Hervey too) where in fits.

Every one was in ſuch diſorder, that he could get no commands, nor obtain any notice of himſelf. The ſervants ſeemed more inclined to execrate than welcome him—O maſter, O young man! cried three or four together, what diſmal tidings have you brought!—They helped him, at the very firſt word, to his horſe; which with great civility they had put up on his arrival: And he went to an Inn; and purſued on foot his way to Mrs. Norton's; and finding her come to town, left the Letter he carried down for her with her ſon (a fine youth); who when he heard the fatal news, burſt out into a flood of tears—firſt lamenting the Lady's death, and then crying out, What, what, would become of his poor Mother! — How would ſhe ſupport herſelf, when ſhe ſhould find on her arrival in town, that the dear Lady, who was ſo deſervedly the darling of her heart, was no more!

He proceeded to Miſs Howe's, with the Letter for her. That Lady, he was told, had juſt given orders for a young man, a tenant's ſon, to poſt to London, to bring her news of her dear friend's condition, and whether

(*a*) See the beginning of Letter cvii. in Vol. VII.

whether ſhe ſhould herſelf be encouraged, by an account of her being ſtill alive, to make her a viſit; everything being ordered to be in readineſs for her going up, on his return with the news ſhe wiſhed and prayed for with the utmoſt impatience. And Harry was juſt in time to prevent the man's ſetting out.

He had the precaution to deſire to ſpeak with Miſs Howe's woman or maid, and communicated to her the fatal tidings, that ſhe might break them to her young Lady. The maid herſelf was ſo affected, that her old Lady (who, Harry ſaid, ſeemed to be *everywhere at once*) came to ſee what ailed her! and was herſelf ſo ſtruck with the communication, that ſhe was forced to ſit down in a chair: O the ſweet creature! ſaid ſhe — And is it come to this! — O my poor Nancy! — How ſhall I be able to break the matter to my Nancy!

Mr. Hickman was in the houſe. He haſtened in to comfort the old Lady — But he could not reſtrain his own tears. He feared, he ſaid, when he was laſt in town, that this ſad event would *ſoon* happen: But little thought it ſhould be ſo *very* ſoon! — But ſhe is happy, I am ſure, ſaid the good Gentleman.

Mrs. Howe, when a little recovered, went up, in order to break the news to her Daughter. She took the Letter, and her Salts in her hand. And they had occaſion for the latter. For the houſekeeper ſoon came hurrying down into the kitchen, her face overſpread with tears — Her young miſtreſs had fainted away, ſhe ſaid — Nor did ſhe wonder at it — Never did there live a Lady more deſerving of general admiration and lamentation, than Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe! And never was there a ſtronger friendſhip diſſolved by death than between her young Lady and her.

She hurried with a lighted wax-candle, and with feathers, to burn under the noſe of her young miſtreſs; which ſhewed that ſhe continued in fits.

Mr. Hickman afterwards, with his uſual humanity, directed

directed that Harry ſhould be taken care of all night; it being then the cloſe of day. He aſked him after my health. He expreſſed himſelf exceſſively afflicted, as well for the death of the moſt excellent of women, as for the juſt grief of the Lady, whom he ſo paſſionately loves. But he called the departed Lady an Angel of Light. We dreaded, ſaid he (tell your maſter) to read the Letter ſent — But we needed not — 'Tis a bleſſed Letter, written by a bleſſed hand! — But the conſolation ſhe aims to give, will for the preſent heighten the ſenſe we all ſhall have of the loſs of ſo excellent a creature! Tell Mr. Belford, that I thank God I am not the man who had the unmerited honour to call himſelf her Brother.

I know how terribly this *great* cataſtrophe (as I may call it, ſince ſo many perſons are intereſted in it) affects *thee*. I ſhould have been glad to have had particulars of the diſtreſs which the firſt communication of it muſt have given to the *Harlowes*. Yet who but muſt pity the unhappy Mother?

The Anſwer which James Harlowe returned to Colonel Morden's Letter of notification of his Siſter's death, and to her requeſt as to Interment, will give a faint idea of what their concern muſt be. Here follows a copy of it.

To WILLIAM MORDEN, *Eſq*;

Dear Couſin, *Saturday*, *Sept.* 9.

I Cannot find words to expreſs what we all ſuffer on the moſt mournful news that ever was communicated to us.

My Siſter Arabella (but alas! I have now no *other*, Siſter) was preparing to follow Mrs. Norton up; and I had reſolved to eſcorte her, and to have looked in upon the dear creature.

God be merciful to us all! To what purpoſe did the Doctor write if ſhe was ſo near her end? — Why, as every body ſays, did he not ſend ſooner? — or why at all?

The

The moſt admirable young creature that ever ſwerved! — Not one friend to be with her! — Alas! Sir, I fear my Mother will never get over this ſhock — She has been in hourly fits ever ſince ſhe received the fatal news. My poor Father has the gout thrown into his ſtomach; and heaven knows — O Couſin, O Sir! — I meant nothing but the honour of the family; yet have I all the weight thrown upon me — [O this curſed Lovelace! may I periſh if he eſcape the deſerved vengeance!] (*a*).

We had begun to pleaſe ourſelves that we ſhould ſoon ſee her here — Good heaven! that her next entrance into this houſe, after ſhe abandoned us ſo precipitately, ſhould be in a coffin.

We can have nothing to do with her Executor (another ſtrange ſtep of the dear creature's!): He cannot expect we will — nor, if he be a gentleman, will he think of acting. Do You therefore be pleaſed, Sir, to order an Undertaker to convey the body down to us.

My Mother ſays ſhe ſhall be for ever unhappy, if ſhe may not in death ſee the dear creature whom ſhe could not ſee in life: Be ſo kind therefore as to direct the lid to be only half-ſcrew'd down — that (if my poor Mother cannot be prevailed upon to diſpenſe with ſo ſhocking a ſpectacle) ſhe may be obliged — She was the darling of her heart!

If we know her Will in relation to the funeral, it ſhall be punctually complied with: As ſhall every thing in it that is fit or reaſonable to be performed; and This without the intervention of ſtrangers.

Will you not, dear Sir, favour us with your preſence at this melancholy time? Pray do; — and pity and excuſe, with the generoſity which is natural to the Brave and the Wiſe, what paſſed at our laſt meeting. Every one's reſpects attend you. And I am, Sir,

Your inexpreſſibly afflicted Couſin and Servant,

JA. HARLOWE jun.

(*a*) The words thus incloſed [] were omitted in the tranſcript to Mr. Lovelace.

Every-thing that is Fit or Reaſonable to be performed! [repeated I to the Colonel from the above Letter on his reading it to me:] That is every-thing which ſhe has directed, that *can* be performed. I hope, Colonel, that I ſhall have no contention with them. I wiſh no more for *their* acquaintance, than they do for *mine*. But you, Sir, muſt be the mediator between them and me; for I ſhall inſiſt upon a literal performance in every article.

The Colonel was ſo kind as to declare that he would ſupport me in my reſolution.

LETTER XV.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq*;

Sunday Morn. 8 *o'Clock*, *Sept.* 10.

I Staid at Smith's till I ſaw the Laſt of all that is mortal of the divine Lady.

As ſhe had directed Rings by her Will to ſeveral perſons, with her hair to be ſet in cryſtal, the afflicted Mrs. Norton cut off, before the coffin was cloſed, four charming ringlets; one of which the Colonel took for a locket, which, he ſays, he will cauſe to be made, and wear next his heart in memory of his beloved Couſin.

Between Four and Five in the morning, the corpſe was put into the herſe; the coffin before being filled, as intended, with flowers and aromatic herbs, and proper care taken to prevent the corpſe ſuffering (to the eye) from the jolting of the herſe.

Poor Mrs. Norton is extremely ill. I gave particular directions to Mrs. Smith's maid (whom I have ordered to attend the good woman in a mourning chariot) to take care of her. The Colonel, who rides with his ſervants within view of the herſe, ſays, that he will ſee my orders in relation to her enforced.

When the herſe moved off, and was out of ſight, I locked up the Lady's chamber, into which all that had belonged to her was removed. I

I expect to hear from the Colonel as ſoon as he is got down, by a ſervant of his own.

LETTER XVI.

Mr. MOWBRAY, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Dear Jack, Uxbridge, Sunday Morn. 9 o'Clock.

I SEND you incloſed a Letter from Mr. Lovelace; which, tho' written in the curſed Algebra, I know to be ſuch a one as will ſhew what a *queer* way he is in; for he read it to us with the air of a Tragedian. You will ſee by it what the mad fellow had intended to do, if we had not all of us interpoſed. He was actually ſetting out with a Surgeon of this place, to have the Lady opened and embalmed.—Rot me if it be not my full perſuaſion, that if he had, her heart would have been found to be either iron or marble.

We have got Lord M. to him. His Lordſhip is alſo much afflicted at the Lady's death. His Siſters and Nieces, he ſays, will be ready to break their hearts. What a rout's here about a woman! For after all ſhe was no more.

We have taken a pailful of black bull's blood from him; and this has lowered him a little. But he threatens Colonel Morden, he threatens You for your curſed reflections [Curſed reflections indeed, Jack!] and curſes all the world and himſelf, ſtill.

Laſt night his mourning (which is full as deep as for a wife) was brought home, and his fellows mourning too. And, tho' 8 o'clock, he would put it on, and make them attend him in theirs.

Every-body blames him on this Lady's account. But I ſee not for why. She was a *Vixen* in her virtue. What a pretty fellow has ſhe ruined—Hay, Jack!—And her relations are ten times more to blame than he. I will prove this to the teeth of them all. If *they* could uſe her ill, why ſhould they expect *him* to uſe her well?—You, or I, or Tourville, in his ſhoes, would have done as he has

has done. *Are not all the girls forewarned?* — 'Has he 'done by her as that Caitiff *Miles* did to the farmer's 'daughter, whom he tricked up to town (a pretty girl 'alſo, juſt ſuch another as Bob's Roſebud!) under a 'notion of waiting on a Lady? —*Drill'd* her on, pre-'tending the Lady was abroad. Drank her light-'hearted; then carried her to a Play; then it was too 'late, you know, to ſee the pretended Lady: Then 'to a Bagnio: Ruined her, as they call it, and all the 'ſame day. Kept her on (an ugly dog too!) a fort-'night or three weeks; then left her to the mercy of 'the people of the Bagnio (never paying for any 'thing); who ſtript her of all her cloaths, and be-'cauſe ſhe would not *take on*, threw her into priſon; 'where ſhe died in want, and in deſpair!'—A true ſtory, thou knoweſt, Jack—This fellow deſerved to be damned. But has our Bob been ſuch a villain as this? — And would he not have *married* this flinty-hearted Lady? — *So he is juſtified very evidently.*

Why then ſhould ſuch curſed *quawms* take him? — Who would have thought he had been ſuch *poor blood?* Now [Rot the puppy!] to ſee him ſit ſilent in a corner, when he has tired himſelf with his mock-majeſty, and with his argumentation (who ſo fond of *arguing* as he?) and teaching his ſhadow to make mouths againſt the wainſcot—The devil fetch me, if I have patience with him!

But he has had no reſt for theſe ten days: That's the thing!—You muſt write to him; and pr'ythee coax him, Jack, and ſend him what he writes for, and give him all his way: There will be no bearing him elſe. And get the Lady buried as faſt as you can; and don't let him know where.

This Letter ſhould have gone yeſterday. We told him it did. But were in hopes he would not have enquired after it again. But he raves *as he has not* any anſwer.

What

What he *vouchſafed* to read of other of your Letters has given my Lord ſuch a curioſity, as makes him deſire you to continue your accounts. Pray do: But not in your helliſh *Arabic*; and we will let the poor fellow only into what we think fitting for his preſent way.

I live a curſed dull poking life here. With what I ſo lately ſaw of poor Belton, and what I now ſee of this charming fellow, I ſhall be as crazy as he ſoon, or as dull as thou, Jack; ſo muſt ſeek for better company in town than either of you. I have been forced to read ſometimes to divert me; and you know I hate reading. It preſently ſets me into a fit of drowzineſs, and then I yawn and ſtretch like a devil.

Yet in Dryden's Palemon and Arcite have I juſt now met with a paſſage, that has in it much of our Bob's caſe. Theſe are ſome of the lines.

Mr. Mowbray then recites ſome lines from that poem deſcribing a diſtracted man, and runs the parallel; and then priding himſelf in his performance, ſays,

Let me tell you, that had I begun to write as early as you and Lovelace, I might have cut as good a figure as either of you. Why not? But Boy or Man I ever hated a book. 'Tis a folly to lye. I loved *action*, my Boy. I hated *droning*; and have led in former days more boys from their book, than ever my maſter made to profit by it. Kicking and cuffing, and orchard-robbing, were my early glory.

But I am tired of writing. I never wrote ſuch a long Letter in my Life. My wriſt and my fingers and thumb ake damnably. The pen is an hundred weight at leaſt. And my eyes are ready to drop out of my head upon the paper.—The cramp but this minute in my fingers. Rot the gooſe and the gooſe-quill! I will write no more long Letters for a twelve month to come. Yet one word: We think the mad fellow coming to. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Esq*;

Jack, *Uxbridge*, *Sat. Sept.* 9.

I Think it abſolutely right that my ever dear and beloved Lady ſhould be opened and embalmed. It muſt be done out of hand — this very afternoon. Your acquaintance Tomkins and old Anderſon of this place, whom I will bring with me, ſhall be the Surgeons. I have talked to the latter about it.

I will ſee every-thing done with that decorum which the caſe, and the ſacred perſon of my Beloved require.

Every-thing that can be done to preſerve the Charmer from decay, ſhall alſo be done. And when ſhe *will* deſcend to her original duſt, or cannot be kept longer, I will then have her laid in my family-vault between my own Father and Mother. Myſelf, as I am in my *ſoul*, ſo in *perſon*, chief mourner. But her *heart*, to which I have ſuch unqueſtionable pretenſions, in which once I had ſo large a ſhare, and which I will prize above my own, I *will* have. I will keep it in ſpirits. It ſhall never be out of my ſight. And all the charges of *ſepulture* too ſhall be mine.

Surely nobody will diſpute my right to her. Whoſe was ſhe living? whoſe is ſhe dead, but mine? — Her curſed parents, whoſe barbarity to her, no doubt, was the *true* cauſe of her death, have long ſince renounced her. She left *them* for *me*. She choſe *me* therefore: And I was her huſband. What tho' I treated her like a villain? Do I not pay for it now? Would ſhe not have been mine had I not? Nobody will diſpute but ſhe would. And has ſhe not forgiven me? — I am then in *ſtatu quo prius* with her — Am I not! — as if I had never offended? Whoſe then can ſhe be but mine?

I will free you from your Executorſhip and all your cares.

Take

Take notice, Belford, that I do hereby actually diſcharge you, and every-body, from all cares and troubles relating to her. And as to her laſt Teſtament, I will execute it myſelf.

There were no articles between us, no ſettlements; and ſhe is mine, as you ſee I have proved to a demonſtration: Nor could ſhe diſpoſe of herſelf but as I pleaſed. Damnation ſeize me then if I make not good my right againſt all oppoſers!

Her bowels, if her friends are very ſolicitous about them, and very humble and ſorrowful (and none have they of their own) ſhall be ſent down to them — To be laid with *her* anceſtors — unleſs ſhe has ordered otherwiſe. For, except that ſhe ſhall not be committed to the unworthy earth ſo long as ſhe can be kept out of it, her Will ſhall be performed in every-thing.

I ſend in the mean time for a lock of her hair.

I charge you ſtir not in any part of her Will, but by my expreſs direction. I will order every-thing my-ſelf. For am I not her huſband? And being forgiven by her, am I not the choſen of her heart? What elſe ſignifies her forgiveneſs?

The two inſufferable wretches you have ſent me, plague me to death, and would treat me like a babe in ſtrings. Damn the fellows, what can they mean by it? Yet that crippled monkey Doleman joins with them. And, as I hear them whiſper, they have ſent for Lord M.—To *controul* me, I ſuppoſe.

What can they mean by this uſage? Sure all the world is run mad but myſelf. They treat me as they ought every one of themſelves to be treated. The whole world is but one great Bedlam. God confound it, and every thing in it, ſince now my beloved Clariſſa Lovelace — no more Harlowe — Curſe upon that name, and every one called by it!

What I write to you for is,

1. To forbid you intermeddling with any-thing relating to her. To forbid Morden intermeddling alſo.

If

If I remember right, he has threatened me, and curſed me, and uſed me ill —And let him be gone from her, if he would avoid my reſentments.

2. To ſend me a lock of her hair inſtantly by the bearer.

3. To engage Tomkins to have every-thing ready for the opening and embalming. I ſhall bring Anderſon with me.

4. To get her Will and every thing ready for my peruſal and conſideration.

I will have poſſeſſion of her dear heart this very night; and let Tomkins provide a proper receptacle and ſpirits, till I can get a golden one made for it.

I will take her papers. And as no one can do her memory juſtice equal to myſelf, and I will not ſpare myſelf, Who can better ſhew the world what ſhe was, and what a villain he, that could uſe her ill? And the world ſhall alſo ſee, what implacable and unworthy parents ſhe had.

All ſhall be ſet forth in words at length. No mincing of the matter. Names undiſguiſed as well as Facts. For as I ſhall make the worſt figure in it myſelf, and have a right to treat myſelf as nobody elſe ſhall; who will controul me? Who dare call me to account?

Let me know if the damn'd Mother be yet the ſubject of the devil's own vengeance — if the old wretch be dead or alive? Some exemplary miſchief I muſt yet do. My revenge ſhall ſweep away that devil, and all my oppoſers of the cruel Harlowe family, from the face of the earth. Whole hecatombs ought to be offered up to the Manes of my Clariſſa Lovelace.

Altho' her Will may in ſome reſpects croſs mine, yet I expect to be obſerved. I will be the intepreter of hers.

Next to mine, hers ſhall be obſerved; for ſhe is my wife; and ſhall be to all eternity. I will never have another.

Adieu, Jack. I am preparing to be with you. I charge

charge you, as you value my life or your own, do not oppoſe me in any-thing relating to my Clariſſa Lovelace.

My temper is entirely altered. I know not what it is to laugh, or ſmile, or be pleaſant. I am grown choleric and impatient, and will not be controuled.

I write this in characters as I uſed to do, that nobody but you ſhould know what I write. For never was any man plagued with impertinents, as I am.

R. LOVELACE.

In a ſeparate paper incloſed in the above.

LET me tell thee, in characters ſtill, that I am in a dreadful way juſt now. My brain is all boiling like a caldron over a fiery furnace. What a devil is the matter with me I wonder! I never was ſo ſtrange in my life.

In truth, Jack, I have been a moſt execrable villain. And when I conſider all my actions to this angel of a woman, and in her the piety, the charity, the wit, the beauty, I have *helped* to deſtroy, and the good to the world I have thereby been a means of fruſtrating; I can pronounce damnation upon myſelf. How then can I expect mercy any-where elſe!

I believe I ſhall have no patience with you when I ſee you. Your damn'd ſtings and reflections have almoſt turned my brain.

But here Lord M. they tell me, is come! Damn him, and thoſe who ſent for him!

I know not what I have written. But her dear heart and a lock of her hair I will have, let who will be the gainſayers! For is ſhe not mine? Whoſe elſe can ſhe be? She has no Father nor Mother, no Siſter, no Brother; no Relations but me. And my Beloved is mine; and I am hers: And that's enough. — But oh!

She's out! The damp of death has quench'd her quite!
Thoſe ſpicy doors, her lips, are ſhut, cloſe lock'd,
Which never gale of life ſhall open more!

And

And is it ſo? Is it *indeed* ſo?—Good God!—Good God!—But they will not let me write on. I muſt go down to this officious Peer—Who the devil ſent for him?

LETTER XVIII.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* RICHARD MOWBRAY, *Eſq;*

Sunday, Sept. 10. 4 *in the Afternoon.*

I HAVE yours, with our unhappy friend's incloſed. I am glad my Lord is with him. As I preſume that his phrenſy will be but of ſhort continuance, I moſt earneſtly wiſh, that on his recovery he could be prevailed upon to go abroad. Mr. Morden, who is inconſolable, has ſeen by the Will (as indeed he ſuſpected before he read it) that the caſe was more than a common ſeduction; and has dropt hints already, that he looks upon himſelf, on that account, as freed from his promiſes made to the dying Lady, which were, that he would not ſeek to avenge her death.

You muſt make the recovery of his health the motive for urging him on this head; for, if you hint at his own ſafety, he will not ſtir, but rather ſeek the Colonel.

As to the lock of hair, you may eaſily pacify him (as you once ſaw the angel) with hair near the colour, if he be intent upon it.

At my Lord's deſire I will write on, and in my common hand; that you may judge what is, and what is not, fit to be read to Mr. Lovelace at preſent. But as I ſhall not forbear reflections as I go along, in hopes to reach his heart on his recovery, I think it beſt to direct myſelf to him ſtill; and that as if he were not diſordered.

As I ſhall not have leiſure to take copies, and yet am willing to have the whole ſubject before me, for my own future contemplation; I muſt inſiſt upon a return of my Letters ſome time hence. Mr. Lovelace knows that this is one of my conditions; and has hitherto complied with it.

Thy

Thy Letter, Mowbray, is an inimitable performance. Thou art a ſtrange impenetrable creature. But let me moſt earneſtly conjure thee, and the idle flutterer Tourville, from what ye have ſeen of poor Belton's exit; from our friend Lovelace's phrenſy, and the occaſion of it; and from the terrible condition in which the wretched Sinclair lies; to ſet about an immediate change of life and manners. For my own part, I am determined, be your reſolutions what they may, to take the advice I give. *As witneſs*

J. BELFORD.

LETTER XIX.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq;*

O Lovelace! I have a ſcene to paint in relation to the wretched Sinclair, that, if I do it juſtice, will make thee ſeriouſly ponder and reflect, or nothing can. I will lead to it in order; and that in my uſual hand, that thy compeers may be able to read it as well as thyſelf.

When I had written the preceding Letter; not knowing what to do with myſelf; recollecting, and in vain wiſhing for that delightful and improving converſation, which I had now for ever loſt; I thought I had as good begin the taſk, which I had for ſome time paſt *reſolved* to begin; that is to ſay, To go to church; and ſee if I could not reap ſome benefit from what I ſhould hear there. Accordingly I determined to go to hear the celebrated preacher at St. James's church: But, as if the devil (for ſo I was then ready to conclude) thought himſelf concerned to prevent my intention, a viſit was made me juſt as I was dreſſed, which took me off from my purpoſe.

From whom ſhould this viſit be, but from Sally Martin, accompanied by Mrs. Carter, the Siſter of the infamous Sinclair? the ſame, I ſuppoſe I need not tell you, who keeps the Bagnio near Bloomſbury.

Theſe told me that the Surgeon, Apothecary, and Phyſician, had all given the wretched woman over; but that ſhe ſaid, She could not die, nor be at reſt, till ſhe ſaw me: And they beſought me to accompany them in the coach they came in, if I had one ſpark of charity, of *Chriſtian* charity, as they called it, left.

I was very loth to be diverted from my purpoſe by a requeſt ſo unwelcome, and from people ſo abhorred; but at laſt went, and we got thither by Ten: Where a ſcene ſo ſhocking preſented itſelf to me, that the death of poor deſponding Belton is not, I think, to be compared with it.

The old wretch had once put her leg out by her rage and violence, and had been crying, ſcolding, curſing, ever ſince the preceding evening, that the Surgeon had told her it was impoſſible to ſave her; and that a mortification had begun to ſhew itſelf; inſomuph that, purely in compaſſion to their own *ears*, they had been forced to ſend for another Surgeon, purpoſely to tell her, tho' againſt his judgment, and (being a friend of the other) to ſeem to convince *him* that he miſtook her caſe; and that, if ſhe would be patient, ſhe might recover. But, nevertheleſs, her apprehenſions of death, and her antipathy to the thoughts of dying, were ſo ſtrong, that their impoſture had not the intended effect, and ſhe was raving, crying, curſing, and even howling, more like a wolf than a human creature, when I came: ſo that as I went up ſtairs, I ſaid, Surely this noiſe, this howling, cannot be from the unhappy woman! Sally ſaid it was; and aſſured me, that it was nothing to the noiſe ſhe had made all night; and ſtepping into her room before me, Dear *Madam* Sinclair, ſaid ſhe, forbear this noiſe! It is more like that of a bull than a woman!—Here comes Mr. Belford; and you'll fright him away if you bellow at this rate.

There were no leſs than Eight of her curſed daughters ſurrounding her bed when I entered; one of her partners, Polly Horton, at their head; and now Sally, her other

other partner, and *Madam* Carter, as they called her (for they are all *Madams* with one another) made the number Ten: All in ſhocking diſhabille, and without ſtays, except Sally, Carter, and Polly, who, not daring to leave her, had not been in bed all night.

The other Seven ſeemed to have been but juſt up, riſen perhaps from their cuſtomers in the fore-houſe, and their nocturnal Orgies, with faces, three or four of them, that had run, the paint lying in ſtreaky ſeams not half blowz'd off, diſcovering coarſe wrinkled ſkins: The hair of ſome of them of divers colours, obliged to the black-lead comb where black was affected; the artificial jet, however, yielding apace to the natural brindle: That of others plaſtered with oil and powder; the oil predominating: But every one's hanging about her ears and neck in broken curls, or ragged ends; and each at my entrance taken with one motion, ſtroking their matted locks with both hands under their coifs, mobs, or pinners, every one of which was awry. They were all ſlip-ſhoed; ſtockenleſs ſome; only underpetticoated all; their gowns, made to cover ſtraddling hoops, hanging trollopy, and tangling about their heels; but haſtily wrapt round them, as ſoon as I came up ſtairs. And half of them (unpadded, ſhoulder-bent, pallid-lipt, limber-jointed wretches) appearing, from a blooming Nineteen or Twenty perhaps over-night, haggard well worn ſtrumpets of Thirty-eight or Forty.

I am the more particular in deſcribing to thee the appearance theſe creatures made in my eyes when I came into the room, becauſe I believe thou never ſaweſt any of them, much leſs a group of them, thus unprepared for being ſeen (*a*). I, for my part, never did before; nor had I now, but upon this occaſion, been thus *favoured*. If thou *hadſt*, I believe thou wouldſt hate a profligate woman, as one of Swift's Yahoos, or Virgil's

(*a*) Whoever has ſeen Dean Swift's Lady's Dreſſing Room, will think this deſcription of Mr Belford not only more *natural*, but more *decent painting*, as well as better juſtified by the *deſign*, and by the *uſe* that may be made of it.

obſcene Harpyes, ſquirting their ordure upon the Trojan trenchers; ſince the perſons of ſuch in their retirements are as filthy as their minds—Hate them as much as I do; and as much as I admire, and next to adore a truly-virtuous and elegant woman: For to me it is evident, that as a neat and clean woman muſt be an angel of a creature, ſo a ſluttiſh one is the impureſt animal in nature.

But theſe were the veterans, the choſen band; for now-and-then flirted in, to the number of half a dozen or more, by turns, ſubordinate ſinners, under-graduates, younger than ſome of the choſen phalanx, but not leſs obſcene in their appearance, tho' indeed not ſo much beholden to the plaſtering fucus; yet unpropt by ſtays, ſqualid, looſe in attire, ſluggiſh-haired, under-petticoated only as the former, eyes half-opened, winking and pinking, miſpatched, yawning, ſtretching, as if from the unworn-off effects of the midnight revel; all armed in ſucceſſion with ſupplies of cordials (of which every one preſent was either taſter or partaker) under the direction of the buſier Dorcas, who frequently popp'd in, to ſee her ſlops duly given and taken.

But when I approached the *old wretch*, what a ſpectacle preſented itſelf to my eyes!

Her misfortune has not at all ſunk, but rather, as I thought, increaſed her fleſh; rage and violence perhaps ſwelling her muſcular features. Behold her then, ſpreading the whole tumbled bed with her huge quaggy carcaſe: Her mill-poſt arms held up; her broad hands clenched with violence; her big eyes, goggling and flaming-red as we may ſuppoſe thoſe of a ſalamander; her matted grieſly hair, made irreverend by her wickedneſs (her clouted head-dreſs being half off) ſpread about her fat ears and brawny neck; her livid lips parched, and working violently; her broad chin in convulſive motion; her wide mouth, by reaſon of the contraction of her forehead (which ſeemed to be half-loſt in its own frightful furrows) ſplitting her face, as it were,

were, into two parts; and her huge tongue hideouſly rolling in it; heaving, puffing, as if for breath; her bellows-ſhaped and various-coloured breaſts aſcending by turns to her chin, aud deſcending out of ſight, with the violence of her gaſpings.

This was the ſpectacle, as recollection has enabled me to deſcribe it, that this wretch made to my eye, when I approached her bed-ſide, ſurrounded, as I ſaid, by her ſuffragans and daughters, who ſurveyed her with ſcouling frighted attention, which one might eaſily ſee had more in it of horror and ſelf-concern (and *ſelf-condemnation* too) than of love or pity; as who ſhould ſay, See! what we ourſelves muſt one day be!

As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, her naturally-big voice, more hoarſened by her ravings, broke upon me: O Mr. Belford! O Sir! ſee what I am come to!—See what I am brought to!—To have ſuch a curſed crew about me, and not one of them to take care of me! But to let me tumble down ſtairs ſo diſtant from the room I went from! ſo diſtant from the room I meant to go to!—Curſed, curſed be every careleſs devil!—May this or worſe be their fate every one of them!

And then ſhe curſed and ſwore more vehemently, and the more, as two or three of them were excuſing themſelves on the ſcore of their being at that time as unable to help themſelves as ſhe.

As ſoon as ſhe had cleared the paſſage of her throat by the oaths and curſes which her wild impatience made her utter, ſhe began in a more hollow and whining ſtrain to bemoan herſelf. And here, ſaid ſhe—Heaven grant me patience! [clenching and unclenching her hands] am I to die thus miſerably!—of a broken leg in my old age!—ſnatch'd away by means of my own intemperance! Self-do! Self-undone!—No time for my affairs; No time to repent!—And in a few hours (Oh!—Oh!—with another long howling O--h!—U--gh—o! a kind of ſcreaming key terminating it) who knows, who can tell *where* I ſhall be?—Oh! that indeed I never, never, had had a being!

What could one ſay to ſuch a wretch as this, whoſe whole life had been ſpent in the moſt diffuſive wickedneſs, and who no doubt has numbers of ſouls to anſwer for? Yet I told her, She muſt be patient: That her violence made her worſe: And that, if ſhe would compoſe herſelf, ſhe might get into a frame more proper for her preſent circumſtances.

Who, I? interrupted ſhe: *I* get into a better frame! *I*, who can neither cry, nor pray! Yet already feel the torments of the damn'd! What mercy can I expect? What hope is left for me?—Then, that ſweet creature! That incomparable Miſs Harlowe! She, it ſeems, is dead and gone! O that curſed man! Had it not been for *him!* I had never had This, the moſt crying of all my ſins, to anſwer for!

And then ſhe ſet up another howl.

And *is* ſhe dead?—Indeed dead? proceeded ſhe, when her howl was over—O what an angel have I been the means of deſtroying! For tho' it was that wicked man's fault that ever ſhe was in my houſe, yet it was Mine, and Yours, and Yours, and Yours, Devils as we all were [turning to Sally, to Polly, and to one or two more] that he did not do her juſtice! And That, *That* is my curſe, and will one day be yours!

And then again ſhe howled.

I ſtill adviſed patience. I ſaid, that if her time were to be ſo ſhort as ſhe apprehended, the more ought ſhe to endeavour to compoſe herſelf: And then ſhe would at leaſt die with more eaſe to herſelf—and ſatisfaction to her friends, I was going to ſay—But the word *die* put her into a violent raving, and thus ſhe broke in upon me.

Die, did you ſay, Sir?—*Die!*—I *will not*, I *cannot* die!—I know not *how* to die!—*Die*, Sir!—And *muſt* I then die?—Leave this world?—I cannot bear it!—And who brought *You* hither, Sir, [her eyes ſtriking fire at me] Who brought you hither to tell me I muſt *die*, Sir?—I cannot, I will not leave this world. Let others die, who wiſh for another! who expect a better!

—I

—I have had my plagues in This; but would compound for all future hopes, ſo as I may be nothing after This!

And then ſhe howled and bellowed by turns.

By my faith, Lovelace, I trembled in every joint; and looking upon *her* who ſpoke This, and roared Thus, and upon the *company* round me, I more than once thought myſelf to be in one of the infernal manſions.

Yet will I proceed, and try for thy good if I can ſhock thee but half as much with my deſcriptions, as I was ſhocked by what I ſaw and heard.

Sally!—Polly!—Siſter Carter! ſaid ſhe, did you not tell me I might *recover?* Did not the *Surgeon* tell me I might?

And ſo you *may*, cry'd Sally; Monſieur Garon ſays you may, if you'll be patient. But, as I have often told you this bleſſed morning, you are readier to take deſpair from your own fears, than comfort from all the hope we can give you.

Yet, cry'd the wretch, interrupting, does not Mr. Belford (and to *him* you have told the truth, tho' you won't to *me*; Does not he) tell me I ſhall *die?*—I cannot bear it! I cannot bear the *thoughts* of dying!

And then, but that half a dozen at once endeavoured to keep down her violent hands, would ſhe have beaten herſelf; as it ſeems ſhe had often attempted to do from the time the Surgeon popt out the word *mortification* to her.

Well, but to what purpoſe, ſaid I (turning aſide to her Siſter, and to Sally and Polly) are theſe hopes given her, if the gentlemen of the faculty give her over? You ſhould let her know the worſt, and then ſhe *muſt* ſubmit; for there is no running away from death. If ſhe has any matters to ſettle, put her upon ſettling them; and do not, by telling her ſhe will live when there is no room to expect it, take from her the opportunity of doing needful things. Do the Surgeons actually give her over?

They do, whiſpered they. Her groſs habit, they ſay, gives no hopes. We have ſent for both Surgeons, whom we expect every minute.

Both the Surgeons (who are French; for Mrs. Sinclair has heard Tourville launch out in the praiſe of French Surgeons) came in while we were thus talking. I retired to the farther end of the room, and threw up a window for a little air, being half-poiſoned by the effluvia ariſing from ſo many contaminated carcaſes; which gave me no imperfect idea of the ſtench of gaols, which corrupting the ambient air, gives what is called the priſon diſtemper.

I came back to the bed-ſide when the Surgeons had inſpected the fracture; and aſked them, If there were any expectation of her life?

One of them whiſpered me, There was none: That ſhe had a ſtrong fever upon her, which alone, in ſuch a habit, would probably *do the buſineſs*; and that the mortification had viſibly gained upon her ſince they were there ſix hours ago.

Will amputation ſave her? Her affairs and her mind want ſettling. A few days added to her life may be of ſervice to her in both reſpects.

They told me the fracture was high in her leg; that the knee was greatly bruiſed; that the mortification, in all probability, had ſpread half-way of the *Femur*. And then, getting me between them (three or four of the women joining us, and liſtening with their mouths open, and all the ſigns of *ignorant wonder* in *their* faces, as there appeared of *ſelf-ſufficiency* in thoſe of the *artiſts*) did they by turns fill my ears with an anatomical deſcription of the leg and thigh, running over with terms of art; of the *Tarſus*, the *Metatarſus*, the *Tibia*, the *Fibula*, the *Patella*, the *Os Tali*, the *Os Tibiæ*, the *Tibialis Poſticus* and *Tibialis Anticus*, up to the *Os Femoris*, to the *Acetabulum* of the *Os Iſchion*, the *Great Trochanter*, *Glutæus*, *Triceps*, *Lividus*, and *Little Rotators*; in ſhort, of all the muſcles, cartilages, and bones,

bones, that conſtitute the leg and thigh from the great toe to the hip; as if they would ſhew me, that all their ſcience had penetrated their heads no farther than their mouths; while Sally lifted up her hands with a Laud bleſs me! Are all Surgeons ſo learned! —But at laſt both the gentlemen declared, That if ſhe and her friends would conſent to amputation, they would *whip off her leg in a moment.*

Mrs. Carter aſked, To what purpoſe, if the operation would not ſave her?

Very true, they ſaid; but it might be a ſatisfaction to the patient's friends, that all was done that could be done.

And ſo the poor wretch was to be lanced and quartered, as I may ſay, for an experiment only! And, without any hope of benefit from the operation, was to pay the Surgeons for tormenting her!

I cannot but ſay I have a mean opinion of both theſe gentlemen, who, tho' they make a figure it ſeems in their way of living, and boaſt not only French extraction, but a Paris education, never will make any in their practice.

How unlike my honeſt Engliſh friend Tomkins, a plain, ſerious intelligent man, whoſe art lies deeper than in words; who always avoids parade and jargon; and endeavours to make every one as much a judge of what he is about as himſelf!

All the time that the Surgeons ran on with their anatomical proceſs, the wretched woman moſt frightfully roared and bellowed; which the gentlemen (who ſhewed themſelves to be of the claſs of thoſe who are not affected with the evils they do not *feel*) took no other notice of, than by raiſing *their* voices to be *heard*, as ſhe raiſed *hers*—Being evidently more ſolicitous to encreaſe their acquaintance, and to propagate the notion of their ſkill, than to attend to the clamours of the poor wretch whom they were called in to relieve; tho' by this very means, like the dog and the ſhadow in the fable, they

loſt both aims with me; for I never was deceived in one rule, which I made early; to wit, *That the ſtilleſt water is the deepeſt*, while the bubbling ſtream only betrays ſhallowneſs; and that ſtones and pebbles lie there ſo near the ſurface, to point out the beſt place to ford a river dry-ſhod.

As nobody cared to tell the unhappy wretch what every one apprehended muſt follow, and what the Surgeons convinced me ſoon would, I undertook to be the denouncer of her doom. Accordingly, the operators being withdrawn, I ſat down by the bed-ſide, and ſaid, Come, Mrs. Sinclair, let me adviſe you to forbear theſe ravings at the careleſſneſs of thoſe, who, I find, at the time, could take no care of themſelves; and ſince the accident *has* happened, and cannot be remedied, to reſolve to make the beſt of the matter: For all this violence but enrages the malady, and you will probably fall into a delirium, if you give way to it, which will deprive you of that reaſon which you ought to make the beſt of, for the time it may be lent you.

She turned her head towards me, and hearing me ſpeak with a determined *voice*, and ſeeing me aſſume as determined an *air*, became more calm and attentive.

I went on, telling her, that I was glad, from the hints ſhe had given, to find her concerned for her paſt miſ-ſpent life, and particularly for the part ſhe had had in the ruin of the moſt excellent woman on earth: That if ſhe would compoſe herſelf, and patiently ſubmit to the conſequence of an evil ſhe had brought upon herſelf, it might poſſibly be happy for her yet. Mean time, continued I, tell me, with temper and calmneſs, Why you was ſo deſirous to ſee me?

She ſeemed to be in great confuſion of thought, and turned her head this way and that; and at laſt, after much heſitation, ſaid, Alas for me! I hardly know *what* I wanted with you. When I awoke from my intemperate trance, and found what a curſed way I was in, my conſcience ſmote me, and I was for catching, like

like a drowning wretch, at every ſtraw. I wanted to ſee every-body and any-body but thoſe I did ſee; every-body who I thought could give me comfort. Yet could I expect none from *You* neither; for you had declared yourſelf my enemy, altho' I had never done you harm: For what, Jackey, in her old tone, whining thro' her noſe, was Miſs Harlowe to you? —But *ſhe* is happy!—But oh! what will become of *me?*—Yet tell me (for the Surgeons have told *you* the truth, no doubt) tell me, Shall I do well again? May I recover? If I *may*, I will begin a new courſe of life: As I hope to be ſaved, I will. I'll renounce you all—every one of you [looking round her] and ſcrape all I can together, and live a life of penitence; and when I die, leave it all to charitable uſes—I will, by my ſoul—Every doit of it to charity—But this once, lifting up her rolling eyes, and folded hands (with a wry-mouthed earneſtneſs, in which every muſcle and feature of her face bore its part) this one time—Good God of heaven and earth, but this once! this once! repeating thoſe words five or ſix times, ſpare thy poor creature, and every hour of my life ſhall be paſſed in penitence and atonement: Upon my ſoul it ſhall!

Leſs vehement! a little leſs vehement! ſaid I—It is not for me, who have led ſo free a life, as you but too well know, to talk to you in a reproaching ſtrain, and to ſet before you the iniquity you have lived in, and the many ſouls you have helped to deſtroy. But as you are in ſo penitent a way, if I might adviſe, you ſhould ſend for a good Clergyman, the purity of whoſe life and manners may make all theſe things come from him with a better grace than they can from me.

How, Sir! What, Sir! interrupting me; Send for a Parſon!—Then you indeed think I ſhall die! Then you think there is no room for hope!—A Parſon, Sir! —Who ſends for a Parſon, while there is any hope left? —The Sight of a Parſon would be death immediate to

me!—I cannot, cannot die!—Never tell me of it!—What! die!—What! cut off in the midſt of my ſins!

And then ſhe began again to rave.

I cannot bear, ſaid I, riſing from my ſeat with a ſtern air, to ſee a reaſonable creature behave ſo outrageouſly!—Will this vehemence, think you, mend the matter? Will it avail you any thing? Will it not rather ſhorten the life you are ſo deſirous to have lengthened, and deprive you of the only opportunity you can ever have to ſettle your affairs for both worlds?—Death is but the common lot: And if it will be *yours* ſoon, looking at *her*, it will be alſo *yours*, and *yours*, and *yours*, ſpeaking with a raiſed voice, and turning to every trembling devil round her [for they all ſhook at my forcible application], and *mine* alſo. And you have reaſon to be thankful, turning again to her, that you did not periſh in that act of intemperance which brought you to this: For it might have been your neck, as *well* as your leg; and then you had not had the opportunity you now have for repentance—And, the Lord have mercy upon you! into what a State might you have awoke?

Then did the poor wretch ſet up an inarticulate frightful howl, ſuch a one as I never before heard uttered, as if already pangs infernal had taken hold of her; and ſeeing every one half-frighted, and me motioning to withdraw, O pity me, pity me, Mr. Belford, cried ſhe, her words interrupted by groans—I find you think I ſhall die!—And *what* I may be, and *where*, in a very few hours—Who can tell?

I told her it was in vain to flatter her: It was my opinion ſhe would not recover.

I was going to re-adviſe her to calm her ſpirits, and endeavour to reſign herſelf, and to make the beſt of the opportunity yet left her; but this declaration ſet her into a moſt outrageous raving. She would have torn her hair, and beaten her breaſt, had not ſome of the wretches held her hands by force, while others kept her

as

as ſteady as they could, leſt ſhe ſhould again put out her new-ſet leg: So that, ſeeing her thus incapable of advice, and in her perfect phrenſy, I told Sally Martin, that there was no bearing the room; and that their beſt way was to ſend for a miniſter to pray by her, and to reaſon with her, as ſoon as ſhe ſhould be capable of it.

And ſo I left them; and never was ſo ſenſible of the benefit of freſh air, as I was the moment I entered the ſtreet.

Nor is it to be wondered at, when it is conſidered, that to the various ill ſmells, that will be always found in a cloſe ſick-bed room (for generally, when the Phyſician comes, the air is ſhut out) *This* of Mrs. Sinclair was the more particularly offenſive, as, to the ſcent of plaſters, ſalves, and ointments, were added the ſtenches of ſpirituous liquors, burnt and unburnt, of all denominations: For one or other of the creatures, under pretence of colics, gripes, or qualms, were continually calling for ſupplies of theſe, all the time I was there. And yet this is thought to be a genteel houſe of the ſort: And all the proſtitutes in it are proſtitutes of price, and their viſitors people of note.

O Lovelace! what lives do moſt of us Rakes and Libertines lead! What company do we keep! And, for *ſuch* company, what ſociety renounce, or endeavour to make like theſe!

What woman, nice in her perſon, and of purity in her mind and manners, did ſhe know what miry wallowers the generality of men of our claſs are in themſelves, and conſtantly trough and ſty with, but would deteſt the thoughts of aſſociating with ſuch filthy ſenſualiſts, whoſe favourite taſte carries them to mingle with the dregs of Stews, Brothels, and Common-ſewers?

Yet, to ſuch a choice are many worthy women betrayed, by that falſe and inconſiderate notion, raiſed and propagated, no doubt, by the author of all deluſion, *That a reformed Rake makes the beſt huſband.* We Rakes, indeed, are bold enough to ſuppoſe, that women

in

in general are as much Rakes in their *hearts*, as the Libertines ſome of them ſuffer themſelves to be taken with, are in their *practice*. A ſuppoſition therefore, which it behoves perſons of true honour of that Sex to diſcountenance, by rejecting the addreſs of every man, whoſe character will not ſtand the teſt of that virtue which is the glory of a woman: And indeed, I may ſay of a man too: Why ſhould it not?

How, indeed, can it be, if this point be duly weighed, that a man who thinks *alike of all the Sex*, and knows it to be in the *power* of a wife to do him the greateſt diſhonour man can receive, and doubts not her *will* to do it, if *opportunity offer*, and *importunity be not wanting*: That *ſuch* a one, from *principle*, ſhould be a good huſband to *any* woman? And, indeed, little do innocents think, what a *total revolution* of manners, what a *change of fixed habits*, nay, what a *conqueſt of a bad nature*, and what a portion of *divine* GRACE, is required, to make a man a *good huſband*, a *worthy father*, and *true friend*, from *principle*; eſpecially when it is conſidered, that it is not in a man's *own power* to reform when he will. *This* (to ſay nothing of my own experience) thou, Lovelace, haſt found in the progreſs of thy attempts upon the divine Miſs Harlowe. For whoſe remorſes could be deeper, or more frequent, yet more tranſient than thine?

Now, Lovelace, let me know if the word *Grace* can be read from my pen without a ſneer from thee and thy aſſociates? I own that once it ſounded oddly in *my* ears. But I ſhall never forget what a grave man once ſaid on this very word—That with him it was a Rake's *Shibboleth (a)*. He had always hopes of one who could bear the mention of it without ridiculing it; and ever gave him up for an abandoned man, who made a jeſt of it, or of him who uſed it.

Don't be diſguſted, that I mingle ſuch grave reflections as theſe with my narratives. It becomes me, in my

(a) See Judges xii. 6.

my preſent way of thinking, to do ſo, when I ſee in Miſs Harlowe, how all human excellence, and in poor Belton, how all inhuman libertiniſm, and am near ſeeing in this abandon'd woman, how all diabolical profligacy, end. And glad ſhould I be for your own ſake, for your ſplendid family's ſake, and for the ſake of all your intimates and acquaintance, that you were labouring under the ſame impreſſions, that ſo *we*, who have been companions in (and promoters of one another's) wickedneſs, might join in a general atonement to the utmoſt of our power.

I came home reflecting upon all theſe things, more edifying to me than any Sermon I could have heard preached: And I ſhall conclude this long letter with obſerving, that altho' I left the wretched howler in a high phrenſy fit, which was exceſſively ſhocking to the by-ſtanders; yet her phrenſy muſt be the happieſt part of her dreadful condition: For when ſhe is *herſelf*, as it is called, what muſt be her reflections upon her paſt profligate life, throughout which it has been her conſtant delight and buſineſs, devil like, to make others as wicked as herſelf! What muſt her terrors be (a Hell already begun in her mind!) on looking forward to the dreadful State ſhe is now upon the verge of!—But I drop my trembling pen.

To have done with ſo ſhocking a ſubject at once, we ſhall take notice, That Mr. Belford, in a future Letter, writes, that the miſerable woman, to the ſurpriſe of the operators themſelves (thro' hourly encreaſing tortures of body and mind) held out ſo long as till Thurſday Sept. 21. *And then died in ſuch Agonies as terrified into a tranſitory penitence all the wretches about her.*

LET-

LETTER XX.

Colonel MORDEN, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Dear Sir, *Sunday Night, Sept.* 10.

ACcording to my promiſe, I ſend you an account of matters here. Poor Mrs. Norton was ſo very ill upon the road, that, ſlowly as the herſe moved, and the chariot followed, I was afraid we ſhould not have got her to St. Alban's. We put up there as I had intended. I was in hopes that ſhe would have been better for the ſtop: But I was forced to leave her behind me. I ordered the ſervant maid you were ſo conſiderately kind as to ſend down with her, to be very careful of her; and left the chariot to attend her. She deſerves all the regard that can be paid her; not only upon my Couſin's account, but on her own— She is an excellent woman.

When we were within five miles of Harlowe-Place, I put on a hand-gallop. I ordered the herſe to proceed more ſlowly ſtill, the croſs-road we were in being rough; and having more time before us then I wanted; for I wiſhed not the herſe to be in till near duſk.

I got to Harlow-Place about Four o'clock. You may believe I found a mournful houſe. You deſire me to be very minute.

At my enterance into the court, they were all in motion. Every ſervant whom I ſaw had ſwelled eyes, and looked with ſo much concern, that at firſt I apprehended ſome new diſaſter had happened in the family.

Mr. John and Mr. Antony Harlowe and Mrs. Hervey were there. They all helped on one another's grief, as they had before done each other's hardneſs of heart.

My Couſin James met me at the entrance of the hall. His countenance expreſſed a fixed concern; and he deſired me to excuſe his behaviour the laſt time I was there.

My Couſin Arabella came to me full of tears and grief. O Couſin!

O Couſin! ſaid ſhe, hanging upon my arm, I dare not aſk you any queſtions! —

About the approach of the herſe, I ſuppoſe ſhe meant.

I myſelf was full of grief; and, without going farther or ſpeaking, ſat down in the hall in the firſt chair.

The Brother ſat down on one hand of me, the Siſter on the other. Both were ſilent. The latter in tears.

Mr. Antony Harlowe came to me ſoon after. His face was overſpread with all the appearance of woe. He requeſted me to walk into the parlour; where, as he ſaid, were all his fellow-mourners.

I attended him in. My Couſins James and Arabella followed me.

A perfect concert of grief, as I may ſay, broke out the moment I entered the parlour.

My Couſin Harlowe, the dear Creature's Father, as ſoon as he ſaw me, ſaid, O Couſin, Couſin, of all our family, you are the only one who have nothing to reproach yourſelf with!—*You* are a happy man!

The poor Mother bowing her head to me in ſpeechleſs grief, ſat with her handkerchief held to her eyes, with one hand. The other hand was held by her Siſter Harvey, between both hers; Mrs. Hervey weeping upon it.

Near the window ſat Mr. John Harlowe, his face and his body turned from the ſorrowing company; his eyes red and ſwelled.

My Couſin Antony, at his re-entering the parlour, went towards Mrs. Harlowe—Don't—dear Siſter, ſaid he!--Then towards my Couſin Harlowe--Don't--dear Brother!—Don't thus give way—And without being able to ſay another word, went to a corner of the parlour, and wanting himſelf the comfort he would fain have given, ſunk into a chair, and audibly ſobbed.

Miſs Arabella followed her Uncle Antony, as he walked in before me; and ſeemed as if ſhe would have ſpoken to the pierced Mother ſome words of comfort. But ſhe was unable to utter them, and got bebind her

Mother's

Mother's chair; and inclining her face over it on the unhappy Lady's ſhoulder, ſeemed to claim the conſolation that indulgent parent uſed, but then was unable to afford her.

Young Mr. Harlowe with all his vehemence of ſpirit was now ſubdued. His ſelf-reproaching conſcience, no doubt, was the cauſe of it.

And what, Sir, muſt their thoughts be, which, at that moment in a manner deprived them of all motion, and turned their ſpeech into ſighs and groans!—How to be pitied, how greatly to be pitied, all of them! But how much to be curſed that abhorred Lovelace, who, as it ſeems, by arts uncommon, and a villainy without example, has been the ſole author of a woe ſo complicated and extenſive!—God judge me, as—But I ſtop—The man (the *man* can I ſay?) is your friend!—He already ſuffers, you tell me, in his intellect—Reſtore him, Heaven, to That—If I find the matter come out, as I *apprehend* it will—Indeed her own hint of his uſage of her, as in her Will, is enough—Nor think, my beloved Couſin, thou darling of my heart! that thy gentle ſpirit, breathing charity and forgiveneſs to the vileſt of men, ſhall avail him!

But once more I ſtop—Forgive me, Sir!—Who could behold ſuch a ſcene, who could recollect it in order to deſcribe it (as minutely as you wiſhed me to relate how this unhappy family were affected on this ſad occaſion) every one of the mourners nearly related to himſelf, and not be exaſperated againſt the author of all?

As I was the only perſon (grieved as I was myſelf) from whom any of them, at that inſtant, could derive comfort; Let us not, ſaid I, my dear couſin, approaching the inconſolable Mother, give way to a grief, which however juſt, can now avail us nothing. We hurt ourſelves, and cannot recal the dear creature for whom we mourn. Nor would you wiſh it, if you knew with what aſſurances of eternal happineſs ſhe left the world.—She

is

is happy, Madam!—Depend upon it, ſhe is happy! And comfort yourſelves with that aſſurance.

O Couſin, Couſin! cried the unhappy Mother, withdrawing her hand from that of her Siſter Hervey, and preſſing mine with it, You know not what a Child I have loſt!—Then in a lower voice, and *how* loſt—That it is that makes the loſs inſupportable.

They all joined in a kind of melancholy chorus, and each accuſed him and herſelf, and ſome of them one another. But the eyes of all, in turn, were caſt upon my Couſin James, as the perſon who had kept up the general reſentment againſt ſo ſweet a creature. While he was hardly able to bear his own remorſe: Nor Miſs Harlowe hers; ſhe breaking out into words, How tauntingly did I write to her! How barbarouſly did I inſult her! Yet how patiently did ſhe take it!—Who would have thought that ſhe had been ſo near her end!—O Brother, Brother! But for *you!*—But for *you!*—

Double not upon me, ſaid he, my own woes!—I have every thing before me that has paſſed!—I thought only to reclaim a dear creature that had erred! I intended not to break her tender heart!—But it was the villainous Lovelace who did that—Not any of us!—Yet, Couſin, did ſhe not attribute all to *me?*—I fear ſhe did!—Tell me only, did ſhe *name* me, did ſhe *ſpeak* of me, in her laſt hours? I hope ſhe, who could forgive the greateſt villain on earth, and plead that he may be ſafe from our vengeance; I *hope* ſhe could forgive *me*.

She died bleſſing you all; and juſtified rather than condemned your ſeverity to her.

Then they ſet up another general lamentation. We ſee, ſaid her Father, Enough we ſee in her heart-piercing Letters to us, what a happy frame ſhe was in a few days before her death—But did it hold to the laſt? Had ſhe no repinings? Had the dear child no heart-burnings?

None at all!—I never ſaw, and never ſhall ſee, ſo bleſſed a *departure:* And no wonder; for I never heard of ſuch a *preparation.* Every hour for weeks together was

was taken up in it. Let this be our comfort: We need only to wiſh for ſo happy an end for ourſelves, and for thoſe who are neareſt to our hearts. We may any of us be grieved for acts of unkindneſs to her: But had all happened that once ſhe wiſhed for, ſhe could not have made a happier, perhaps not ſo happy an end.

Dear Soul! and dear ſweet ſoul! the Father, Uncles, Siſter, my Couſin Hervey, cried out all at once in accents of anguiſh inexpreſſibly affecting.

We muſt for ever be diſturbed for thoſe acts of unkindneſs to ſo ſweet a child, cried the unhappy Mother! —Indeed! indeed! [ſoftly to her Siſter Hervey] I have been too paſſive, much too paſſive, in this caſe!—The temporary quiet I have been ſo ſtudious all my life to preſerve, has coſt me everlaſting diſquiet!

There ſhe ſtopt.

Dear Siſter! was all Mrs. Hervey could ſay.

I have done but half my duty to the deareſt and moſt meritorious of children, reſumed the ſorrowing Mother!—Nay, *not* half!—How have we hardened our hearts againſt her!—

Again her tears denied paſſage to her words.

My *deareſt*, *deareſt Siſter!* again was all Mrs. Hervey could ſay.

Would to heaven, proceeded, exclaiming, the poor Mother, I had but *once* ſeen her! Then turning to my Couſin James and his Siſter—O my Son! O my Arabella! If WE were to receive as little mercy—

And there again ſhe ſtopt, her tears interrupting her further ſpeech: Every one, all the time, remaining ſilent; their countenances ſhewing a grief in their hearts too big for expreſſion.

Now you ſee, Mr. Belford, that my deareſt Couſin could be allowed all her merit! — *What a dreadful thing is after-reflection upon a conduct ſo perverſe and unnatural?*

O this curſed friend of yours, Mr. Belford! This deteſted Lovelace!—To him, To him is owing—

Pardon

Pardon me, Sir, I will lay down my pen till I have recovered my temper.

One in the Morning.

In vain, Sir, have I endeavoured to compoſe myſelf to reſt. You wiſhed me to be very particular, and I cannot help it. This melancholy ſubject fills my whole mind. I will proceed, tho' it be midnight.

About Six o'clock the herſe came to the outward gate—The pariſh-church is at ſome diſtance; but the wind ſitting fair, the afflicted family were ſtruck, juſt before it came, into a freſh fit of grief, on hearing the Funeral Bell tolled in a very ſolemn manner. A reſpect, as it proved, and as they all gueſſed, paid to the memory of the dear deceaſed out of officious love, as the herſe paſſed near the church.

Judge, when their grief was ſo great in expectation of it, what it muſt be when it arrived.

A ſervant came in to acquaint us with what its lumbering heavy noiſe up the paved inner Court-yard appriſed us of before.

He ſpoke not. He could not ſpeak. He looked, bowed, and withdrew.

I ſtept out. No one elſe could then ſtir. Her Brother, however, ſoon followed me.

When I came to the door, I beheld a ſight very affecting.

You have heard, Sir, how univerſally my dear Couſin was beloved. By the poor and middling ſort eſpecially, no young Lady was ever ſo much beloved. And with reaſon: She was the common patroneſs of all the honeſt poor in her neighbourhood.

It is natural for us in every deep and ſincere grief to intereſt all we know in what is ſo concerning to ourſelves. The ſervants of the family, it ſeems, had told *their* friends, and thoſe *theirs*, that tho', living, their dear young Lady could not be received nor looked upon, her body was permitted to be brought home. The ſpace of time was ſo confined, that thoſe who knew when ſhe

died,

died, muſt eaſily gueſs *near the time* the herſe was to come. A herſe, paſſing thro' country villages, and from London, however ſlenderly attended (for the chariot, as I have ſaid, waited upon poor Mrs. Norton) takes every one's attention. Nor was it hard to gueſs whoſe *this* muſt be, tho' not adorned by eſcutcheons, when the croſs roads to Harlowe-Place were taken, as ſoon as it came within ſix miles of it: ſo that the herſe, and the ſolemn Tolling of the Bell, had drawn together at leaſt fifty of the neighbouring men, women, and children, and ſome of good appearance. Not a ſoul of them, it ſeems, with a dry eye; and each lamenting the death of this admired Lady, *who*, as I am told, *never ſtirred out, but ſomebody was the better for her.*

Theſe, when the coffin was taken out of the herſe, crouding about it, hindered, for a few moments, its being carried in; the young people ſtruggling who ſhould bear it; and yet with reſpectful *whiſperings*, rather than clamorous *contention.* A mark of veneration I had never before ſeen paid, upon any occaſion, in all my travels, from the under-bred Many, from whom noiſe is generally inſeparable in all their emulations.

At laſt ſix maidens were permitted to carry it in by the Six handles.

The corpſe was thus borne, with the moſt ſolemn reſpect, into the hall, and placed for the preſent upon two ſtools there. The plates, and emblems, and inſcription, ſet every one gazing upon it, and admiring it. The more, when they were told, that all was of her own ordering. They wiſhed to be permitted a ſight of the corpſe; but rather mentioned this as their *wiſh* than as their *hope.* When they had all ſatisfied their curioſity, and remarked upon the emblems, they diſperſed with bleſſings upon her memory, and with tears and lamentations; pronouncing her to be happy; and inferring, were *She* not ſo, what would become of Them? While others ran over with repetitions of the good ſhe delighted to do. Nor were there wanting

thoſe

thoſe among them, who heaped curſes upon the man who was the author of her fall.

The ſervants of the family then got about the coffin. They could not before: And that afforded a new ſcene of ſorrow: But a ſilent one; for they ſpoke only by their eyes, and by ſighs, looking upon the lid, and upon one another, by turns, with hands lifted up. The preſence of their young maſter poſſibly might awe them, and cauſe their grief to be expreſſed only in dumb ſhew.

As for Mr. James Harlowe (who accompanied me, but withdrew when he ſaw the crowd) he ſtood looking upon the lid, when the people had left it, with a fixed attention: Yet, I dare ſay, knew not a ſymbol or letter upon it at that moment, had the queſtion been aſked him. In a profound reverie he ſtood, his arms folded, his head on one ſide, and marks of ſtupefaction imprinted upon every feature.

But when the corpſe was carried into the leſſer parlour, adjoining to the hall, which ſhe uſed to call *her* parlour, and put upon a table in the middle of the room, and the Father and Mother, the two Uncles, her Aunt Hervey, and her Siſter, came in, joining her Brother and me with trembling feet, and eager woe, the ſcene was ſtill more affecting. Their ſorrow was heightened, no doubt, by the remembrance of their unforgiving ſeverity: And now ſeeing before them the receptacle that contained the glory of their family, who ſo lately was driven thence by their indiſcreet violence; never, never more to be reſtored to them! no wonder that their grief was more than common grief.

They would have with-held the Mother, it ſeems, from coming in: But when they could not, tho' undetermined before, they all bore her company, led on by an impulſe they could not reſiſt. The poor Lady but juſt caſt her eye upon the coffin, and then ſnatched it away, retiring with paſſionate grief towards the window; yet addreſſing herſelf, with claſped hands, as if to her beloved daughter; O my child, my Child! cried

cried ſhe; thou pride of my hope! Why was I not permitted to ſpeak pardon and peace to thee!—O forgive thy cruel Mother!

Her Son (his heart then ſoftened, as his eyes ſhewed) beſought her to withdraw: And her woman looking in at that moment, he called her to aſſiſt him in conducting her Lady into the middle parlour: And then returning, met his Father going out at the door, who alſo had but juſt caſt his eye on the coffin, and yielded to my entreaties to withdraw.

His grief was too deep for utterance, till he ſaw his Son coming in; and then, fetching a heavy groan, Never, ſaid he, was ſorrow like my ſorrow! —O Son! Son!—in a reproaching accent, his face turned from him.

I attended him thro' the middle parlour, endeavouring to conſole him. His Lady was there in agonies. She took his eye. He made a motion towards her: O my dear, ſaid he—But turning ſhort, his eyes as full as his heart, he haſtened thro' to the great parlour: And when there, he deſired me to leave him to himſelf.

The Uncles and the Siſter looked and turned away, looked and turned away, very often upon the emblems, in ſilent ſorrow. Mrs. Hervey would have read to them the inſcription—Theſe words ſhe did read, *Here the wicked ceaſe from troubling*—But could read no farther. Her tears fell in large drops upon the plate ſhe was contemplating; and yet ſhe was deſirous of gratifying a curioſity that mingled impatience with her grief becauſe ſhe could *not* gratify it, altho' ſhe often wiped her eyes as they flowed.

Judge you, Mr. Belford (for you have great humanity) how *I* muſt be affected. Yet was I forced to try to comfort them All.

But here I will cloſe this Letter, in order to ſend it to you in the morning early. Nevertheleſs, I will begin another, upon ſuppoſition that my doleful prolixity will not be diſagreeable to you. Indeed I am altogether indiſpoſed

diſpoſed for reſt, as I mentioned before. So can do nothing but write. I have alſo more melancholy ſcenes to paint. My pen, if I may ſo ſay, is untired. Theſe ſcenes are freſh upon my memory: And I myſelf, perhaps, may owe to you the favour of a review of them, with ſuch other papers as you ſhall think proper to oblige me with, *when heavy grief has given way to milder melancholy.*

My ſervant, in his way to you with this Letter, ſhall call at St. Alban's upon the good woman, that he may inform you how ſhe does. Miſs Arabella aſked me after her, when I withdrew to my chamber; to which ſhe complaiſantly accompanied me. She was much concerned at the bad way we left her in; and ſaid her Mother would be more ſo.

No wonder that the dear departed, who foreſaw the remorſe that would fall to the lot of this unhappy family when they came to have the news of her death confirmed to them, was ſo grieved for their apprehended grief, and *endeavoured to comfort them by her poſthumous Letters.* But it was ſtill a greater generoſity in her to try to excuſe them to me, as ſhe did when we were alone together, a few hours before ſhe died; and to aggravate more than (as far as I can find) ſhe ought to have done, the only error ſhe was ever guilty of. The more freely however perhaps (exalted creature!) that I might think the better of her friends, although at her own expence. I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful and obedient Servant,

WM. MORDEN.

LETTER XXI.

Colonel MORDEN. *In Continuation.*

WHEN the unhappy mourners were all retired, I directed the lid of the coffin to be unſcrewed, and cauſed ſome freſh aromatics and flowers to be put into it.

The corpſe was very little altered, notwithſtanding the journey. The ſweet ſmile remained.

The maids who brought the flowers were ambitious of ſtrewing them about it: They poured forth freſh lamentations over her; each wiſhing ſhe had been ſo happy as to have been allowed to attend her in London. One of them particularly, who is, it ſeems, my Couſin Arabella's perſonal ſervant, was more clamorous in her grief than any of the reſt: and the moment ſhe turned her back, all the others allowed ſhe had reaſon for it. I enquired afterwards about her, and found that this creature was ſet over my dear Couſin, when ſhe was confined to her chamber by indiſcreet ſeverity.

Good heaven! that they ſhould treat, and ſuffer thus to be treated, a young Lady, who was qualified to give laws to all her family!

When my Couſins were told, that the lid was unſcrew'd, they preſs'd in again, all but the mournful Father and Mother, as if by conſent. Mrs. Hervey kiſſed her pale lips. Flower of the world! was all ſhe could ſay; and gave place to Miſs Arabella; who kiſſing the forehead of *her* whom ſhe had ſo cruelly treated, could only ſay, to my Couſin James (looking upon the corpſe, and upon him) O Brother!—While he, taking the fair lifeleſs hand, kiſſed it, and retreated with participation.

Her two Uncles were ſpeechleſs. They ſeemed to wait each other's example, whether to look upon the corpſe, or not. I ordered the lid to be replaced; and then they preſſed forward, as the others again did, to take a laſt farewel of the caſket which ſo lately contained ſo rich a jewel.

Then it was that the grief of each found fluent expreſſion; and the fair corpſe was addreſſed to, with all the tenderneſs that the ſincereſt love and warmeſt admiration could inſpire; each according to their different degrees of relationſhip, as if none of them had before looked upon her. She was their *very* Niece, both Uncles

cles ſaid! The injured Saint, her Uncle Harlow! The ſame ſmiling Siſter, Arabella!—The dear creature! all of them!—The ſame benignity of countenance! The ſame ſweet compoſure! The ſame natural dignity!—*She* was queſtionleſs happy! That ſweet ſmile betokened *her* being ſo! *Themſelves* moſt unhappy!—And then, once more, the Brother took the lifeleſs hand, and vowed revenge upon it, on the curſed author of all this diſtreſs.

The unhappy parents propoſed to take one laſt view and farewel of their once darling daughter. The Father was got to the parlour door, after the inconſolable Mother: But neither of them were able to enter it. The Mother ſaid, She muſt once more ſee the child of her heart, or ſhe ſhould never enjoy herſelf. But they both agreed to refer their melancholy curioſity till the next day; and hand in hand retired inconſolable, and ſpeechleſs both, their faces overſpread with woe, and turned from each other, as unable each to behold the diſtreſs of the other.

When all were withdrawn, I retired, and ſent for my Couſin James, and acquainted him with his Siſter's requeſt in relation to the diſcourſe to be pronounced at her interment; telling him how neceſſary it was, that the Miniſter, whoever he were, ſhould have the earlieſt notice given him that the caſe would admit. He lamented the death of the reverend Dr. Lewen, who, as he ſaid, was a great admirer of his Siſter, as ſhe was of him, and would have been the fitteſt of all men for that office.

He ſpoke with great aſperity of Mr. Brand, upon whoſe light enquiry after his Siſter's character in town, he was willing to lay ſome of the blame due to himſelf.

Mr. Melvill, Dr. Lewen's aſſiſtant, muſt, he ſaid, be the man; and he praiſed him for his abilities, his elocution, and unexceptionable manners; and promiſed to engage him early in the morning.

He called out his Siſter, and ſhe was of his opinion. So I left this upon them.

They both, with no little warmth, hinted their diſapprobation of you, Sir, for their Siſter's Executor, on the ſcore of your intimate friendſhip with the author of her ruin.

You muſt not reſent any-thing I ſhall communicate to you of what they ſay on this occaſion: Depending that you will not, I ſhall write with the greater freedom.

I told them how much my dear Couſin was obliged to your friendſhip and humanity: The injunctions ſhe had laid you under, and your own inclination to obſerve them. I ſaid, That you were a man of honour: That you were deſirous of conſulting me, becauſe you would not willingly give offence to any of them; and that I was very fond of cultivating your favour and correſpondence.

They ſaid, There was no need of an Executor out of their family; and they hoped that you would relinquiſh ſo *unneceſſary* a truſt, as they called it. My Couſin James declared, that he would write to you as ſoon as the funeral was over, to deſire that you would do ſo, upon proper aſſurances that all that the Will preſcribed ſhould be performed.

I ſaid, You were a man of reſolution: That I thought he would hardly ſucceed; for that you made a point of honour of it.

I then ſhewed them their Siſter's poſthumous Letter to you; in which ſhe confeſſes her obligations to you, and regard for you, and for your future welfare (*a*). You may believe, Sir, they were extremely affected with the peruſal of it.

They were ſurpriſed, that I had given up to you the produce of her Grandfather's Eſtate, ſince his death. I told them plainly, that they muſt thank themſelves if any-thing diſagreeable to them occurred from their Siſter's deviſe; deſerted, and thrown into the hands of ſtrangers, as ſhe had been.

(*a*) See p. 15——17.

They ſaid, they would report all I had ſaid to their Father and Mother; adding, That great as their trouble was, they found they had more ſtill to come. But if Mr. Belford *were to be* the Executor of her Will, contrary to their hopes, they beſought me to take the trouble of tranſacting every-thing with you; that a friend of the man to whom they owed all their calamity, might not appear to them.

They were extremely moved at the Text their Siſter had choſen for the ſubject of the funeral diſcourſe (*a*). I had extracted from the Will that article, ſuppoſing it probable, that I might not ſo ſoon have an opportunity to ſhew them the Will itſelf, as would otherwiſe have been neceſſary, on account of the interment: Which cannot be delayed.

Monday Morning between Eight and Nine.

THE unhappy family are preparing for a mournful meeting at breakfaſt. Mr. James Harlowe, who has had as little reſt as I, has written to Mr. Melvill, who has promiſed to draw up a brief Eulogium on the deceaſed. Miſs Howe is expected here by-and-by, to ſee, for the laſt time, her beloved friend.

Miſs Howe, by her meſſenger, deſires ſhe may not be taken any notice of. She ſhall not tarry Six minutes, was the word. Her deſire will be eaſily granted her.

Her ſervant, who brought the requeſt, if it were denied, was to return, and meet her; for ſhe was ready to ſet out in her chariot, when he got on horſeback.

If he met her not with the refuſal, he was to ſtay here till ſhe came. I am, Sir,

Your faithful humble Servant,

WILLIAM MORDEN.

(*a*) See the Will, towards the concluſion.

LETTER XXII.

Colonel MORDEN. *In Continuation.*

SIR, *Monday Afternoon, Sept.* 11.

WE are ſuch bad company here to one another, that it is ſome relief to retire, and write.

I was ſummoned to breakfaſt about half an hour after nine. Slowly did the mournful congreſs meet. Each, lifeleſly and ſpiritleſs, took our places, with ſwoln eyes, enquiring, without expecting any tolerable account, how each had reſted.

The ſorrowing Mother gave for anſwer, That ſhe ſhould never more know what Reſt was.

By the time we were well ſeated, the bell ringing, the outward gate opening, a chariot rattling over the pavement of the court-yard, put them into emotion.

I left them; and was juſt time enough to give Miſs Howe my hand, as ſhe alighted: Her maid in tears remaining in the chariot.

I think you told me, Sir, you never ſaw Miſs Howe. She is a fine graceful young Lady. A fixed melancholy on her whole aſpect, overclouded a vivacity and fire, which, nevertheleſs, darted now-and-then thro' the awful gloom. I ſhall ever reſpect her for her love to my dear Couſin.

Never did I think, ſaid ſhe, as ſhe gave me her hand, to enter more theſe doors: But, living or dead, my *Clariſſa* brings after her any-whither!

She entered with me the little parlour; and ſeeing the coffin, withdrew her hand from mine, and with impatience puſhed aſide the lid. As impatiently ſhe removed the face-cloth. In a wild air, ſhe claſped her upliſted hands together; and now looked upon the corpſe, now up to Heaven, as if appealing to That. Her boſom heaved and fluttered diſcernible thro' her handkerchief, and at laſt ſhe broke ſilence;—O Sir!—See you not here!—See you not here—the glory of her Sex!

Sex?—Thus by the moſt villainous of yours—*Thus*—laid low!

O my bleſſed Friend! ſaid ſhe—My ſweet Companion!—my lovely Monitreſs!—kiſſing her lips at every tender appellation. And is this All!—Is it All, of my CLARISSA's Story!

Then, after a ſhort pauſe, and a profound ſigh, ſhe turned to me, and then to her breathleſs friend.—But *is* ſhe, *can* ſhe be, really dead!—O no!—She only ſleeps.—Awake, my beloved Friend! My ſweet clay cold Friend, awake! Let thy Anna Howe revive thee; by her warm breath revive thée, my dear creature! And, kiſſing her again, Let my warm lips animate thy cold ones!

Then, ſighing again, as from the bottom of her heart, and with an air, as if diſappointed that ſhe anſwered not, And can ſuch perfection end thus!—And art thou really and indeed flown from thine Anna Howe!—O my unkind CLARISSA!

She was ſilent a few moments, and then, ſeeming to recover herſelf, ſhe turned to me—Forgive, forgive, Mr. Morden, this wild phrenſy!—I am not myſelf!—I never ſhall be!—You knew not the Excellence, no, not *half* the Excellence, that is thus laid low!—Repeating, This cannot, ſurely, be All of my CLARISSA's Story!

Again pauſing, One tear, my beloved friend, didſt thou allow me!—But this *dumb* ſorrow!—O for a tear to eaſe my full-ſwoln heart, that is juſt burſting!—

But why, Sir, why, Mr. Morden, was ſhe ſent *hither?* Why not to *me?*—She has no Father, no Mother, no Relation; no, not *one!* They had all renounced her. I was her ſympathizing friend—And had not I the beſt right to my dear creature's remains?—And muſt Names, without Nature, be preferred to ſuch a Love as mine?

Again ſhe kiſſed her lips, each cheek, her forehead;—and ſighed as if her heart would break—

But why, why, ſaid ſhe, was I with-held from ſeeing my deareſt dear friend, before ſhe commenced Angel? —Delaying ſtill, and *too eaſily perſuaded* to delay, the friendly viſit that my heart panted after; what pain will this reflection give me!—O my bleſſed Friend! Who knows, who knows, had I come in time, what my cordial comforts might dave done for thee!

But—looking round her, as if ſhe apprehended ſeeing ſome of the family—One more kiſs, my Angel, my Friend, my ever-to-be-regretted, loſt Companion! And let me fly this hated houſe, which I never loved but for thy ſake!—Adieu, then, my deareſt CLARISSA! —*Thou* art happy, I doubt not, as thou aſſuredſt me in thy laſt Letter!—O may we meet, and rejoice together, where no villainous *Lovelaces*, no hard-hearted *Relations*, will ever ſhock our innocence, or ruffle our felicity!

Again ſhe was ſilent, unable to go, tho' ſeeming to intend it; ſtruggling as it were, with her grief, and heaving with anguiſh: At laſt, happily, a flood of tears guſhed from her eyes—Now!—Now!—ſaid ſhe, ſhall I—ſhall I—be eaſier. But for this kindly relief, my heart would have burſt aſunder—More, many more tears than theſe are due to my CLARISSA, whoſe counſel has done for me what mine could not do for her! —But why, looking earneſtly upon her, her hands claſped and lifted up—But why do I thus lament the HAPPY? And that thou art ſo, is my comfort. It is, It is, my dear creature! kiſſing her again.

Excuſe me, Sir [turning to me, who was as much moved as herſelf]; I loved the dear creature, as never woman loved another. Excuſe my frantic grief. How has the Glory of her Sex fallen a victim to villainy, and to hard-heartedneſs!

Madam, ſaid I, they All have it!—Now indeed they have it—

And let them have it!—I ſhould belye my Love for the friend of my heart, were I to pity them!—But how

how unhappy am I [looking upon her] that I ſaw her not before theſe Eyes were ſhut, before theſe Lips were for ever cloſed!—Oh! Sir, you know not the wiſdom that continually flowed from theſe Lips when ſhe ſpoke!—Nor what a Friend I have loſt!

Then, ſurveying the lid, ſhe ſeemed to take in at once the meaning of the emblems: And this gave her ſo much freſh grief, that tho' ſhe ſeveral times wiped her eyes, ſhe was unable to read the Inſcription and Texts: Turning therefore to me, Favour me, Sir, I pray you, by a line, with a deſcription of theſe emblems and with theſe texts: And if I might be allowed a lock of the dear creature's hair—

I told her, that her Executor would order both; and would alſo ſend her a copy of her laſt Will; in which ſhe would find the moſt grateful remembrances of her Love for her, whom ſhe calls *The Siſter of her Heart.*

Juſtly, ſaid ſhe, does ſhe call me ſo; for we had but one heart, but one ſoul, between us: And now my better half is torn from me,—*what ſhall I do!*

But looking round her, on a ſervant's ſtepping by the door, as if again ſhe had apprehended it was ſome of the family—One more, ſaid ſhe, a ſolemn, an everlaſting adieu!—Alas for *me!* a ſolemn, an everlaſting adieu!

Then again embracing her face with both her hands, and kiſſing it, and afterwards the hands of the dear deceaſed, firſt one, then the other, ſhe gave me her hand; and, quitting the room with precipitation, ruſh'd into her chariot; and, when there, with profound ſighs, and a freſh burſt of tears, unable to ſpeak, ſhe bowed her head to me, and was driven away.

The inconſolable company ſaw how much I had been moved, on my return to them. Mr. James Harlowe had been telling them what had paſſed between him and me; And, finding myſelf unfit for company, and obſerving, that they broke off talk at my coming in, I thought it proper to leave them to their conſultations.

And here I will put an end to this Letter; for indeed, Sir, the very recollection of this affecting ſcene has left me nearly as unable to proceed, as I was, juſt after it, to converſe with my Couſins. I am, Sir, with great truth,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant,
WILLIAM MORDEN.

LETTER XXIII.

Colonel MORDEN. *In Continuation.*

Tueſday Morning, Sept. 12.

THE good Mrs. Norton is arrived, a little amended in her ſpirits: Owing to the very poſthumous Letters, as I may call them, which you, Mr. Belford, as well as I, apprehended would have had fatal effects upon her.

I cannot but attribute this to the right turn of her mind. It ſeems ſhe has been enured to afflictions; and has lived in a conſtant hope of a *better* life; and, having no acts of unkindneſs to the dear deceaſed to reproach herſelf with, is moſt conſiderately reſolved to exert her *utmoſt* fortitude in order to comfort the ſorrowing Mother.

O Mr. Belford, how does the character of my dear departed Couſin riſe upon me from every mouth!—Had ſhe been my own Child, or my Siſter!—But do you think, that the man who occaſioned this great, this extended ruin——But I forbear.

The Will is not to be looked into, till the funeral rites are performed. Preparations are making for the ſolemnity; and the ſervants as well as principals of all the branches of the family are put into cloſe mourning.

I have ſeen Mr. Melvill. He is a ſerious and ſenſible man. I have given him particulars to go upon in the diſcourſe he is to pronounce at the funeral: But had the leſs need to do this, as I find he is extremely well acquainted

acquainted with the whole unhappy Story; and was a perſonal admirer of my dear Couſin, and a ſincere lamenter of her misfortunes and death. The reverend Dr. Lewen, who is but very lately dead, was his particular friend, and had once intended to recommend him to her favour and notice.

I AM juſt returned from attending the afflicted parents, in an effort they made to ſee the corpſe of their beloved child. They had requeſted my company, and that of the good Mrs. Norton. A laſt leave, the Mother ſaid, ſhe *muſt* take!

An *effort*, however, it was, and no more. The moment they came in ſight of the coffin, before the lid could be put aſide, O my dear, ſaid the Father, retreating, I cannot, I find I cannot, bear it!—Had I—Had I—Had I never been hard-hearted!—Then turning round to his Lady, he had but juſt time to catch her in his arms, and prevent her ſinking on the floor. O my deareſt life! ſaid he, This is too much!—Too much indeed!—Let us, let us retire. Mrs. Norton, who (attracted by the awful receptacle) had but juſt left the good Lady, haſtened to her—Dear, dear woman, cried the unhappy Parent, flinging her arms about her neck, Bear me, bear me, hence—O my child! my child! My own Clariſſa Harlowe! Thou pride of my life ſo lately!—Never, never more, muſt I behold thee!

I ſupported the unhappy Father, Mrs. Norton the ſinking Mother, into the next parlour. She threw herſelf on a ſettee there: He into an elbow-chair by her: The good woman at her feet, her arms claſped round her waiſt. The two Mothers, as I may call them, of my beloved Couſin, thus tenderly engaged! What a variety of diſtreſs in theſe woeful ſcenes!

The unhappy Father, in endeavouring to comfort his Lady, loaded himſelf. Would to God, my dear, ſaid he, would to God, I had no more to charge my-

ſelf with, than you have!—You relented!—You would have prevailed upon *me* to relent!

The greater my fault, ſaid ſhe, when I knew that diſpleaſure was carried too high, to acquieſce as I did! What a barbarous parent was I, to let two angry children make me forget that I was Mother to a third—To *ſuch* a Third!—

Mrs. Norton uſed arguments and prayers to comfort her—O my dear Norton, anſwered the unhappy Lady, You was the dear creature's *more natural* Mother!—Would to Heaven I had no more to anſwer for than *you have!*

Thus the unhappy pair unavailingly recriminated, till my Couſin Hervey entered, and, with Mrs. Norton, conducted up to her own chamber the inconſolable Mother. The two Uncles, and Mr. Hervey, came in at the ſame time, and prevailed upon the afflicted Father to retire with them to his—Both giving up all thoughts of ever ſeeing more the child whoſe death was ſo deſervedly regretted by them.

Time only, Mr. Belford, can combat with advantage ſuch a heavy deprivation as this. Advice will not do, while the loſs is recent. Nature will have way given to it (and ſo it ought) till ſorrow has in a manner exhauſted itſelf; and then Reaſon and Religion will come in ſeaſonably with their powerful aids, to raiſe the drooping heart.

I ſee here no face that is the ſame I ſaw at my firſt arrival. Proud and haughty every countenance then, unyielding to entreaty: Now, how greatly are they humbled!—The utmoſt diſtreſs is apparent in every protracted feature, and in every burſting muſcle, of each diſconſolate mourner. Their eyes, which ſo lately flaſhed anger and reſentment, now are turned to every one that approaches them, as if imploring pity! —*Could ever wilful hard-heartedneſs be more ſeverely puniſhed?*

The following lines of Juvenal are, upon the whole, applicable

applicable to this Houſe and family: And I have revolved them many times ſince Sunday evening:

Humani generis mores tibi nôſſe volenti
Sufficit una domus: paucos conſume dies, &
Dicere te miſerum, poſtquam illinc veneris, aude.

Let me add, That Mrs. Norton has communicated to the family the poſthumous Letter ſent her. This Letter affords a foundation for *future* conſolation to them; but at *preſent* it has new-pointed their grief, by making them reflect on their cruelty to ſo excellent a Daughter, niece, and Siſter *(a)*. I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful humble ſervant,

WM. MORDEN.

LETTER XXIV.

Colonel MORDEN. *In Continuation.*

Thurſday Night, Sept. 14.

WE are juſt returned from the ſolemnization of the laſt mournful Rite. My Couſin James and his Siſter, Mr. and Mrs. Hervey, and *their* daughter, a young Lady whoſe affection for my departed Couſin ſhall ever bind me to her; my Couſins John and Antony Harlowe, myſelf, and ſome other more diſtant relations

(a) This Letter contains in ſubſtance: Her thanks to the good woman for her care of her in her infancy; for her good inſtructions, and the excellent example ſhe had ſet her: With ſelf-accuſations of a vanity and preſumption, which lay lurking in her heart unknown to herſelf, till her calamities (obliging her to look into herſelf) brought them to light.

She expatiates upon the benefit of afflictions to a mind modeſt, fearful, and diffident.

She comforts her on her early death; having finiſhed, as ſhe ſays, her *probatory courſe*, at ſo early a time of life, when many are not ripened by the Sunſhine of Divine Grace for a better, till they are Fifty, Sixty, or Seventy years of age.

I hope, *ſays ſhe*, that my Father will grant the requeſt I have made to him in my laſt Will, to let you paſs the remainder of your days at my *Dairy-houſe*, as it uſed to be called, where once I promiſed myſelf to be happy in you. Your diſcretion, prudence, and oeconomy, my dear good

relations of the names of Fuller and Allinſon (who, to teſtify their reſpect to the memory of the dear deceaſed, had put themſelves in mourning) ſelf-invited, attended it.

The Father and Mother would have joined in theſe laſt honours, had they been able: But they were both very much indiſpoſed; and continue to be ſo.

The inconſolable Mother told Mrs. Norton, that the two Mothers of the ſweeteſt Child in the world ought not, on this occaſion, to be ſeparated. She therefore deſired her to ſtay with *her*.

The whole ſolemnity was performed with great decency and order. The diſtance from Harlowe-Place to the Church is about half a mile. All the way the corpſe was attended by great numbers of people of all conditions.

It was Nine when it entered the church; every corner of which was crouded. Such a profound, ſuch a ſilent reſpect did I never ſee paid at the funeral of princes. An attentive ſadneſs overſpread the face of All.

The Eulogy pronounced by Mr. Melvill was a very

good woman, proceeds ſhe, will make your preſiding over the concerns of that houſe as beneficial to them, as it can be covenient to you. For *your* ſake, my dear Mrs. Norton, I hope they will make you this offer. And, if they do, I hope you will accept of it for *theirs*.

She remembers herſelf to her Foſter-brother in a very kind manner: And charges her, for his ſake, that ſhe will not take too much to heart what has befallen her.

She concludes as follows:

Remember me, in the laſt place, to all my kind well-wiſhers of your acquaintance; and to thoſe whom I uſed to call *My Poor*. They will be *God's Poor*, if they truſt in Him. I have taken ſuch care, that I hope they will not be loſers by my death. Bid them therefore rejoice; and do you alſo, my reverend comforter and ſuſtainer (as well in my darker, as in my fairer days) likewiſe rejoice, that I am ſo ſoon delivered from the evils that were before me; and that I am NOW, when this comes to your hand, as I humbly truſt, exulting in the mercies of a gracious God, who has conducted me thro' the greateſt trials in ſafety, and put ſo happy an end to all my temptations and diſtreſſes: And who, I moſt humbly truſt, will, in his own good time, give us a joyful meeting in the regions of eternal bleſſedneſs.

pathetic

pathetic one. He wiped his own eyes often, and made every-body preſent ſtill oftener wipe theirs.

The auditors were moſt particularly affected, when he told them, that the ſolemn Text was her own choice.

He enumerated her fine qualities, naming with honour their late worthy Paſtor for his authority.

Every enumerated excellence was witneſſed to in different parts of the church in reſpectful whiſpers by different perſons, as of their own knowlege, as I have been ſince informed.

When he pointed to the pew where (doing credit to Religion by her example) ſhe uſed to ſit or kneel, the whole auditory, as one perſon, turned to the pew with the moſt reſpectful ſolemnity, as if ſhe had been herſelf there.

When the gentleman attributed condeſcenſion and mingled dignity to her, a buzzing approbation was given to the attribute throughout the church; and a poor neat woman under my pew added, 'That ſhe was 'indeed all graciouſneſs, and would ſpeak to any body.'

Many eyes ran over, when he mentioned her charities, her well-judged charities. And her reward was decreed from every mouth, with ſighs and ſobs from ſome, and theſe words from others, 'The poor will dearly miſs her.'

The *chearful giver*, whom God is ſaid *to love*, was allowed to be *her:* And a young Lady, I am told, ſaid, It was Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe's care to find out the unhappy, upon a ſudden diſtreſs, before the ſighing heart was overwhelmed by it.

She had a ſet of poor people, choſen for their remarkable honeſty and ineffectual induſtry. Theſe voluntarily paid their laſt attendance on their benefactreſs; and mingling in the church as they could croud near the eyle where the corpſe was on Stands, it was the leſs wonder that her praiſes from the Preacher met with ſuch general and ſuch grateful whiſpers of approbation.

Some it ſeems there were who knowing her unhappy

ſtory,

ſtory, remarked upon the dejected looks of the Brother, and the drowned eyes of the Siſter; 'O what would 'they now give, they'd warrant, had they not been ſo 'hard-hearted!' — Others purſued, as I may ſay, the ſevere Father, and unhaapy Mother, into their chambers at home.—'They anſwered for their relenting, 'now, that it was too late! —What muſt be their 'grief!—No *wonder* they could not be preſent!'

Several expreſſed their aſtoniſhment, as people do every hour, 'that a man could live whom ſuch perfec-'tions could not engage to be juſt to her;' To be *humane*, I may ſay.— And who, her rank and fortune conſidered, could be ſo diſregardful of his own *intereſt*, had he had no other motive to be juſt!—

The good Divine, led by his text, juſt touched upon the unhappy ſtep that was the cauſe of her untimely fate. He attributed it to the ſtate of things below, in which there could not be abſolute perfection. He very politely touched upon the noble diſdain ſhe ſhewed (tho' earneſtly ſolicited by a whole ſplendid family) to join intereſts with a man, whom ſhe found unworthy of her eſteem and confidence: and who courted her with the utmoſt earneſtneſs to accept of him.

What he moſt inſiſted upon was, the happy End ſhe made; and thence drew conſolation to her relations, and inſtruction to the auditory.

In a word, his performance was ſuch as heightened the reputation which he had before in a very eminent degree obtained.

When the corpſe was to be carried down into the vault (a very ſpacious one, within the church) there was great crouding to ſee the coffin-lid, and the devices upon it. Particularly two gentlemen, muffled up in cloaks, preſſed forward. Theſe, it ſeems, were Mr. Mullins and Mr. Wyerley; both of them profeſſed admirers of my dear Couſin.

When they came near the coffin, and caſt their eyes upon the lid, 'In that little ſpace,' ſaid Mr. Mullins,

'is

'is included all human excellence!'—And then Mr. Wyerley, unable to contain himſelf, was forced to quit the church; and we hear is very ill.

It is ſaid, that Mr. Solmes was in a remote part of the church, wrapped round in a horſeman's coat: And that he ſhed tears ſeveral times. But I ſaw him not.

Another gentleman was there incognito, in a pew near the entrance of the vault, who had not been taken notice of, but for his great emotion when he looked over his pew, at the time the coffin was carried down to its laſt place. This was Miſs Howe's worthy Mr. Hickman.

My Couſins John and Antony, and their Nephew James, choſe not to deſcend into the vault among their departed anceſtors.

Miſs Harlowe was extremely affected. Her *Conſcience*, as well as her love, was concerned on the occaſion. She would go down with the corpſe of her dear, her only Siſter, ſhe ſaid: But her Brother would not permit it. And her overwhelmed eye purſued the coffin till ſhe could ſee no more of it: And then ſhe threw herſelf on the ſeat, and was near fainting away.

I accompanied it down, that I might not only ſatisfy myſelf, but you, Sir, her Executor, that it was depoſited, as ſhe had directed, at the feet of her Grandfather.

Mr. Melvill came down, contemplated the lid, and ſhed a few tears over it. I was ſo well ſatisfied with his diſcourſe and behaviour, that I preſented him on the ſolemn ſpot with a ring of ſome value; and thanked him for his performance.

And here I left the remains of my beloved Couſin; having beſpoken my own place by the ſide of her coffin.

On my return to Harlowe-Place, I contented myſelf with ſending my compliments to the ſorrowing parents, and retired to my chamber. Nor am I aſhamed to own, that I could not help giving way to

a

a repeated fit of humanity, as ſoon as I entered it. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt faithful and obedient,

WM. MORDEN.

P. S. You will have a Letter from my Couſin James, who hopes to prevail upon you to relinquiſh the Executorſhip. It has not my encouragement.

LETTER XXV.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* WILLIAM MORDEN, *Eſq;*

Dear Sir, *Saturday, Sept.* 16.

I Once had thoughts to go down privately, in order, diſguiſed, to ſee the laſt ſolemnity performed. But there was no need to give myſelf this melancholy trouble, ſince your laſt Letter ſo naturally deſcribes all that paſſed, that I have every ſcene before my eyes.

You croud me, Sir, methinks, into the ſilent ſlow proceſſion—Now with the ſacred Bier do I enter the awful Porch: Now meaſure I, with ſolemn paces, the venerable Eyle: Now ambitious of a relationſhip to her, placed in a near pew to the eye-attracting coffin, do I liſten to the moving Eulogy: Now, thro' the buz of gaping, eye-ſwoln crowds, do I deſcend into the clammy vault, as a true Executor, to ſee that part of her Will performed with my own eyes. There, with a ſoul filled with muſing, do I number the ſurrounding monuments of mortality, and contemplate the preſent ſtillneſs of ſo many once buſy vanities, crouded all into one poor vaulted nook, as if the living grudged room for the corpſe of thoſe, for which, when animated, the earth, the air, and the waters, could hardly find room. Then ſeeing her placed at the feet of him whoſe earthly delight ſhe was; and who, as I find, aſcribes to the pleaſure ſhe gave him, the prolongation of his own life (*a*); ſighing, and with averted face,

I

(*a*) See Vol. I. p. 29.

I quit the ſolemn manſion, the ſymbolic coffin, and, for ever, the glory of her Sex; and aſcend with thoſe, who, in a few years, after a very ſhort blaze of life, will fill up other ſpaces of the ſame vault, which now (while they mourn only for her, whom they jointly perſecuted) they preſs with their feet.

Nor do your affecting deſcriptions permit me *here* to ſtop: But, aſcended, I mingle my tears and my praiſes with thoſe of the numerous ſpectators. I accompany the afflicted mourners back to their uncomfortable manſion; and make one in the general concert of unavailing woe; till retiring, as I imagine, as *they* retire, like them, in reality, I give up to new ſcenes of ſolitary and ſleepleſs grief; reflecting upon the perfections I have ſeen the end of; and having no relief but from an indignation, which makes me approve of the reſentments of others againſt the *unhappy man*, and thoſe *equally unhappy relations of hers*, to whom the irreparable loſs is owing.

Forgive me, Sir, theſe reflections; and permit me, with This, to ſend you what you declined receiving till the funeral was over——

He gives him then an account of the money and effects which he ſends him down by this opportunity, for the Legatees at Harlowe-Place, and in its neighbourhood; which he deſires him to diſpoſe of according to the will.

He alſo ſends him an account of other ſteps he has taken in purſuance of the Will; and deſires to know, if Mr. Harlowe expects the diſcharge of the funeral expences from the effects in his hands; and the reimburſement of the ſums advanced to the teſtatrix ſince her Grandfather's death.

'Theſe expeditious proceedings, *ſay he*, will convince Mr. James Harlowe, that I am reſolved to ſee the Will completely executed; aud yet, by my manner of doing it, that I deſire not to give unneceſſary mortifi-

mortifications to the family, ſince every-thing that relates to them ſhall paſs thro' your hands.

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. JAMES HARLOWE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

SIR, *Harlowe-Place, Friday Night, Sept.* 15.

I Hope from the character my worthy Couſin Morden gives you, that you will excuſe the application I make to you, to oblige a whole family in an affair that much concerns their peace, and cannot equally concern any-body elſe. You will immediately judge, Sir, that this is the Executorſhip of which my Siſter has given you the trouble by her Laſt Will.

We ſhall all think ourſelves extremely obliged to you, if you pleaſe to relinquiſh this Truſt to our own family; the reaſons which follow pleading for our expectation of this favour from you:

Firſt, becauſe ſhe never would have had the thought of troubling you, Sir, if ſhe had believed any of her near relations would have taken it upon themſelves.

Secondly, I underſtand, that ſhe recommends to you in the Will to truſt to the honour of any of our family, for the performance of ſuch of the articles as are of a domeſtic nature. We are *any* of us, and *all* of us, if you requeſt it, willing to ſtake our honours upon this occaſion: And all you can deſire, as a man of honour, is, That the Truſt be executed.

We are the more concerned, Sir, to wiſh you to decline this office, becauſe of your ſhort and accidental knowlege of the dear Teſtatrix, and long and intimate acquaintance with the man to whom *ſhe* owed her ruin, and *we* the greateſt loſs and diſappointment (her manifold excellencies conſidered) that ever befel a family.

You will allow due weight, I dare ſay, to this plea, if you make our caſe your own: And ſo much the readier, when I aſſure you, that your interfering in this matter ſo much againſt our inclinations (Excuſe,

Sir,

Sir, my plain-dealing) will very probably occaſion an oppoſition in ſome points, where otherwiſe there might be none.

What therefore I propoſe is, Not that my Father ſhould aſſume this Truſt: He is too much afflicted to undertake it—Nor yet myſelf—I might be thought too much concerned in intereſt: But that it may be allowed to devolve upon my two Uncles; whoſe known honour, and whoſe affection to the dear deceaſed, nobody ever doubted: And they will treat with you, Sir, thro' my Couſin Morden, as to the points they will undertake to perform.

The trouble you have already had, will well entitle you to the legacy ſhe bequeaths you, together with the reimburſement of all the charges you have been at, and allowance of the legacies you have diſcharged, altho' you ſhould not have qualified yourſelf to act as an Executor; as I preſume you have not *yet* done: nor will *now* do.

Your compliance, Sir, will oblige a family (who have already diſtreſs enough upon them) in the circumſtance that occaſions this application to you; and more particularly, Sir,

Your moſt humble Servant

JAMES HARLOWE jun.

I ſend this by one of my ſervants, who will attend your diſpatch.

LETTER XXVII.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* JAMES HARLOWE *jun. Eſq;*

SIR, *Saturday, Sept.* 16.

YOU will excuſe my plain-dealing in turn: For I muſt obſerve, that if I had *not* the juſt opinion I have of the ſacred nature of the office I have undertaken, ſome paſſages in the Letter you have favoured me with, would convince me that I ought not to excuſe myſelf from acting in it.

I need

I need name only one of them. You are pleaſed to ſay, That your Uncles, if the Truſt be relinquiſhed to them, will *treat with me*, thro' Colonel Morden, *as to the points they will undertake to perform.*

Permit me, Sir, to ſay, That it is the *duty* of an Executor to ſee *every point* performed, that *can* be performed. Nor will I leave the performance of mine to any other perſons, eſpecially where a qualifying is ſo directly intimated, and where all the branches of your family have ſhewn themſelves, with reſpect to the incomparable Lady, to have but one mind.

You are pleaſed to urge, that ſhe recommends to me, the leaving to the honour of any of your family ſuch of the articles as are of a *domeſtic nature.* But admitting this to be ſo, does it not imply that the *other* articles are ſtill to obtain my care?—But even theſe, you will find by the Will, ſhe gives not up; and to that I refer you.

I am ſorry for the hints you give of an *oppoſition*, where, as you ſay, there might be none, if I did not interfere. I ſee not, Sir, why your animoſity againſt a man who cannot be defended, ſhould be carried to ſuch a height againſt one who never gave you offence: And This only, becauſe he is acquainted with that man. I will not ſay all I might ſay, on this occaſion.

As to the Legacy to myſelf, I aſſure you, Sir, that neither my circumſtances nor my temper will put me upon being a gainer by the Executorſhip. I ſhall take pleaſure to tread in the ſteps of the admirable Teſtatrix in all I may; and rather will encreaſe than diminiſh her Poor's Fund.

With regard to the trouble that may attend the Execution of the truſt, I ſhall not, in honour to her memory, value ten times more than this can give me. I have indeed two other Executorſhips on my hands; but they ſit light upon me. And *ſurvivors cannot better or more charitably beſtow their time.*

I conceive that every article, but that relating to the

the Poors Fund (ſuch is the Excellence of the Diſpoſition of the moſt excellent of Women) may be performed in two months time, at fartheſt.

Occaſions of litigation or offence ſhall not proceed from me. You need only apply to Col. Morden, who ſhall command me in every-thing that the Will allows me to oblige your family in. I do aſſure you, that I am as unwilling to obtrude myſelf upon it, as any of it can wiſh.

I own, that I have not yet proved the Will; nor ſhall I do it till next week at ſooneſt, that you may have time for amicable objections, if ſuch you think fit to make thro' the Colonel's mediation. But let me obſerve to you, Sir, 'That an Executor's power, in 'ſuch inſtances as I have exerciſed it, is the ſame be-'fore the Probate, as after it. He can even, without 'taking *that* out, *commence* an Action, altho' he can-'not *declare* upon it: And theſe acts of Adminiſtra-'tion make him liable to Actions himſelf.' I am therefore very proper in the ſteps I have taken in part of the Execution of this ſacred Truſt; and want not *allowance* on the occaſion.

Permit me to add, That when you have peruſed the Will, and coolly conſidered every-thing, it is my hope, that you will yourſelf be of opinion, that there can be no room for diſpute or oppoſition: And that if your family will join to expedite the Execution, it will be the moſt natural and eaſy way of ſhutting up the whole affair, and to have done with a man, ſo cauſleſly, as to his *own* particular, the object of your diſlike, as is, Sir,

Your very humble Servant (notwithſtanding)

JOHN BELFORD.

The

The WILL.

To which the following preamble, written on a ſeparate paper, was ſtitched with black ſilk.

To my EXECUTOR.

'I Hope I may be excuſed for expatiating, in divers parts of this ſolemn laſt Act, upon ſubjects of importance. For I have heard of ſo many inſtances of confuſion and diſagreement in families, and ſo much doubt and difficulty, for want of abſolute clearneſs in the Teſtaments of departed perſons, that I have often concluded (were there to be no other reaſons but thoſe which reſpect the peace of ſurviving friends) that this Laſt Act, as to its deſignation and operation, ought not to be the Laſt in its compoſition or making; but ſhould be the reſult of cool deliberation; and (as is more *frequently* than *juſtly* ſaid) of a *ſound mind* and *memory*; which too ſeldom are to be met with, but in *ſound health*. All pretences of inſanity of mind are likewiſe prevented, when a teſtator gives reaſons for what he wills; all cavils about words are obviated; the obliged are aſſured; and They enjoy the benefit for whom the benefit was intended. Hence have I for ſome time paſt employed myſelf in penning down heads of ſuch a diſpoſition; which, as reaſons offered, I have altered and added to; ſo that I never was abſolutely deſtitute of a *Will*, had I been taken off ever ſo ſuddenly. Theſe minutes and imperfect ſketches enabled me, as God has graciouſly given me time and ſedateneſs, to digeſt them into the form in which they appear.'

I CLARISSA HARLOWE, now, by ſtrange melancholy accidents, lodging in the pariſh of St. Paul Covent-Garden, being of ſound and perfect mind and memory, as I hope theſe preſents, drawn up by myſelf, and

and written with my own hand, will teſtify; do [this ſecond day of September *(a)*] in the year of our Lord ——————*(b)* make and publiſh this my Laſt Will and Teſtament, in manner and form following:

In the firſt place, I deſire, that my body may lie unburied three days after my deceaſe, or till the pleaſure of my Father be known concerning it. But the occaſion of my death not admitting of doubt, I will not, on any account, that it be opened; and it is my deſire, that it ſhall not be touched but by thoſe of my own Sex.

I have always earneſtly requeſted, that my body might be depoſited in the family vault with thoſe of my anceſtors. If it might be granted, I could now wiſh, that it might be placed at the feet of my dear and honoured Grandfather. But as I have, by one very unhappy ſtep, been thought to diſgrace my whole lineage, and therefore this laſt honour may be refuſed to my corpſe; in this caſe, my deſire is, that it may be interred in the church-yard belonging to the pariſh in which I ſhall die; and that in the moſt private manner, between the hours of Eleven and Twelve at night; attended only by Mrs. Lovick, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and their maid-ſervant.

But it is my deſire, that the ſame fees and dues may be paid which are uſually paid for thoſe who are laid in the beſt ground, as it is called, or even in the chancel.—And I bequeath five pounds, to be given at the diſcretion of the church-wardens, to twenty poor people the Sunday after my interment; and This whether I ſhall be buried here or elſewhere.

I have already given verbal directions, that after I am dead (and laid out in the manner I have ordered) I may be put into my coffin as ſoon as poſſible; It is my deſire that I may not be unneceſſarily expoſed to

(*a*) A blank, at the writing, was left for this date, and filled up on this day. See Letter lxxxv. of Vol. VII.

(*b*) The date of the year is left blank for particular reaſons.

the view of any-body; except any of my relations ſhould vouchſafe, for the laſt time, to look upon me.

And I could wiſh, if it might be avoided without making ill-will between Mr. Lovelace and my Executor, that the former might not be permitted to ſee my corpſe. But if, as he is a man very uncontroulable, and as I am Nobody's, he inſiſt upon viewing *her dead*, whom he ONCE before ſaw in a manner dead, let his gay curioſity be gratified. Let him behold, and triumph over the wretched Remains of one who has been made a victim to his barbarous perfidy: But let ſome good perſon, as by my deſire, give him a paper, whilſt he is viewing the ghaſtly ſpectacle, containing theſe few words only — "Gay, cruel heart! behold here "the Remains of the once ruined, yet now happy, "Clariſſa Harlowe! — See what thou thyſelf muſt "quickly be;—and REPENT!—"

Yet, to ſhew that I die in perfect charity with *all the world*, I do moſt ſincerely forgive Mr. Lovelace the wrongs he has done me.

If my Father can pardon the errors of his unworthy child, ſo far as to ſuffer her corpſe to be depoſited at the feet of her Grandfather, as above requeſted, I could wiſh (my misfortunes being ſo notorious) that a ſhort diſcourſe might be pronounced over my Remains before they be interred. The ſubject of the diſcourſe I ſhall determine before I conclude this writing.

So much written about what deſerves not the leaſt conſideration, and about what will be Nothing when this writing comes to be opened and read, will be excuſed when my preſent unhappy circumſtances and abſence from all my natural friends are conſidered.

And *now*, with regard to the worldly matters which I ſhall die poſſeſſed of, as well as to thoſe which of right appertain to me, either by the Will of my ſaid Grandfather, or otherwiſe; Thus do I diſpoſe of them.

In the firſt place, I give and bequeath all the real Eſtates

Eſtates in or to which I have any claim or title by the ſaid Will, to my ever-honoured Father James Harlowe, Eſq; and that rather than to my Brother and Siſter, to whom I had once thoughts of deviſing them, becauſe, if they ſurvive my Father, thoſe Eſtates will aſſuredly veſt in them, or one of them, by virtue of his favour and indulgence, as the circumſtances of things with regard to marriage-ſettlements, or otherwiſe, may require; or, as they may reſpectively merit by the continuance of their duty.

The houſe late my Grandfather's, called *The Grove*, and by him, in honour of me, and of ſome of my voluntary employments, *my Dairy houſe*, and the furniture thereof as it now ſtands (the pictures and large iron cheſt of old plate excepted) I alſo bequeath to my ſaid Father; only begging it as a favour, that he will be pleaſed to permit my dear Mrs. Norton to paſs the remainder of her days in that houſe; and to have and enjoy the apartments in it known by the name of *The Houſekeeper's apartments*, with the furniture in them; and which (plain and neat) was bought for me by my Grandfather, who delighted to call me his houſekeeper; and which therefore in his life-time I uſed as ſuch: The office to go with the apartments. And I am the more earneſt in this recommendation, as I had once thought to have been very happy there with the good woman; and becauſe I think her prudent management will be as beneficial to my Father, as his favour can be convenient to her.

But with regard to what has accrued from that Eſtate, ſince my Grandfather's death, and to the ſum of Nine hundred and ſeventy pounds, which proved to be the moiety of the money that my ſaid Grandfather had by him at his death, and which moiety he bequeathed to me for my ſole and ſeparate uſe [as he did the other moiety in like manner to my Siſter (*a*)]; and which ſum (that I might convince my Brother and

(*a*) See Vol. I. p. 74.

Siſter, that I wiſhed not for an independence upon my Father's pleaſure) I gave into my Father's hands, together with the management and produce of the whole Eſtate deviſed to me—Theſe ſums, however conſiderable when put together, I hope I may be allowed to diſpoſe of abſolutely, as my Love and my Gratitude (not confined wholly to my own family, which is very wealthy in all its branches) may warrant: And which therefore I ſhall diſpoſe of in the manner hereafter mentioned. But it is my Will, and expreſs direction, that my Father's account of the above-mentioned produce may be taken and eſtabliſhed abſolutely (and without contravention or queſtion) as he ſhall be pleaſed to give it to my Couſin Morden, or to whom elſe he ſhall chuſe to give it; ſo as that the ſaid account be not ſubject to litigation, or to the controul of my Executor, or of any other perſon.

My Father, of his love and bounty, was pleaſed to allow me the ſame quarterly ſums that he allowed my Siſter for apparel and other requiſites; and (pleaſed with me then) uſed to ſay, that thoſe ſums ſhould not be deducted from the eſtate and effects bequeathed to me by my Grandfather: But having *mortally* offended him (as I fear it may be ſaid) by one unhappy ſtep, it may be expected that he will reimburſe himſelf thoſe ſums—It is therefore my will and direction, that he ſhall be allowed to pay and ſatisfy himſelf for all ſuch quarterly or other ſums, which he was ſo good as to advance me from the time of my Grandfather's death; and that his account of ſuch ſums ſhall likewiſe be taken without queſtioning; the money, however, which I left behind me in my eſcritoire, being to be taken in part of thoſe diſburſements.

My Grandfather, who, in his goodneſs and favour to me, knew no bounds, was pleaſed to bequeath to me all the family pictures at his late houſe, ſome of which are very maſterly performances; with command, that if I died unmarried, or if married and had no deſcendents,

deſcendents, they ſhould then go to that Son of his (if more than one ſhould be then living) whom I ſhould think would ſet moſt value by them. Now, as I know that my honoured Uncle, John Harlowe, Eſq; was pleaſed to expreſs ſome concern that they were not left to him, as eldeſt Son; and as he has a gallery where they may be placed to advantage; and as I have reaſon to believe, that he will bequeath them to my Father, if he ſurvive him; who, no doubt, will leave them to my Brother; I therefore bequeath all the ſaid family pictures to my ſaid Uncle John Harlowe. In theſe pictures, however, I include not one of my own, drawn when I was about fourteen years of age; which I ſhall hereafter in another article bequeath.

My ſaid honoured Grandfather having a great fondneſs for the old family plate, which he would never permit to be changed, having lived, as he uſed to ſay, to ſee a great deal of it come into requeſt again in the revolution of faſhions; and having left the ſame to me, with a command to keep it entire; and with power at my death to bequeath it to whomſoever I pleaſed that I thought would forward his deſire; which was, as he expreſſes it, that it ſhould be kept *to the end of time*; this family plate, which is depoſited in a large iron cheſt, in the ſtrong room at his late dwelling-houſe, I bequeath entire to my honoured Uncle Antony Harlow, Eſq; with the ſame injunctions which were laid on me; not doubting but he will confirm and ſtrengthen them by his own laſt Will.

I bequeath to my ever-valued friend Mrs. Judith Norton, to whoſe piety and care, ſeconding the piety and care of my ever-honoured and excellent Mother, I owe, morally ſpeaking, the qualifications, which, for Eighteen years of my life, made me beloved and reſpected, the full ſum of Six hundred pounds, to be paid her within three months after my death.

I bequeath alſo to the ſame good woman Thirty guineas, for mourning, for her and for her ſon, my Foſter-brother.

To Mrs. Dorothy Hervey, the only Siſter of my honoured Mother, I bequeath the ſum of Fifty guineas, for a ring; and I beg of her to acccept of my thankful acknowlegements for all her goodneſs to me from my infancy; and particularly for her patience with me, in the ſeveral altercations that happened between my Brother and Siſter, and me, before my unhappy departure from Harlowe-Place.

To my kind and much-valued Couſin Miſs Dolly Hervey, Daughter of my Aunt Hervey, I bequeath my watch and equipage, and my beſt Mechlin and Bruſſels head-dreſſes and ruffles; alſo my gown and pitticoat of flowered ſilver of my own work; which having been made up but a few days before I was confined to my chamber, I never wore.

To the ſame young Lady I bequeath likewiſe my harpſichord, my chamber-organ, and all my muſic-books.

As my Siſter has a very pretty library; and as my beloved Miſs Howe has alſo her late Father's, as well as her own; I bequeath all my books in general, with the caſes they are in, to my ſaid Couſin Dolly Hervey. As they are not ill-choſen for a woman's library, I know that ſhe will take the greater pleaſure in them (when her friendly grief is mellowed by time into a remembrance more ſweet than painful) becauſe they were mine; and becauſe there are obſervations in many of them of my own writing; and ſome very judicious ones, written by the truly reverend Dr. Lewen.

I alſo bequeath to the ſame young Lady Twenty-five guineas for a ring, to be worn in remembrance of her true friend.

If I live not to ſee my worthy Couſin William Morden, Eſq; I deſire my humble and grateful thanks may be given to him for his favours and goodneſs to me; and particularly for his endeavours to reconcile my other friends to me, at a time when I was doubtful whether he would forgive me himſelf. As he is in great

great circumſtances, I will only beg of him to accept of two or three trifles, in remembrance of a Kinſwoman who always honoured *him* as much as he loved *her*. Particularly, of that piece of flowers which my Uncle Robert, his Father, was very earneſt to obtain, in order to carry it abroad with him.

I deſire him likewiſe to accept of the little miniature picture ſet in gold, which his worthy Father made me ſit for to the famous Italian Maſter whom he brought over with him; and which he preſented to me, that I might beſtow it, as he was pleaſed to ſay, upon the man whom I ſhould be one day moſt inclined to favour.

To the ſame gentleman I alſo bequeath my roſe diamond ring, which was a preſent from his good Father to me; and will be the more valuable to him on that account.

I humbly requeſt Mrs. Annabella Howe, the Mother of my dear Miſs Howe, to accept of my reſpectful thanks for all her favours and goodneſs to me, when I was ſo frequently a viſitor to her beloved daughter; and of a ring of Twenty-five guineas price.

My picture at full length, which is in my late Grandfather's cloſet (excepted in an article above from the family pictures) drawn when I was near fourteen years of age; about which time my dear Miſs Howe and I began to know, to diſtinguiſh, and to love one another—ſo dearly—I cannot expreſs how dearly—I bequeath to that Siſter of my heart; of whoſe friendſhip, as well in adverſity as proſperity, when I was deprived of all other comfort and comforters, I have had ſuch inſtances, as that our Love can only be exceeded in that State of Perfection, in which I hope to rejoice with her hereafter, to all Eternity.

I bequeath alſo to the ſame dear friend my beſt diamond ring, which, with other jewels, is in the private drawer of my eſcritoire: As alſo all my finiſhed and framed pieces of needle-work; the flower-piece excepted, which I have already bequeathed to my Couſin Morden.

Theſe pieces have all been taken down, as I have heard (*a*); and my relations will have no heart to put them up again: But if my good Mother chuſes to keep back any one piece (the above capital piece, as it is called, excepted) not knowing but ſome time hence ſhe may bear the ſight of it; I except that alſo from this general bequeſt; and direct it to be preſented to her.

My whole-length picture in the Vandyke taſte (*b*), that uſed to hang in my own parlour, as I was permitted to call it, I bequeath to my Aunt Hervey, except my Mother ſhall think fit to keep it herſelf.

I bequeath to the worthy Charles Hickman, Eſq; the locket, with the miniature picture of the Lady he beſt loves, which I have conſtantly worn, and ſhall continue to wear near my heart till the approach of my laſt hour (*c*). It muſt be the moſt acceptable preſent that can be made him, next to the *hand* of the dear original. 'And, O my dear Miſs Howe, let it not 'be long before you permit his claim to the *latter*— 'for indeed you know not the value of a virtuous 'mind in that Sex; and how preferable ſuch a mind 'is to one diſtinguiſhed by the more dazling flights of 'unruly wit; altho' the latter were to be joined by 'that ſpecious outward appearance which too-too 'often attracts the haſty eye, and ſuſceptible heart.'

Permit me, my dear friends, this ſolemn Apoſtrophe, in this laſt ſolemn Act, to a young Lady ſo deſervedly dear to me!

I make it my earneſt requeſt to my dear Miſs Howe, that ſhe will not put herſelf into mourning for me. But I deſire her acceptance of a ring with my hair; and that Mr. Hickman will alſo accept of the like; each of the value of Twenty-five guineas.

I bequeath to Lady Betty Lawrence, and to her Siſter Lady Sarah Sadleir, and to the right honourable Lord M. and to their worthy Nieces Miſs Charlotte and

(*a*) See Vol. III. p. 259. (*b*) Ibid. (*c*) See Letter cvii. of Vol. VII.

and Miſs Martha Montague, each an enamelled ring, with a cypher Cl. H. with my hair in cryſtal, and round the inſide of each, the day, month, and year of my death: Each ring, with brilliants, to coſt Twenty guineas. And this as a ſmall token of the grateful ſenſe I have of the honour of their good opinions and kind wiſhes in my favour; and of their truly noble offer to me of a very conſiderable annual proviſion, when they apprehended me to be entirely deſtitute of any.

To the reverend and learned Dr. Arthur Lewen, by whoſe inſtructions I have been equally delighted and benefited, I bequeath Twenty guineas for a Ring. If it ſhould pleaſe God to call him to Himſelf, before he can receive this ſmall bequeſt, it is my Will, that his worthy daughter may have the benefit of it.

In token of the grateful ſenſe I have of the civilities paid me by Mrs. and Miſs Howe's domeſtics, from time to time in my viſits there, I bequeath Thirty guineas to be divided among them, as their dear young miſtreſs ſhall think proper.

To each of my worthy companions and friends Miſs Biddy Lloyd, Miſs Fanny Alſton, Miſs Rachel Biddulph, and Miſs Cartwright Campbell, I bequeath Five guineas for a ring.

To my late maid-ſervant Hannah Burton, an honeſt, faithful creature, who loved *me*, reverenced my *Mother*, and reſpected my *Siſter*, and never ſought to do any-thing unbecoming of her character, I bequeath the ſum of Fifty pounds, to be paid within one month after my deceaſe, ſhe labouring under ill health: And if that ill health continue, I commend her for farther aſſiſtance to my good Mrs. Norton, to be put upon my Poor's fund, hereafter to be mentioned.

To the Coachman, Groom, and Two Footmen, and Five Maids, at Harlowe-Place, I bequeath Ten pounds each; To the Helper Five pounds.

To my Siſter's maid Betty Barnes, I bequeath Ten

pounds to ſhew that I reſent not former diſobligations; which I believe were owing more to the inſolence of office, and to natural pertneſs, than to perſonal ill-will.

All my wearing apparel, of whatſoever ſort, that I have not been obliged to part with, or which is not already bequeathed (my linen excepted) I deſire Mrs. Norton will accept of.

The trunks and boxes in which my cloaths are ſealed up, I deſire may not be opened, but in preſence of Mrs. Norton (or of ſome one deputed by her) and of Mrs. Lovick.

To the worthy Mrs. Lovick above-mentioned, from whom I have received great civilities, and even maternal kindneſſes; and to Mrs. Smith (with whom I lodge) from whom *alſo* I have received great kindneſſes; I bequeath all my linen, and all my unſold laces; to be divided equally between them, as they ſhall agree; or, in caſe of diſagreement, the ſame to be ſold, and the money ariſing to be equally ſhared by them.

And I bequeath to the ſame two good women, as a further token of my thankful acknowlegements of their kind love and compaſſionate concern for me, the ſum of Twenty guineas each.

To Mr. Smith, the huſband of Mrs. Smith above-named, I bequeath the ſum of Ten guineas, in acknowlegement of his civilities to me.

To Katherine, the honeſt maid-ſervant of Mrs. Smith, to whom (having no ſervant of my own) I have been troubleſome, I bequeath Five guineas; and Ten guineas more, in lieu of a ſuit of my wearing-apparel, which once, with ſome linen, I thought of leaving to her. With this ſhe may purchaſe what may be more ſuitable to her liking and degree.

To the honeſt and careful widow Anne Shelburne, my Nurſe, over and above her wages, and the cuſtomary perquiſites, that may belong to her, I bequeath the ſum of Ten guineas. Hers is a careful, and (to perſons

ſons of ſuch humanity and tenderneſs) a melancholy employment, attended in the latter part of life with great watching and fatigue, which is hardly ever enough conſidered.

The few books I have at my preſent lodgings, I deſire Mrs. Lovick to accept of; and that ſhe be permitted, if ſhe pleaſe, to take a copy of my book of *Meditations*, as I uſed to call it; being extracts from the beſt of books; which ſhe ſeemed to approve of, although ſuited particularly to my own caſe. As for the book itſelf, perhaps my good Mrs. Norton will be glad to have it, as it is written all with my own hand.

In the middle drawer of my eſcritoire at Harlowe-Place, are many Letters and Copies of Letters, put up according to their dates, which I have written or received in a courſe of years (ever ſince I learned to write) from and to my Grandfather, my Father and Mother, my Uncles, my Brother and Siſter, on occaſional little abſences; my late Uncle Morden, my Couſin Morden; Mrs. Norton, and Miſs Howe, and other of my companions and friends before my confinement at my Father's: As alſo from the three reverend gentlemen, Dr. Blome, Mr. Arnold, and Mr. Tomkins, now with God, and the very reverend Dr. Lewen, on ſerious ſubjects. As theſe letters exhibit a correſpondence that no perſon of my Sex need to be aſhamed of, allowing for the time of life when mine were written; and as many excellent things are contained in thoſe written to me; and as Miſs Howe, to whom moſt of them have been communicated, wiſhed formerly to have them, if ſhe ſurvived me: For theſe reaſons, I bequeath them to my ſaid dear friend Miſs Anna Howe; and the rather, as ſhe had for ſome years paſt a very conſiderable ſhare in the correſpondence.

I do hereby make, conſtitute, and ordain, John Belford, of Edgware in the County of Middleſex, Eſq; the ſole Executor of this my Laſt Will and Teſtament; having previouſly obtained his leave ſo to do. I

have given the reaſons which induced me to aſk this gentleman to take upon him this trouble, to Miſs Howe. I therefore refer to her on this ſubject.

But I do moſt earneſtly beg of him the ſaid Mr. Belford, that, in the execution of his truſt, he will (as he has repeatedly promiſed) ſtudiouſly endeavour to promote peace with, and ſuppreſs reſentments in every one; ſo as that all farther miſchiefs may be prevented, as well *from*, as to his friend. And in order to this, I beſeech him to cultivate the friendſhip of my worthy Couſin Morden; who, as I preſume to hope (when he underſtands it to be my dying requeſt) will give him his advice and aſſiſtance in every article where it may be neceſſary: and who will perhaps be ſo good as to interpoſe with my relations, if any difficulty ſhould ariſe about carrying any of the articles of this my Laſt Will into execution, and to ſoften them into the wiſhed-for condeſcenſion: — For it is my earneſt requeſt to Mr. Belford, that he will not ſeek by Law, or by any ſort of violence, either by word or deed, to extort the performance from *them*. If there be any articles of a merely domeſtic nature, that my relations ſhall think unfit to be carried into execution; ſuch articles I leave entirely to my ſaid Couſin Morden and Mr. Belford to vary, or totally diſpenſe with, as they ſhall agree upon the matter; or, if they two differ in opinion, they will be pleaſed to be determined by a third perſon, to be choſen by them both.

Having been preſſed by Miſs Howe and her Mother, to collect the particulars of my ſad Story, and given expectation that I would, in order to do my character juſtice with all my friends and companions; but not having time before me for the painful taſk; it has been a pleaſure to me to find, by extracts kindly communicated to me by my ſaid Executor, that I may ſafely truſt my fame to the juſtice done me by Mr. Lovelace, in his Letters to him my ſaid Executor. And as Mr. Belford has engaged to contribute what is in his power

towards

towards a compilement to be made of all that relates to my Story, and knows my whole mind in this reſpect; it is my deſire, that he will cauſe two copies to be made of this collection; one to remain with Miſs Howe, the other with himſelf; and that he will ſhew or lend his copy, if required, to my Aunt Hervey, for the ſatisfaction of any of my family; but under ſuch reſtrictions as the ſaid Mr. Belford ſhall think fit to impoſe; that neither any other perſon's ſafety may be endangered, nor his own honour ſuffer, by the communication.

I bequeath to my ſaid Executor, the ſum of One hundred guineas, as a grateful, tho' inſufficient acknowlegement of the trouble he will be at in the execution of the truſt he has ſo kindly undertaken. I deſire him likewiſe to accept of Twenty guineas for a ring: And that he will reimburſe himſelf for all the charges and expences which he ſhall be at in the execution of this truſt.

In the worthy Dr. H. I have found a Phyſician, a Father, and a Friend. I beg of him, as a teſtimony of my gratitude, to accept of Twenty guineas for a ring.

I have the ſame obligations to the kind and ſkilful Mr. Goddard, who attended me as my Apothecary. His very moderate bill I have diſcharged down to yeſterday. I have always thought it incumbent upon Teſtators to ſhorten all they can the trouble of their Executors. I know I under-rate the value of Mr. Goddard's attendances, when over and above what may accrue from yeſterday, to the hour that will finiſh all, I deſire Fifteen guineas for a ring may be preſented to him.

To the reverend Mr.——who frequently attended me, and prayed by me in my laſt ſtages, I alſo bequeath Fifteen guineas for a ring.

There are a ſet of honeſt indigent people, whom I uſed to call *My Poor*, and to whom Mrs. Norton conveys

veys relief each month (or at ſhorter periods) in proportion to their neceſſities, from a ſum I depoſited in her hands, and from time to time recruited, as means accrued to me; but now nearly, if not wholly, expended: *Now*, that my fault may be as little aggravated as poſſible by the ſufferings of the worthy people whom Heaven gave me a heart to relieve; and as the produce of my Grandfather's Eſtate (including the moiety of the ſums he had by him, and was pleaſed to give me, at his death, as above-mentioned) together with what I ſhall further appropriate to the ſame uſe in the ſubſequent articles, will, as I hope, more than anſwer all my legacies and bequeſts; it is my will and deſire, that the remainder, be it little or much, ſhall become a fund to be appropriated, and I hereby direct that it be appropriated, to the like purpoſes with the ſums which I put into Mrs. Norton's hands, as aforeſaid—And this under the direction and management of the ſaid Mrs. Norton, who knows my whole mind in this particular. And in caſe of her death, or of her deſire to be acquitted of the management thereof, it is my earneſt requeſt to my dear Miſs Howe, that ſhe will take it upon herſelf, and at her own death that ſhe will transfer what ſhall remain undiſpoſed of at the *time*, to ſuch perſons, and with ſuch limitations, reſtrictions, and proviſoes, as ſhe ſhall think will beſt anſwer my intention. For as to the management and diſtribution of all or any part of it, while in Mrs. Norton's hands, or her own; I will, that it be entirely diſcretional, and without account, either to my Executor, or any other perſon.

Altho' Mrs. Norton, as I have hinted, knows my whole mind in this reſpect; yet it may be proper to mention, in this laſt ſolemn Act, that my intention is, that this fund be entirely ſet apart and appropriated to relieve temporarily, from the intereſt thereof (as I dare ſay it will be put out to the beſt advantage) or even from the principal, if need be, the honeſt, induſtrious, labouring

labouring Poor only; when ſickneſs, lameneſs, unforeſeen loſſes, or other accidents, diſable them from following their lawful callings; or to aſſiſt ſuch honeſt people of large families as ſhall have a child of good inclinations to put out to ſervice, trade, or huſbandry.

It has always been a rule with me in my little donations, to endeavour to aid and ſet forward the ſober and induſtrious poor. Small helps, if ſeaſonably afforded, will do for ſuch; and ſo the fund may be of more extenſive benefit; an ocean of wealth will not be ſufficient for the idle and diſſolute: Whom, therefore, ſince they will be always in want, it will be no charity to relieve, if worthier creatures would, by relieving the others, be deprived of ſuch aſſiſtance as may ſet the wheels of their induſtry going, and put them in a ſphere of uſeful action.

But it is my expreſs will and direction, that let this fund come out to be ever ſo conſiderable, it ſhall be applied only in ſupport of the *temporary exigencies* of the perſons I have deſcribed; and that no one family or perſon receive from it, at one time, or in one year, more than the ſum of Twenty pounds.

It is my will and deſire, that the ſet of jewels which was my Grandmother's, and preſented to me, ſoon after her death, by my Grandfather, be valued; and the worth of them paid to my Executor, if any of my family chuſe to have them; or otherwiſe, that they be ſold, and go to the augmentation of my Poor's Fund.—But if they may be deemed an equivalent for the ſums my Father was pleaſed to advance to me ſince the death of my Grandfather, I deſire, that they may be given up to him.

I preſume, that the diamond necklace, ſolitaire, and buckles, which were properly my own, preſented by my Mother's Uncle Sir Joſias Brookland, will not be purchaſed by any one of my family, for a too obvious reaſon: In this caſe I deſire, that they may be ſent to my Executor; and that he will diſpoſe of them to the beſt

beſt advantage: and apply the money to the uſes of my Will.

In the beginning of this tedious writing, I referred to the latter part of it, the naming of the ſubject of the diſcourſe which I wiſhed might be delivered at my funeral, if permitted to be interred with my anceſtors. I think the following will be ſuitable to my caſe. I hope the alteration of the words *her* and *ſhe*, for *him* and *he*, may be allowable.

> " Let not *her* that is deceived truſt in vanity; for
> " vanity ſhall be *her* recompenſe. *She* ſhall be
> " accompliſhed before *her* time; and *her* branch
> " ſhall not be green. *She* ſhall ſhake off *her*
> " unripe grape as the vine, and ſhall caſt off
> " *her* flower as the olive (*a*).

But if I am to be interred in town, let only the uſual Burial-ſervice be read over my corpſe.

If my body be permitted to be carried down, I bequeath Ten pounds to be given to the poor of the pariſh, at the diſcretion of the church-wardens, within a fortnight after my interment.

If any neceſſary matter be omitted in this my Will; or if any-thing appear doubtful or contradictory, as poſſibly may be the caſe; ſince, beſides my inexperience in theſe matters, I am now, at this time, very weak and ill; having put off the finiſhing hand a little too long, in hopes of obtaining the laſt forgiveneſs of my honoured friends; in which caſe I ſhould have acknowleged the favour with a ſuitable warmth of duty, and filled up ſome blanks which I left to the very laſt (*b*), in a more agreeable manner to myſelf, than now I have been enabled to do—In caſe of ſuch omiſſions and imperfections, I deſire that my Couſin Morden will be ſo good as to join with Mr. Belford in conſidering them, and in comparing them with what I have more explicitly written; and if, after *that*, any doubt remain,

(*a*) Job xv. 31, 32, 33. (*b*) See Letter lxxxv. of Vol. VII.

remain, that they will be pleaſed to apply to Miſs Howe, who knows my whole heart: And I deſire that the conſtruction of theſe three may be eſtabliſhed: And I hereby eſtabliſh it, provided it be unanimous, and direct it to be put in force, as if I had ſo written and determined myſelf.

And Now, O my bleſſed REDEEMER, do I, with a lively faith, humbly lay hold of Thy meritorious Death and Sufferings; hoping to be waſhed clean in Thy precious Blood from all my ſins: In the bare hope of the happy conſequences of which, how light do thoſe ſufferings ſeem (grievous as they were at the time) which, I confidently truſt, will be a means, by Thy Grace, to work out for me a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Signed, ſealed, publiſhed, and declared, the day and year above-written, by the ſaid Clariſſa Harlowe, as her Laſt Will and Teſtament; contained in Seven ſheets of paper, all written with her own hand, and every ſheet ſigned and ſealed by herſelf, in the preſence of Us,

John Williams,
Arthur Bedall,
Elizabeth Swanton.

LETTER XXVIII.

Colonel MORDEN, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Sat. Sept. 16.

I Have been employed in a moſt melancholy taſk. In reading the Will of the dear deceaſed.

The unhappy Mother and Mrs. Norton choſe to be abſent on the affecting occaſion. But Mrs. Harlowe made it her earneſt requeſt, that every article of it ſhould be fulfilled.

They

They were all extremely touched with the preamble.

The firſt Words of the Will—'I Clariſſa Harlowe, 'now by ſtrange melancholy accidents, lodging,' *&c.* drew tears from ſome, ſighs from all.

The directions for her funeral, in caſe ſhe were or were not permitted to be carried down; the mention of her orders having been given for the manner of her being laid out, and the preſence of mind ſo viſible throughout the whole, obtained their admiration, expreſſed by hands and eyes lifted up, and by falling tears.

When I read the direction, 'That her body was 'not to be viewed, except any of her relations ſhould '*vouchſafe for the laſt time to look upon her*;' they turned away, and turned to me, three or four times alternately. Mrs. Hervey, and Miſs Arabella ſobbed; the Uncles wiped their eyes; the Brother looked down; the Father wrung his hands.

I was obliged to ſtop at the words, 'That ſhe was '*Nobody's*'.

But when I came to the addreſs to be made to the accurſed man, 'if he were not to be diverted from 'ſeeing *her* dead, whom once before he had ſeen in 'a manner dead'—execration, and either vows or wiſhes of revenge, filled every mouth.

Theſe were ſtill more fervently renewed, when they came to hear re'd her forgiveneſs of even this man.

You remember, Sir, on our firſt reading of the Will in town, the obſervations I made on the foul play which it is evident the excellent creature met with from this abandoned man, and what I ſaid upon the occaſion. I am not uſed to repeat things of that nature.

The dear creature's noble contempt of the *Nothing*, as ſhe as nobly calls it, about which ſhe had been giving ſuch particular directions, to wit, her Body; and her apologizing for the particularity of thoſe directions from the circumſtances ſhe was in—had the ſame, and as ſtrong an effect upon me, as when I firſt re'd the animated

animated paragraph; and, pointed by my eye (by turns caſt upon them all) affected them all.

When the article was read which bequeathed to the Father the Grandfather's Eſtate, and the reaſon aſſigned for it (ſo generous and ſo dutiful) the Father could ſit no longer; but withdrew, wiping his eyes, and lifting up his ſpread hands at Mr. James Harlowe; who aroſe to attend him to the door, as Arabella likewiſe did—All he could ſay—O Son! Son!—O Girl! Girl!—as if he reproached them for the parts they had acted, and put him upon acting.

But yet, on ſome occaſions, this Brother and Siſter ſhewed themſelves to be true Will diſputants.

Let tongue and eyes expreſs what they will, Mr. Belford, the firſt reading of a Will, where a perſon dies worth any-thing conſiderable, generally affords a true teſt of the relations love to the deceaſed.

The cloaths, the thirty guineas for mourning to Mrs. Norton, with the recommendation of the good woman for houſekeeper at *The Grove*, were thought ſufficient, had the article of 600 *l.* which was called monſtrous, been omitted. Some other paſſages in the Will were called, *flights, and ſuch whimſies as diſtinguiſh people of imagination from thoſe of judgment.*

My Couſin Dolly Hervey was grudged the Library. Miſs Harlowe ſaid, That as ſhe and her Siſter never bought the ſame books, ſhe would take That to herſelf, and would *make it up* to her Couſin Dolly *one way or other.*

I intend, Mr. Belford, to ſave you the trouble of interpoſing—The Library *ſhall* be my Couſin Dolly's.

Mrs. Hervey could hardly keep her ſeat. On *this* occaſion, however, ſhe only ſaid, That her late dear and *ever* dear Niece, was *too good* to her and *hers*. But, at *another time*, ſhe declared, with tears, that ſhe could not forgive herſelf for a Lettter ſhe wrote (*a*) [looking at Miſs Arabella, whom, it ſeems, unknown to anybody,

(*a*) See Vol. III. p. 247, & ſeq.

body, ſhe had conſulted before ſhe wrote it] and which, ſhe ſaid, muſt have wounded a ſpirit, that now, ſhe ſaw, had been too deeply wounded before.

O my Aunt, ſaid Arabella, no more of that!—Who would have thought that the dear creature had been ſuch a penitent?

Mr. John and Mr. Antony Harlowe were ſo much affected with the articles in their favour (bequeathed to them without a word or hint of reproach or recrimination) that they broke out into ſelf-accuſations; and lamented, that their ſweet Niece, as they called her, was now got above all grateful acknowlegement and returns.

Indeed the mutual upbraidings and grief of all preſent, upon thoſe articles in which every one was remembred for good, ſo often interrupted me, that the reading took up above Six hours. But curſes upon the accurſed man were a refuge to which they often reſorted, to exonerate themſelves.

How wounding a thing, Mr. Belford, is a generous and well-diſtinguiſhed forgiveneſs! What Revenge can be more effectual, and more noble, were Revenge intended, and were it wiſhed to ſtrike remorſe into a guilty or ungrateful heart! But my dear Couſin's motives were all Duty and Love. She ſeems indeed to have been, as much as mortal could be, LOVE itſelf. Love ſublimed by a purity, by a true delicacy, that hardly any woman before her could boaſt of. O Mr. Belford, what an Example would ſhe have given in every ſtation of life (as Wife, Mother, Miſtreſs, Friend) had her lot fallen upon a man bleſſed with a mind like her own!

The 600 *l.* bequeathed to Mrs. Norton, the Library to Miſs Hervey, and the Remembrances to Miſs Howe, were not the only articles grudged. Yet to what purpoſe did they regret the pecuniary bequeſts, when the Poor's fund, and not themſelves, would have had the benefit, had not thoſe legacies been bequeathed?

But enough paſſed to convince me, that my Couſin was abſolutely right in her choice of an Executor out of the

the family. Had ſhe choſen one in it, I dare ſay, that her Will would have been no more regarded than if it had been the Will of a dead King; than that of Louis XIV. in particular; ſo flagrantly broken thro' by his Nephew the Duke of Orleans before he was cold. The only Will of that Monarch, perhaps, which was ever diſputed.

But little does Mr. James Harlowe think, that while he is graſping at hundreds, he will, moſt probably, loſe thouſands, if he be my ſurvivor. A man of a ſpirit ſo ſelfiſh and narrow ſhall not be my heir.

You will better conceive, Mr. Belford, than I can expreſs, how much they were touched at the hint, that the dear creature had been obliged to part with ſome of her cloaths.

Silent reproach ſeized every one of them, when I came to the paſſage where ſhe mentions, that ſhe deferred filling up ſome blanks, in hopes of receiving their laſt bleſſing and forgiveneſs.

I will only add, that they could not bear to hear re'd the concluding part, ſo ſolemnly addreſſed to her Redeemer. They all aroſe from their ſeats, and crouded out of the apartment we were in: And then, as I afterwards found, ſeparated, in order to ſeek that conſolation in ſolitary retirement, which, tho' they could not hope for from their own reflections, yet, at the time, they had leſs reaſon to expect in each other's company. I am, SIR,

Your faithful and obedient Servant,

WM. MORDEN.

LETTER XXIX.

Mr. BELFORD, *To the Right Honourable Lord* M.

My Lord, *London, Sept,* 14.

I AM very apprehenſive, that the affair between Mr. Lovelace and the late excellent Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe will be attended with farther bad conſequences, not-

notwithſtanding her dying injunctions to the contrary. I would therefore humbly propoſe, that your Lordſhip and his other relations will forward the purpoſe your kinſman lately had to go abroad; where I hope he will ſtay till all is blown over. But as he will not ſtir, if he know the true motives of your wiſhes, the avowed inducement, as I hinted once to Mr. Mowbray, may be ſuch as reſpects his own health both of perſon and mind. To Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Tourville all countries are alike; and they perhaps will accompany him.

I am glad to hear that he is in a way of recovery: But this the rather induces me to preſs the matter. And I think no time ſhould be loſt.

Your Lordſhip has heard, that I have the honour to be the Executor of this admirable Lady's Laſt Will. I tranſcribe from it the following paragraph.

He then tranſcribes the article which ſo gratefully mentions this Nobleman, and the Ladies of his family, in relation to the rings ſhe bequeaths them, about which he deſires their commands.

LETTER XXX.

Miſs MONTAGUE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

SIR, *M. Hall, Friday, Sept.* 15.

MY Lord having the gout in his right-hand, his Lordſhip, and Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, have commanded me to inform you, that before your Letter came, Mr. Lovelace was preparing for a foreign Tour. We ſhall endeavour to haſten him away on the motives you ſuggeſt.

We are all extremely affected with the dear Lady's death. Lady Betty and Lady Sarah have been indiſpoſed ever ſince they heard of it. They had pleaſed themſelves, as had my Siſter and Self, with the hopes of cultivating her acquaintance and friendſhip after he was gone abroad, upon her own terms. Her kind remembrance

membrance of each of us has renewed, tho' it could not heighten, our regrets for ſo irreparable a loſs. We ſhall order Mr. Finch, our goldſmith, to wait on you. He has our directions about the rings. They will be long, long worn in memory of the dear Teſtatrix.

Every-body is aſſured, that you will do all in your power to prevent *farther* ill conſequences from this melancholy affair. My Lord deſires his compliments to you. I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

CH. MONTAGUE.

THIS collection having run into a much greater length than was wiſhed, it is thought proper to omit ſeveral Letters that paſſed between Colonel Morden. Miſs Howe, Mr. Belford, and Mr. Hickman, in relation to the execution of the Lady's Will, *&c.*

It is however neceſſary to obſerve on this ſubject, That the unhappy Mother being ſupported by the two Uncles, influenced the afflicted Father to over-rule all his Son's objections, and to direct a literal obſervation of the Will; and at the ſame time to give up all the ſums which he was impowered by it to reimburſe himſelf; as alſo to take upon himſelf to defray the funeral expences.

Mr. Belford ſo much obliges Miſs Howe by his ſteadineſs, equity, and diſpatch, and by his readineſs to contribute to the directed collection, that ſhe voluntarily entered into a correſpondence with him, as the repreſentative of her beloved friend. In the courſe of which, he communicated to her (in confidence) the Letters which paſſed between him and Mr. Lovelace, and, by Colonel Morden's conſent, thoſe which paſſed between that gentleman and himſelf.

He ſent with the firſt parcel of Letters which he had tranſcribed out of ſhort-hand for Miſs Howe, a Letter to Mr. Hickman, dated the 16th of September, in which he expreſſes himſelf as follows:

'But

'But I ought, Sir, in this parcel to have kept out 'one Letter. It is that which relates to the Interview 'between yourſelf and Mr. Lovelace, at Mr. Dor-'mer's (*a*). In which Mr. Lovelace treats you with 'an air of levity, which neither your *perſon*, your '*character*, nor your *commiſſion*, deſerved; but which 'was his *uſual way of treating every one whoſe buſineſs 'he was not pleaſed with.* I hope, Sir, you have too 'much greatneſs of mind, to be diſturbed at the con-'tents of this Letter, ſhould Miſs Howe communicate 'them to you; and the rather, as it is impoſſible that 'you ſhould ſuffer with her on that account.'

Mr. Belford then excuſes Mr. Lovelace, as a good-natured man with all his faults; and gives inſtances of his ſtill greater freedoms with himſelf.

To this Mr. Hickman anſwers, in his Letter of the 18th:

'As to Mr. Lovelace's treatment of me in the Let-'ter you are pleaſed to mention, I ſhall not be con-'cerned at it, whatever it be. I went to him prepared 'to expect odd behaviour from him; and was not diſ-'appointed. I argue to myſelf, in all ſuch caſes as 'this, as Miſs Howe, from her ever-dear friend, argues; '*That if the reflections thrown upon me* are juſt, *I ought 'not only to forgive them, but endeavour to profit by 'them:* If unjuſt, *that I ought to deſpiſe them, and the 'reflector too; ſince it would be inexcuſable to ſtrengthen 'by anger an enemy whoſe malice might be diſarmed by 'contempt.* And, moreover, I ſhould be almoſt ſorry 'to find myſelf ſpoken well of by a man who could 'treat as he treated a Lady who was an ornament to 'her Sex, and to human nature.

'I thank you, however, Sir, for your conſideration 'for me in this particular; and for your whole Letter, 'which gives me ſo deſirable an inſtance of the friend-'ſhip which you aſſured me of, when I was laſt in 'town;

(*a*) See Letter lxxviii. of Vol. VI.

'town; and which I as cordially embrace, as wiſh 'to cultivate.'

Miſs Howe, in hers of the 20th, acknowleging the receipt of the Letters, and Papers, and Legacies ſent with Mr. Belford's Letter to Mr. Hickman, aſſures him, 'That no uſe ſhall be made of his communica-'tions, but what he ſhall approve of.'

He had mentioned with compaſſion the diſtreſſes of the Harlowe family—'Perſons of a *pitiful nature*, ſays 'ſhe, *may* pity them. I am not one of thoſe. You, I 'think, pity the infernal man likewiſe; while I from 'my heart grudge him his phrenſy, becauſe it deprives 'him of that remorſe, which, I hope, on his recovery, 'will never leave him. At times, Sir, let me tell you, 'that I hate your whole Sex for his ſake; even men of 'unblameable characters; whom at thoſe times I can-'not but look upon as perſons I have not yet *found out*.

'If my dear creature's perſonal jewels be ſent up to 'you for ſale, I deſire that I may be the purchaſer of 'them, at the *higheſt* price—Of the necklace and ſoli-'taire particularly.

'O what tears did the peruſal of my Beloved's Will 'coſt me! — But I muſt not touch upon the heart-'piercing ſubject. I can neither take it up, nor quit 'it, but with execration of the man whom all the 'world muſt execrate.'

Mr. Belford, in his anſwer, promiſes, that ſhe ſhall be the purchaſer of the jewels, if they come into his hands.

He acquaints her, that the family had given Col. Morden the keys of all that belonged to the dear departed: That the unhappy Mother had (as the Will allows) ordered a piece of needlework to be ſet aſide for her, and had deſired Mrs. Norton to get the little book of *Meditations* tranſcribed, and to let her have the original, as it was all of her dear daughter's hand-writing; and as it might, when ſhe could bear to look into it, adminiſter conſolation to herſelf. And that ſhe had

likewiſe reſerved for herſelf her picture in the Vandyke taſte.

Mr. Belford ſends with this Letter to Miſs Howe the Lady's memorandum-book; and promiſes to ſend her copies of the ſeveral poſthumous Letters. He tells her, that Mr. Lovelace being upon the recovery, he had incloſed the poſthumous Letter directed for him to Lord M. that his Lordſhip might give it to him, or not, as he ſhould find he could bear it. The following is a copy of that Letter.

To Mr. LOVELACE.

Thurſday, Aug. 24.

I Told you, in the Letter I wrote to you on *Tueſday* laſt (*a*), that you ſhould have another ſent you when I had got to *my Father's houſe.*

I preſume to ſay, that I am *now*, at your receiving of This, arrived there; and I invite you to follow me, as ſoon as you can be *prepared* for ſo great a journey.

Not to allegorize further—My fate is *now*, at your peruſal of this, accompliſhed. My doom is unalterably fixed: And I am either a miſerable or a happy Being to all Eternity. If *happy*, I owe it ſolely to the Divine mercy: If *miſerable*, to your undeſerved cruelty.—And conſider now, for your own ſake, gay, cruel, fluttering, unhappy man! conſider, whether the barbarous and perfidious treatment I have met with from you, was worthy of the hazard of your immortal ſoul; ſince your wicked views were not to be effected but by the

(*a*) See her Letter, incloſed in Mr. Lovelace's, No. lii. of Vol. VII. The Reader may obſerve, by the date of this Letter, that it was written within two days of the allegorical one, to which it refers, and while the Lady was labouring under the increaſed illneſs occaſioned by the hurries and terrors into which Mr. Lovelace had thrown her, in order to avoid the viſit he was ſo earneſt to make her at Smith's — So early written, perhaps, that ſhe might not be ſurpriſed by death into a ſeeming breach of her word.

High as her Chriſtian ſpirit ſoars in this Letter, the reader has ſeen, in Letter xcviii. of Vol. VII. and in other places, that that exalted ſpirit carried her to ſtill more divine elevations, as ſhe drew nearer to her end.

wilful

wilful breach of the moſt ſolemn vows that ever were made by man; and thoſe aided by a violence and baſeneſs unworthy of a human creature.

In time then, once more, I wiſh you to conſider your ways. Your golden dream cannot long laſt. Your preſent courſe can yield you pleaſure no longer than you can keep off thought or reflection. A hardened inſenſibility is the only foundation on which your inward tranquility is built. When once a dangerous ſickneſs ſeizes you; when once effectual remorſe breaks in upon you; how dreadful will be your condition! How poor a triumph will you then find it, to have been able, by a ſeries of black perjuries, and ſtudied baſeneſs, under the name of Gallantry or Intrigue, to betray poor unexperienced young creatures, who perhaps knew nothing but their duty till they knew you! — Not one good action in the hour of languiſhing to recollect, not one worthy intention to revolve, it will be all reproach and horror; and you will wiſh to have it in your power to compound for annihilation.

Reflect, Sir, that I can have no other motive in what I write, than your good, and the ſafety of other innocent creatures, who may be drawn in by your wicked arts and perjuries. You have not in my wiſhes for your future welfare, the wiſhes of a ſuppliant wife, endeavouring for her *own* ſake, as well as for *yours*, to induce you to reform thoſe ways. They are wholly as diſintereſted, as undeſerved. But I ſhould miſtruſt my own penitence, were I capable of wiſhing to recompence evil for evil—if, black as your offences have been againſt me, I could not forgive, as I wiſh to be forgiven.

I repeat, therefore, that I *do* forgive you. And may the Almighty forgive you too! Nor have I, at the writing of this, any other eſſential regrets than what are occaſioned by the grief I have given to parents, who, till I knew you, were the moſt indulgent of parents; by the ſcandal given to the other branches of my family;

by

by the diſreputation brought upon my Sex; and by the offence given to virtue in my fall.

As to myſelf, you have only robbed me of what once were my favourite expectations in the tranſient life I ſhall have quitted when you receive This. You have *only* been the cauſe that I have been cut off in the bloom of youth, and of curtailing a life, that might have been agreeable to myſelf, or otherwiſe, as had ſuited the deſigns and ends of Providence. I have reaſon to be thankful, for being taken away from the evil of ſupporting my part of a yoke with a man ſo *unhappy*, I will only ſay, that, in all probability, every hour I had lived with him might have brought with it ſome new trouble. And I am (indeed thro' ſharp afflictions and diſtreſſes) indebted to you, *ſecondarily*, as I humbly preſume to hope, for ſo many years of glory, as might have proved years of danger, temptation, and anguiſh, had they been added to my mortal life.

So, Sir, tho' no thanks to your *intention*, you have done me *real ſervice*; and in return, I wiſh you happy. But ſuch has been your life hitherto, that you can have no time to loſe, in ſetting about your repentance. Repentance to ſuch as have lived only careleſly, and in the omiſſion of their regular duties, and who never aimed to draw any poor creatures into evil, is not ſo eaſy a taſk, nor ſo much in our own power, as ſome imagine. How difficult a grace then to be obtained, where the guilt is premeditated, wilful and complicated!

To ſay I once reſpected you with a preference, is what I ought to bluſh to own, ſince at the very time, I was far from thinking you even a moral man; tho' I little thought that you, or indeed that any man breathing, could be—what you have proved yourſelf to be. But, indeed Sir, I have long been greatly above you: For from my heart I have deſpiſed you, and all your ways, ever ſince I ſaw what manner of man you were.

Nor is it to be wondered, that I ſhould be able ſo to do, when the preference was not grounded on ignoble

motives,

motives. For I was weak enough, and preſumptuous enough, to hope to be a means in the hand of Providence to reclaim a man, whom I thought worthy of the attempt.

Nor have I yet, as you will ſee by the pains I take, on this ſolemn occaſion, to awaken you out of your ſenſual dream, given over all hopes of this nature.

Hear me therefore, O Lovelace! as one ſpeaking from the dead—Loſe no time—Set about your repentance inſtantly—Be no longer the inſtrument of Satan, to draw poor ſouls into thoſe ſubtile ſnares, which at laſt ſhall entangle your own feet. Seek not to multiply your offences, till they become beyond the *power*, as I may ſay, of the Divine Mercy to forgive; ſince *juſtice*, no leſs than *mercy*, is an attribute of the Almighty.

Tremble and reform, when you read what is *the portion of the wicked man from God*. Thus it is written:

'The triumphing of the wicked is ſhort, and the 'joy of the hypocrite but for a moment. He is caſt 'into a net by his own feet—He walketh upon a ſnare. 'Terrors ſhall make him afraid on every ſide, and ſhall 'drive him to his feet. His ſtrength ſhall be hunger-'bitten, and deſtruction ſhall be ready at his ſide. The 'firſt-born of death ſhall devour his ſtrength. His re-'membrance ſhall periſh from the earth: and he ſhall 'have no name in the ſtreets. He ſhall be chaſed out 'of the world. He ſhall neither have Son nor Nephew 'among his people. They that have ſeen him ſhall 'ſay, Where is he? He ſhall fly away as a dream: He 'ſhall be chaſed away as a viſion of the night. His 'meat is the gall of aſps within him. He ſhall flee 'from the iron weapon, and the bow of ſteel ſhall 'ſtrike him thro'. A fire not blown ſhall conſume 'him. The heaven ſhall reveal his iniquity, and the 'earth ſhall riſe up againſt him. The worm ſhall feed 'ſweetly on him. He ſhall be no more remembred.—'This is the fate of him that knoweth not God.'—

Whenever you ſhall be inclined to conſult the Sacred Oracles, from whence the above threatenings are extracted, you will find doctrines and texts which a truly penitent and contrite heart may lay hold of for its conſolation.

May yours, Mr. Lovelace, become ſuch! And may you be enabled to eſcape the fate denounced againſt the abandoned man, and be intitled to the mercies of a long-ſuffering and gracious God, is the ſincere prayer of

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXI.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

M. Hall, Thurſday, Sept. 14.

EVER ſince the fatal ſeventh of this month, I have been loſt to myſelf, and to all the joys of life. I might have gone farther back than that fatal ſeventh; which, for the future, I will never ſee anniverſarily revolve but in fables; only till that curſed day I had ſome gleams of hope now-and-then darting in upon me.

They tell me of an odd Letter I wrote to you (*a*). I remember I did write. But very little of the contents of what I wrote, do I remember.

I have been in a curſed way. Methinks ſomething has been working ſtrangely retributive. I never was ſuch a fool as to diſbelieve a Providence: Yet am I not for reſolving into judgments every-thing that ſeems to wear an avenging face. Yet if we muſt be puniſhed either here or hereafter for our miſdeeds, better *here*, ſay I, than *hereafter*. Have I not then an intereſt to think my puniſhment already not only begun, but completed; ſince what I have ſuffered, and do ſuffer, paſſes all deſcription?

To give but one inſtance of the *retributive*—Here I, who was the barbarous cauſe of the loſs of ſenſes for a week together to the moſt inimitable of women, have been

(*a*) See his delirious Letter, No. xvii.

been puniſhed with the loſs of my own — Preparative to—Who knows what? — When, O when, ſhall I know a joyful hour?

I am kept exceſſively low! and exceſſively low I *am*. This ſweet creature's poſthumous Letter ſticks cloſe to me. All her excellencies riſe up hourly to my remembrance.

Yet dare I not indulge in theſe melancholy reflections. I find my head ſtrangely working again—Pen, begone!

Friday, Sept. 15.

I RESUME, in a ſprightly vein, I hope — Mowbray and Tourville have juſt now—

But what of Mowbray and Tourville! — What's the world —What's any-body in it? —

Yet they are highly exaſperated againſt thee, for the laſt Letter thou wroteſt to them (*a*)—Such an unfriendly, ſuch a mercileſs——

But it won't do — I muſt again lay down my pen. — O Belford! Belford! I am ſtill, I am ſtill, moſt miſerably abſent from myſelf! Shall never, never more be what I was!

* * * * *

SATURDAY, Sunday, Nothing done. Incapable of any-thing.

Monday, Sep. 18.

HEAVY, damnably heavy, and ſick at ſoul, by Jupiter! I muſt come into their expedient. I muſt ſee what change of climate will do.

You tell theſe fellows, and you tell me, of repenting and reforming: But I can do neither. He who *can*, muſt not have the *extinction* of a Clariſſa Harlowe to anſwer for.—Harlowe!—Curſe upon the name!—And curſe upon myſelf for not changing it, as I might have done!—Yet have I no need of urging a curſe upon myſelf—I have it effectually.

(*a*) This Letter appears not.

'To ſay I once reſpected you with a preference *(a)*' —In what ſtiff language does maidenly modeſty on theſe nice occaſions expreſs itſelf!—*To ſay I once loved you*, is the Engliſh; and there is truth and eaſe in the expreſſion.—'To ſay I once loved you,' then let it be; 'is what I ought to bluſh to own.'

And doſt thou own it!—Excellent creature! and doſt thou then own it!—What muſic in theſe words from ſuch an angel!—What would I give that my Clariſſa were in being, and *could* and *would* own that ſhe loved me?

'But indeed, Sir, I have long been greatly above 'you.'

Long, my bleſſed Charmer!—Long indeed—For you have been *ever* greatly above Me, and above your Sex, and above all the World.

'That preference was not grounded on ignoble 'motives.'

What a wretch was I, to be ſo diſtinguiſhed by her, and yet to be ſo unworthy of her hope to reclaim me!

Then, how generous her motives! Not for her *own* ſake merely, not altogether for *mine*, did ſhe hope to reclaim me; but equally for the ſake of innocents who might otherwiſe be ruined by me.

And now, *why* did ſhe write this Letter, and *why* direct it to be given me when an event the moſt deplorable had taken place, but for my good, and with a view to the ſafety of innocents ſhe knew not?—And *when* was this Letter written? Was it not at the time, at the very time, that I had been purſuing her, as I may ſay, from place to place; when her ſoul was bowed down by calamity and perſecution; and herſelf was denied all forgiveneſs from relations the moſt implacable?

Exalted creature!—And couldſt thou at *ſuch a time*, and *ſo early*, and in *ſuch circumſtances*, have ſo far ſubdued thy own juſt reſentments, as to wiſh happineſs to the principal author of all thy diſtreſſes? Wiſh happineſs

(a) See p. 114.

neſs to him who had robbed thee ‘ of all thy favourite ‘ expectations in this life?’ To him who had been the cauſe, ‘ that thou wert cut off in the bloom of youth?’

Heavenly aſpirer!—What a frame muſt thou be in, to be able to uſe the word ONLY, in mentioning theſe important deprivations!—And as this was before thou putteſt off mortality, may I not preſume, that thou now,

——*with pitying eye,*
Not derogating from thy perfect bliſs,
Survey'ſt all heav'n around, and wiſheſt for me?

‘ Conſider my ways’—Dear life of my life! Of what avail is conſideration now, when I have loſt the dear creature, for whoſe ſake alone it was worth while to *have* conſideration?—Loſt her beyond retrieving—Swallowed up by the greedy grave—For *ever* loſt her--That, *that*'s the ſting—Matchleſs woman!—How does this reflection wound me!

‘ Your golden dream cannot long laſt.’--Divine propheteſs! my golden dream is *already* over. ‘ Thought ‘ and reflection *are* no longer to be kept off.’—No *longer continues* that ‘ hardened inſenſibility’ thou chargeſt upon me.—‘ Remorſe *has* broken in upon ‘ me.—Dreadful *is* my condition!—It *is* all reproach ‘ and horror with me!’—A thouſand vultures in turn are preying upon my heart!

But no more of theſe fruitleſs reflections—Since I am incapable of writing any-thing elſe; ſince my pen will ſlide into this gloomy ſubject, whether I will or not; I will once more quit it; nor will I again reſume it, till I can be more *its maſter*, and my own.

All I took pen to write for, is however unwritten. It was, in few words, to wiſh you to proceed with your communicāti̇ons, as uſual. And why ſhould you not?—Since, in her ever-to-be-lamented death, I know every-thing ſhocking and grievous--Acquaint me, then, with all thou knoweſt, which I do *not* know: How her relations, her cruel relations, take it; and whether,

now, the barbed dart of after-reflection ſticks not in their hearts, as in mine, up to the very feathers.

*** ***

I WILL ſoon quit this kingdom. For now my Clariſſa is no more, what is there in it (in the world indeed) worth living for?—But ſhould I not firſt, by ſome maſterly miſchief, avenge her and myſelf upon her curſed family?

The accurſed woman, they tell me, has broken her leg. Why was it not her neck?— All, all, but what is owing to her relations, is the fault of that woman, and of her hell-born nymphs. *The greater the virtue, the nobler the triumph*, was a ſentence for ever in their mouths.—I have had it ſeveral times in my head to ſet fire to the execrable houſe; and to watch at the doors and windows, that not a devil in it eſcape the conſuming flames. Had the houſe ſtood by itſelf, I had certainly done it.

But, it ſeems, the old wretch is in the way to be rewarded, without my help. A ſhocking Letter is received of ſomebody's, in relation to her—Yours, I ſuppoſe — Too ſhocking for me, they ſay, to ſee at preſent (*a*).

They govern me as a child in ſtrings: Yet did I ſuffer ſo much in my fever, that I am willing to bear with them, till I can get tolerably well.

At preſent I can neither eat, drink, nor ſleep. Yet are my diſorders nothing to what they were: For, Jack, my brain was on fire day and night: And had it not been of the *Aſbeſtos* kind, it had all been conſumed.

I had no diſtinct ideas, but of dark and confuſed miſery: *It was all remorſe and horror* indeed! Thoughts of hanging, drowning, ſhooting; then rage, violence, miſchief and deſpair, took their turns with me. My lucid intervals ſtill worſe, giving me to reflect upon what I *was* the hour before, and what I was likely to be the next, and perhaps for life— The ſport of enemies! the

(*a*) See Letter xix.

the laughter of fools! and the hanging-ſleev'd, go-carted property of hired ſlaves, who were perhaps to find their account in manacling, and (abhorred thought!) in perſonally abuſing me by blows and ſtripes!

Who can bear ſuch reflections as theſe? To be made to *fear* only, to ſuch a one as me, and to fear *ſuch wretches* too!—What a thing was this, but *remotely* to apprehend! And yet, for a man to be in ſuch a ſtate as to render it neceſſary for his deareſt friends to ſuffer this to be done for his own ſake, and in order to prevent further miſchief?—There is no thinking of theſe things!

I will *not* think of them, therefore: But will either get a train of chearful ideas, or hang myſelf, by to-morrow morning.

———*To be a dog, and dead,*
Were paradiſe to ſuch a life as mine.

LETTER XXXII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Wedn. Sept. 20.

I Write to demand back again my laſt Letter. I own it was my mind at the different times I wrote it; and, whatever ailed me, I could not help writing it. Such a gloomy impulſe came upon me, and increaſed as I wrote, that, for my ſoul, I could not forbear running into the Miſerable.

'Tis ſtrange, very ſtrange, that a man's conſcience ſhould be able to force his fingers to write whether he will or not; and to run him into a ſubject he more than once, at the very time, reſolved not to think of.

Nor is it leſs ſtrange, that (no new reaſon occuring) he ſhould, in a day or two more, ſo totally change his mind; have his mind, I ſhould rather ſay, ſo wholly illuminated by gay hopes, and riſing proſpects, as to be aſhamed of what he had written.

For, on reperuſal of a copy of my Letter, which fell into my hands by accident, in the hand-writing of my

Couſin Charlotte, who, unknown to me, had tranſcribed it, I find it to be ſuch a Letter as an enemy would rejoice to ſee.

This I know, that were I to have continued but one week more in the way I was in when I wrote the latter part of it, I ſhould have been confined, and in ſtraw, the next: For I now recollect, that all my diſtemper was returning upon me with irreſiſtible violence—and that in ſpite of water-gruel and ſoupe maigre.

I own, that I am ſtill exceſſively grieved at the diſappointment this admirable woman made it ſo much her whimſical choice to give me. But, ſince it has thus fallen out; ſince ſhe was determined to leave the world; and ſince ſhe actually ceaſes *to be*; ought I, who have ſuch a ſhare of life and health in hand, to indulge gloomy reflections upon an even that is paſſed; and *being* paſſed, cannot be recalled? — Have I not had a ſpecimen of what will be my caſe, if I do?

For, Belford ('tis a folly to deny it) I have been, to uſe an old word, quite *beſtraught*.

Why, why, did my Mother bring me up to bear no controul? Why was I ſo educated, *as that to my very tutors it was a requeſt, that I ſhould not know what contradiction or diſappointment was?* — Ought ſhe not to have known what cruelty there was in her kindneſs?

What a puniſhment, to have my firſt very great diſappointment touch my intellect! — And intellects once touched — But that I cannot bear to think of— Only thus far; the very repentance and amendment wiſhed me ſo heartily by my kind and croſs dear, have been invalidated and poſtponed, who knows for how long? the *amendment* at leaſt: — Can a madman be capable of either?

Once touch'd therefore, I muſt endeavour to baniſh thoſe gloomy reflections, which might *otherwiſe* have brought on the right turn of mind; and this, to expreſs myſelf in Lord M's ſtyle, that my wits may not be ſent a *wool-gathering*.

For,

For, let me moreover own to thee, that Dr. Hale, who was my good *Aſtolfo* [You read Arioſto, Jack] and has brought me back my *wit-jar*, had much ado, by ſtarving diet, by profuſe phlebotomy, by flaying bliſters, eylet-hole-cupping, a dark room, a midnight ſolitude in a mid-day ſun, to effect my recovery. And now, for my comfort, he tells me, that I may ſtill have returns upon full moons—Horrible! moſt horrible!—and muſt be as careful of myſelf at both Equinoctials, as Cæſar was warned to be of the ides of March.

How my heart ſickens at looking back upon what I was! Denied the Sun, and all comfort: All my viſitors, low-born, tiptoe attendants: Even thoſe tiptoe ſlaves never approaching me but periodically, armed with gallipots, bolus's, and cephalic draughts; delivering their orders to me in hated whiſpers; and anſwering other curtain-holding impertinents, enquiring how I was, and how I took their execrable potions, whiſperingly too! What a curſed ſtill-life is this!—Nothing active in me, or about me, but the worm that never dies.

Again I haſten from the recollection of ſcenes, which *will*, at times, obtrude themſelves upon me.

Adieu, Belford!

But return me my laſt Letter—and build nothing upon its contents. I *muſt*, I *will*, I have *already*, overcome theſe fruitleſs gloomineſſes. Every hour my conſtitution riſes ſtronger and ſtronger to befriend me; and, except a tributary ſigh now-and-then to the memory of my heart's beloved, it gives me hope, that I ſhall quickly be what I was—Life, ſpirit, gaiety, and once more the plague of a Sex, that has been my plague, and will be every man's plague, at one time or other of his life.

I repeat my deſire, however, that you will write to me as uſual. I hope you have good ſtore of particulars by you to communicate, when I can better bear to hear of the diſpoſitions that were made for all that was mortal of my beloved Clariſſa. But

But it will be the joy of my heart to be told, that her implacable friends are plagued with remorſe. Such things as thoſe you may *now* ſend me: For company in miſery is ſome relief; eſpecially when a man can think thoſe he hates as miſerable as himſelf.

Once more adieu, Jack!

LETTER XXXIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

I Am preparing to leave this kingdom. Mowbray and Tourville promiſe to give me their company in a month or two.

I'll give thee my route.

I ſhall firſt to Paris; and, for amuſement and diverſion ſake, try to renew ſome of my old friendſhips: Thence to ſome of the German courts: Thence, perhaps, to Vienna: Thence deſcend thro' Bavaria and the Tyrol to Venice, where I ſhall keep the carnival: Thence to Florence and Turin: Thence again over mount Cenis to France: And, when I return again to Paris, ſhall expect to ſee my friend Belford, who by that time, I doubt not, will be all cruſted and bearded over with penitence, ſelf-denial, and mortification; a very anchoret, only an itinerant one, journeying over in hope to cover a multitude of his own ſins, by proſelyting his old companion.

But let me tell thee, Jack, if ſtock riſes, as it has done ſince I wrote my laſt Letter, I am afraid thou wilt find a difficult taſk in ſucceeding, ſhould ſuch be thy purpoſe.

Nor, I verily think, can thy own penitence and reformation hold. Strong habits are not ſo eaſily rooted out. Old Satan has had too much benefit from thy faithful ſervices, for a ſeries of years, to let thee ſo eaſily get out of his clutches. He knows what will do with thee. A fine ſtrapping Bona Roba, in the Chartres-taſte, but well-limb'd, clear-complexion'd, and Turkiſh-ey'd;

ey'd; Thou the firſt man with her, or made to believe ſo, which is the ſame thing; how will thy froſty face ſhine upon ſuch an object! How will thy triſtful viſage be illumined by it! A compoſition will be made between thee and the grand tempter: Thou wilt promiſe to do him ſuit and ſervice till old age and inability come. And then will he, in all probability, be ſure of thee for ever. For, wert thou to outlive thy preſent reigning appetites, he will trump up ſome other darling ſin, or make a now ſecondary one darling, in order to keep thee firmly attached to his infernal intereſts. Thou wilt continue reſolving to amend, but never amending, till grown old before thou art aware *(a dozen years after thou art old with every-body elſe)* thy for-time-built tenement having laſted its allotted period, he claps down upon thy grizzled head the univerſal trap-door: And then all will be over with thee in his own way.

Thou wilt think theſe hints uncharacteriſtic from me. But yet I cannot help warning thee of the danger thou art actually in; which is the greater, as thou ſeemeſt not to know it. A few words more, therefore, on this ſubject.

Thou haſt made good reſolutions. If thou keepeſt them not, thou wilt never be able to keep any. But, nevertheleſs, the devil and thy time of life are againſt thee: And Six to One thou faileſt. Were it only that thou haſt *reſolved*, Six to One thou faileſt. And if thou doſt, thou wilt become the ſcoff of men, and the triumph of devils.—Then how will I laugh at thee! For this warning is not from principle. Perhaps I wiſh it were: *But I never lied to man, and hardly ever ſaid truth to woman.* The firſt is *what all free-livers cannot ſay:* The ſecond *what every one can.*

I am mad again, by Jupiter!—But, thank my ſtars, not gloomily ſo!—Farewel, farewel, farewel, for the third or fourth time, concludes *Thy* LOVELACE.

I believe

I believe Charlotte and you are in private league together. Letters, I find, have paſſed between her, and you, and Lord M. I have been kept ſtrangely in the dark of late; but will ſoon break upon you all, as the Sun upon a midnight thief.

Remember, that you never ſent me the copy of my Beloved's Will.

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq;*

Friday, Sept. 22.

JUST as I was ſitting down to anſwer yours of the 14th to the 18th, in order to give you all the conſolation in my power, came your revoking Letter of Wedneſday.

I am really concerned, and diſappointed, that your firſt was ſo ſoon followed by one ſo contrary to it.

The ſhocking Letter you mention, which your friends with-hold from you, is indeed from me. They may now, I ſee, ſhew you any-thing. Aſk them, then, for that Letter, if you think it worth while to read aught about the true mother of your mind.

I WILL ſuppoſe, that thou haſt juſt read the Letter thou calleſt ſhocking, and which I *intended* to be ſo. And let me aſk, What thou thinkeſt of it? Doſt thou not tremble at the horrors the vileſt of women labours with, on the apprehenſions of death, and future judgment?—How fit the reflections that muſt have been raiſed by the peruſal of this Letter upon thy yet uncloſed eylet-holes? Will not ſome ſerious thoughts mingle with thy melilot, and tear off the callus of thy mind, as that may flay the leather from thy back, and as thy epiſpaſtics may ſtrip the parchment from thy plotting head? If not, then indeed is thy conſcience ſeared, and no hopes will lie for thee.

Mr. Belford then gives an account of the wretched Sinclair's terrible exit, which he had juſt then received.

If this move thee not, I have news to acquaint thee with, of another diſmal cataſtrophe that is but with n this hour come to my ear, of another of thy bleſſed agents. Thy TOMLINSON!—Dying, and, in all probability, before this can reach thee, dead, in Maidſton goal. As thou ſayeſt in thy firſt Letter, *ſomething ſtrangely retributive ſeems to be working.*

This his caſe. He was at the head of a gang of Smugglers, endeavouring to carry off run goods, landed laſt Tueſday, when a party of dragoons came up with them in the evening. Some of his comrades fled. M'Donald, being ſurrounded, attempted to fight his way thro', and wounded his man; but having received a ſhot in his neck, and being cut deeply in the head by a broad-ſword, he fell from his horſe, was taken, and carried to Maidſtone-goal: And there my informant left him, juſt dying, and aſſured of hanging if he recover.

Abſolutely deſtitute, he got a kinſman of his to apply to me, and, if in town, to the reſt of the confraternity, for ſomething, not to *ſupport* him was the word (for he expected not to live till the fellow returned) but to bury him.

I never employed him but once, and then he ruined my project. I now thank heaven that he did. But I ſent him five guineas, and promiſed him more, as from you, and Mowbray, and Tourville, if he live a few days, or to take his trial. And I put it upon you to make further enquiry of him, and to give him what you think fit.

His meſſenger tells me, That he is very penitent; that he weeps continually. He cries out, that he has been the vileſt of men: Yet palliates, that his neceſſities made him worſe than he ſhould otherwiſe have been [*An excuſe which none of Us can plead*]: But that what touches him moſt of all, is a vile impoſture he was put upon, to ſerve a certain gentleman of fortune to the ruin of the moſt excellent woman that ever lived; and who, he had heard, was dead of grief.

Let me conſider, Lovelace—*Whoſe turn can be next?* I wiſh it may not be thine. But ſince thou giveſt me one piece of advice (which I ſhould indeed have thought out of character, hadſt thou not taken pains to convince me, that it proceeds not from *principle)* I will give thee another: And that is, *Proſecute, as faſt as thou canſt, thy intended Tour.* Change of ſcene, and of climate, may eſtabliſh thy health: While this groſs air, and the approach of winter, may thicken thy blood; and, with the help of a conſcience, that is upon the ſtruggle with thee, and, like a cunning wreſtler, watches its opportunity to give thee another fall, may make thee miſerable for thy life.

I return your revoked Letter. Don't deſtroy it, however. The ſame dialect may one day come in faſhion with you again.

As to the family at Harlowe-Place, I have moſt affecting Letters from Colonel Morden relating to their grief and compunction. But are you, to whom the occaſion is owing, entitled to rejoice in their diſtreſs?

I ſhould be ſorry, if I could not ſay, that what you have warned me of in *ſport*, makes me tremble in *earneſt*. I hope (for this is a ſerious ſubject with me, tho' nothing can be ſo with you) that I never ſhall deſerve, by my apoſtaſy, to be the ſcoff of men, and the triumph of devils.

All that you ſay, of the difficulty of conquering rooted habits, is but too true. Thoſe, and time of life, are indeed too much againſt me: But, when I reflect upon the ends (ſome untimely) of thoſe of our companions whom we have formerly loſt; upon Belton's miſerable exit; upon the howls and ſcreams of Sinclair, which are ſtill in my ears; and now upon your miſerable Tomlinſon; and compare their ends with the happy and deſirable end of the inimitable Miſs Harlowe; I hope I have reaſon to think my footing morally ſecure. Your caution, nevertheleſs, will be of uſe, however you might deſign it: And ſince I

know

know my weak ſide, I will endeavour to fortify myſelf in that quarter by marriage, as ſoon as I can make myſelf worthy of the confidence and eſteem of ſome virtuous woman; and, by this means, become the ſubject of your Envy, rather than of your Scoffs.

I have already begun my retributory purpoſes, as I may call them. I have ſettled an annual ſum for life upon poor John Loftus, whom I diſabled, while he was endeavouring to protect his young miſtreſs from my lawleſs attempts. I rejoice, that I ſucceeded not in that; as I do in recollecting many others of the like ſort, in which I miſcarried.

Poor Farley, who had become a bankrupt, I have ſet up again; but have declared, that the annual allowance I make her ſhall ceaſe, if I hear ſhe returns to her former courſes: And I have made her accountable for her conduct to the good widow Lovick; whom I have taken, at a handſome ſalary, for my houſekeeper at Edgware (for I have let the houſe at Watford); and ſhe is to diſpenſe the quarterly allotment to her, as ſhe merits

This good woman ſhall have other matters of the like nature under her care, as we grow better acquainted: And I make no doubt that ſhe will anſwer my expectations, and that I ſhall be both confirmed and improved by her converſation: For ſhe ſhall generally ſit at my own table.

The undeſerved ſufferings of Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe, her exalted merit, her exemplary preparation, and her happy end, will be ſtanding ſubjects with us.

She ſhall read *to* me, when I have no company; write *for* me, out of books, paſſages ſhe ſhall recommend. Her years (turn'd of Fifty) and her good character, will ſecure me from ſcandal; and I have great pleaſure in reflecting, that I ſhall be better myſelf for making her happy.

Then, whenever I am in danger, I will read ſome of the admirable Lady's papers: Whenever I would abhor

abhor my former ways, I will read ſome of thine, and copies of my own.

The conſequence of all this will be, that I ſhall be the delight of my own relations of both ſexes, who were wont to look upon me as a loſt man. I ſhall have good order in my own family, becauſe I ſhall give a good example myſelf. I ſhall be viſited and reſpected, not perhaps by Lovelace, by Mowbray, and by Tourville, becauſe they cannot ſee me upon the *old* terms, and will not, perhaps, ſee me upon the *new*, but by the beſt and worthieſt gentlemen, Clergy as well as Laity, all around me. I ſhall look upon my paſt follies with contempt; upon my old companions with pity Oaths and curſes ſhall be for ever baniſhed from my mouth: In their place ſhall ſucceed converſation becoming a rational being, and a gentleman. And inſtead of acts of *offence*, ſubjecting me perpetually to acts of *defence*, will I endeavour to atone for my paſt evils, by doing all the good in my power, and by becoming an univerſal benefactor to the extent of that power.

Now tell me, Lovelace, upon this faint ſketch of what I hope to *do*, and to *be*, if this be not a ſcheme infinitely preferable to the wild, the pernicious, the dangerous ones, both to body and ſoul, which we have purſued?

I wiſh I could make my ſketch as amiable to you, as it appears to me. I wiſh it with all my ſoul: For I always loved you. It has been my misfortune that I did: For this led me into infinite riots and follies, of which otherwiſe, I verily think, I ſhould not have been guilty.

You have a great deal more to anſwer for, than I have, were it only in the temporal ruin of this admirable woman. Let me now, while yet you have youth, and health, and intellect, prevail upon you: For I am afraid, very much afraid, that ſuch is the enormity of this ſingle wickedneſs, in depriving the

world

world of ſuch a ſhining light, that if you do not quickly reform, it will be out of your power to reform at all; and that Providence, which has already given you the fates of your agents Sinclair and Tomlinſon to take warning by, will not let the principal offender eſcape, if he ſlight the warning.

You will perhaps, laugh at me for theſe ſerious reflections. Do, if you will. I had rather you ſhould laugh at me for continuing in this way of thinking and acting, than triumph over me, as you threaten, on my ſwerving from purpoſes I have determined upon with ſuch good reaſon, and induced and warned by ſuch examples.

And ſo much for this ſubject at preſent.

I ſhould be glad to know when you intend to ſet out. I have too much concern for your welfare, not to wiſh you in a thinner air, and more certain climate.

What have Tourville and Mowbray to do, that they cannot ſet out with you? They will not covet my company, I dare ſay; and I ſhall not be able to endure theirs, when you are gone: Take them therefore with you.

I will not, however, forſwear making you a viſit at Paris, at your return from Germany and Italy: But hardly with the hope of reclaiming you, if due reflection upon what I have ſet before you, and upon what you have written in your two laſt, will not by that time have done it.

I ſuppoſe I ſhall ſee you before you go. Once more I wiſh you were gone. This heavy Iſland-air cannot do for you what that of the continent will.

I do not think I ought to communicate with you, as I uſed to do, on this ſide the Chanel: Let me then hear from you on the oppoſite ſhore, and you ſhall command the pen, as you pleaſe; and honeſtly, the power, of

J. Belford.

LET.

LETTER XXXV.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Tueſday, Sept. 26.

FATE, I believe in my conſcience, ſpins threads for Tragedies, on purpoſe for thee to weave with. —Thy Watford Uncle, poor Belton, the fair Inimitable [Exalted creature! and is ſhe to be found in ſuch a liſt!] the accurſed woman, and Tomlinſon, ſeem to have been all doomed to give thee a theme for the Diſmal and the Horrible:—And, by my ſoul, *thou doſt work it going*, as Lord M. would phraſe it.

That's the horrid thing: A man cannot begin to *think*, but *cauſes* for thought croud in upon him: The gloomy takes place, and mirth and gaiety abandon his heart for ever!

Poor M'Donald;—I am really ſorry for the felow. —He was a uſeful, faithful, ſolemn varlet, who could act incomparably any part given him, and knew not what a bluſh was.—He really took honeſt pains for me in the laſt affair; which has coſt him and me ſo dearly in reflection. Often gravell'd, as we both were, yet was he never daunted.—Poor M'Donald, I muſt once more ſay!—For carrying on a ſolemn piece of roguery, he had no equal.

I was ſo ſolicitous to know if he were really as bad as thou haſt a knack of painting every-body whom thou ſingleſt out to exerciſe thy murdering pen upon, that I diſpatched a man and horſe to Maidſtone, as ſoon as I had thine; and had word brought me, that he died in two hours after he had received thy five guineas. And all thou wroteſt of his concern in relation to the ever-dear Miſs Harlowe, it ſeems, was true.

I can't help it, Belford!—I have only to add, that it is happy that the poor fellow lived not to be hanged; as it ſeems he would have been: For who knows, as he had got into ſuch a penitential ſtrain, what might have been in his dying ſpeech?

When a man has not *great* good to comfort himſelf with, it is right to make the beſt of the *little* that may offer. There never was any diſcomfort happened to mortal man, but ſome little ray of conſolation would dart in, if the wretch was not ſo much a wretch, as to *draw*, inſtead of *undraw*, the curtain, to keep it out.

And ſo much, at this time, and for ever, for poor Capt. Tomlinſon, as I called him.

Your ſolicitude to get me out of this heavy changeable climate exactly tallies with every-body's here. They all believe that travelling will eſtabliſh me. Yet I think I am quite well. Only theſe plaguy *New's* and *Full's*, and the *Equinoctials*, fright me a little when I think of them; and that is always: For the whole family are continually ringing theſe changes in my ears, and are more ſedulouſly intent, than I can well account for, to get me out of the kingdom.

But wilt thou write often, when I am gone? Wilt thou then piece the thread where thou brokeſt it off? Wilt thou give me the particulars of *their* diſtreſs, who were my *auxiliaries* in bringing on the event that affects me?—Nay, *principals* rather: Since, ſay what thou wilt, what did I do worth a woman's breaking her heart for?

Faith and troth, Jack, I have had very hard uſage, as I have often ſaid:—To have ſuch a plaguy ill name given me, pointed at, ſcreamed out upon, run away from, as a mad dog would be; all my own friends ready to renounce me!

Yet I think I deſerve it all: For have I not been as ready to give up myſelf, as others are to condemn me?

What madneſs, what folly, this!—Who will take the part of a man that condemns himſelf?—Who *can?* He that pleads guilty to an indictment, leaves no room for aught but the ſentence. Out upon me, for an impolitic wretch! I have not the Art of the leaſt artful of any of our Chriſtian princes; who every day are guilty of

of ten times worſe breaches of faith; and yet, iſſuing out a manifeſto, they wipe their mouths, and go on from infraction to infraction, from robbery to robbery; commit devaſtation upon devaſtation; and deſtroy—for their *glory?* And are rewarded with the names of *Conquerors*, and are dubb'd *Le Grand*; praiſed, and even deified, by orators and poets, for their butcheries and depredations.

While I, a poor, ſingle, harmleſs prowler; at leaſt *comparatively* harmleſs; in order to ſatisfy my hunger, ſteal but one poor lamb; and every mouth is opened, every hand is lifted up, againſt me.

Nay, as I have juſt now heard, I am to be *manifeſtoed* againſt, tho' no prince: For Miſs Howe threatens to have the caſe publiſhed to the whole world.

I have a good mind not to oppoſe it; and to write an anſwer to it, as ſoon as it comes forth, and exculpate myſelf, by throwing all the fault upon the *old ones*. And this I have to plead, ſuppoſing all that my worſt enemies can allege againſt me were true,—That I am not anſwerable for all the extravagant conſequences that this affair has been attended with; and which could not poſſibly be foreſeen.

And this I will prove demonſtrably by a Caſe, which, but a few hours ago, I put to Lord M. and the two Miſſes Montague. This it is:

Suppoſe, *A*, a Miſer, had hid a parcel of gold in a *ſecret place*, in order to keep it there, till he could lend it out at extravagant intereſt.

Suppoſe *B*, in ſuch great want of this treaſure, as to be unable to *live without it*.

And ſuppoſe *A*, the *Miſer*, has ſuch an opinion of *B*, the *Wanter*, that he would rather lend it to him, than to any mortal living; but yet, tho' he has *no other* uſe in the world for it, inſiſts upon very unconſcionable terms.

B would gladly pay *common* intereſt for it; but would be

be undone (in *his own* opinion, at leaſt, and that is every-thing to him) if he complied with the Miſer's terms; ſince he would be ſure to be ſoon thrown into *goal* for the debt, and made a *priſoner for life*. Wherefore gueſſing (being an arch, penetrating fellow) where the *ſweet hoard* lies, he *ſearches* for it, when the Miſer is in a *profound ſleep*, finds it, and runs away with it.

B, in this caſe, can be only a *Thief*, that's plain, Jack.

Here Miſs Montague put in very ſmartly.—A Thief, Sir, ſaid ſhe, that ſteals what is and ought to be dearer to me than my life, deſerves leſs to be forgiven than he who murders me.

But what is this, Couſin Charlotte, ſaid I, that is dearer to you, than your life? Your *honour*, you'll ſay—I will not talk to a Lady *(I never did)* in a way ſhe cannot anſwer me—But in the inſtance for which I put my Caſe (allowing all you attribute to the phantom) what honour is loſt, where the *will* is not violated, and the perſon cannot help it? But with reſpect to the caſe put, how knew we, till the theft *was commited*, that the Miſer did actually ſet ſo romantic a value upon the treaſure?

Both my Couſins were ſilent; and my Lord, becauſe he could not anſwer me, curſed me; and I proceeded.

Well then, the reſult is, that *B* can only be a Thief; that's plain—To purſue, therefore, my Caſe—

Suppoſe this ſame miſerly *A*, on awaking, and ſearching for, and finding his treaſure gone, takes it ſo much to heart, that he ſtarves himſelf;

Who but himſelf is to blame for that?—Would either Equity, Law or Conſcience, hang *B* for a Murder?

And now to apply, ſaid I——

None of your applications, cried my Couſins, both in a breath.

None of your applications, and be d—n'd to you, the paſſionate Peer.

Well then, returned I, I am to conclude it to be a Caſe ſo plain, that it needs none; looking at the two girls, who tried for a bluſh apiece. And I hold myſelf, of conſequence, acquitted of the *death*.

Not ſo, cried my Lord, [Peers are judges, thou knoweſt, Jack, in the laſt reſort]: For if, by committing an unlawful act, a capital crime is the conſequence, you are anſwerable for both.

Say you ſo, my good Lord?—But will you take upon you to ſay, ſuppoſing (as in the preſent caſe) a Rape (ſaving your preſence, Couſin Charlotte, ſaving your preſence Couſin Patty); Is death the *natural* conſequence of a Rape?— Did you ever hear, my Lord, or did you Ladies, that it was?—And if not the *natural* conſequence, and a Lady will deſtroy herſelf, whether by a lingering death, as of grief; or by the dagger, as Lucretia did; Is there more than one fault the *man*'s?—Is not the other *her*'s?--Were it not ſo, let me tell you, my dears, chucking each of my bluſhing Couſins under the chin, we either have had no men ſo wicked as young Tarquin was, or no women ſo virtuous as Lucretia, in the ſpace of—How many thouſand years, my Lord?—And ſo Lucretia is recorded as a ſingle wonder!

You may believe I was cried out upon. People who cannot anſwer, will rave: And this they all did. But I inſiſted upon it to them, and ſo I do to you, Jack, that I ought to be acquitted of every-thing but a Common Theft, a Private Larceny, as the Lawyers call it, in this point. And were my life to be a forfeit to the Law, it would not be for Murder.

Beſides, as I told them, there was a circumſtance ſtrongly in my favour in this Caſe: For I would have been glad, with all my ſoul, to have purchaſed my forgiveneſs

giveneſs by a compliance with the terms I firſt boggled at. And this, you all know, I offered; and my Lord, and Lady Betty, and Lady Sarah, and my two Couſins, and all my Couſins Couſins, to the fourteenth generation, would have been bound for me—But it would not do: The ſweet Miſer would break her heart and die: and how could I help it?

Upon the whole, Jack, had not the Lady died, would there have been half ſo much ſaid of it, as there is? Was I the cauſe of her death! or could I help it? And have there not been, in a Million of Caſes like this, Nine hundred and ninety-nine thouſand that have not ended as this has ended?—How hard, then, is my fate!—Upon my ſoul, I wont bear it as I have done; but, inſtead of taking guilt to myſelf, claim pity. And this (ſince yeſterday cannot be recalled) is the only courſe I can purſue to make myſelf eaſy. Proceed anon.

LETTER XXXVI.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

BUT what a pretty ſcheme of life haſt thou drawn out for thyſelf, and thy old widow! By my ſoul, Jack, I was mightily taken with it. There is but one thing wanting in it; and that will come of courſe: Only to be in the Commiſſion, and one of the Quorum. Thou art already provided with a Clerk as good as thou'lt want, in the widow Lovick; for thou underſtandeſt Law, and ſhe Conſcience: A good Lord Chancellor between ye!—I ſhould take prodigious pleaſure to hear thee decide in a baſtard caſe, upon thy new notions, and old remembrances.

But raillery apart [All gloom at heart, by Jupiter! altho' the pen and the coutenance aſſume airs of levity!]: If, after all, thou canſt ſo eaſily repent and reform, as thou thinkeſt thou canſt: If thou canſt thus ſhake off thy old ſins, and thy old habits: And if thy old maſter will ſo readily diſmiſs ſo tried and ſo

faithful a ſervant, and permit thee thus calmly to enjoy thy new ſyſtem; no room for ſcandal; all temptation ceaſing: And if at laſt (thy reformation warranted and approved by time) thou marrieſt, and liveſt honeſt:—Why, Belford, I cannot but ſay, that if all theſe IF's come to paſs, thou ſtandeſt a good chance to be a happy man.

All I think, as I told thee in my laſt, is, that the devil knows his own intereſt too well, to let thee off ſo eaſily. Thou thyſelf telleſt me, that we cannot repent when we will. And inded I found it ſo: For, in my lucid intervals, I made good reſolutions: But, as health turned its blyth-ſide to me, and opened my proſpects of recovery, all my old inclinations and appetites returned; and this Letter, perhaps, will be a thorough conviction to thee, that I *am* as wild a fellow as ever, or in the way to be ſo.

Thou aſkeſt me, very ſeriouſly, If, upon the faint ſketch thou haſt drawn, thy new ſcheme be not infinitely preferable to any of thoſe which we have ſo long purſued?—Why, Jack—Let me reflect—Why, Belford—I can't ſay—I can't ſay—but it is. To ſpeak out—It is really as Biddy in the play ſays, a good comfortable ſcheme.

But when thou telleſt me, That it was thy misfortune to love me, becauſe thy value for me made thee a wickeder man than otherwiſe thou wouldſt have been; I deſire thee to revolve this aſſertion: And I am perſuaded, that thou would not find thyſelf in ſo right a train as thou imagineſt.

No falſe colourings, no gloſſes, does a true penitent aim at. Debaſement, diffidence, mortification, contrition, are all near of kin, Jack; and inſeparable from a repentant ſpirit.—If thou knoweſt not this, thou art not got three ſteps (out of threeſcore) towards repentance and amendment. And let me remind thee, before the grand accuſer comes to do it, that thou wert ever above being a paſſive follower in iniquity. Tho' thou

thou hadſt not ſo good an invention as he to whom thou writeſt, thou hadſt as active an heart for miſchief, as ever I met with in man.

Then for improving an hint, thou wert always a true Engliſhman. I never ſtarted a roguery, that did not come out of *thy* forge in a manner ready anvilled and hammered for execution, when I have ſometimes been at a loſs to make any-thing of it myſelf.

What indeed made me appear to be more wicked than thou, was, that I being an handſome fellow, and thou an ugly one, when we had ſtarted a game, and hunted it down, the poor frighted Puſs generally threw herſelf into *my* paws, rather than into *thine*: And then, diſappointed, haſt thou wiped thy blubber-lips, and marched off to ſtart a new game, calling me a wicked fellow all the while.

In ſhort, Belford, thou wert an excellent *ſtarter* and *ſetter*. The old women were not afraid for their daughters, when they ſaw ſuch a face as thine. But, when *I* came, whip, was the key turned upon their girls. And yet all ſignified nothing; for Love, upon occaſion, will draw an elephant thro' a key-hole. But for thy HEART, Belford, who ever doubted the wickedneſs of *that?*

Nor even in this affair, that ſticks moſt upon me, which my conſcience makes ſuch a handle of againſt me, art thou ſo innocent as thou fanſieſt thyſelf. Thou wilt ſtare at this: But it is true; and I will convince thee of it in an inſtant.

Thou ſayſt, thou wouldſt have ſaved the Lady from the ruin ſhe met with. Thou art a pretty fellow for this: For *how* wouldſt thou have ſaved her? What methods didſt thou *take* to ſave her?

Thou kneweſt my deſigns all along. Hadſt thou a mind to make thyſelf a good title to the merit to which thou now pretendeſt to lay claim, thou ſhouldeſt, like a true knight-errant, have ſought to ſet the Lady free from the inchanted caſtle. Thou ſhouldſt have appriſed

her of her danger; have ſtolen in, when the giant was out of the way; or, hadſt thou had the true ſpirit of chivalry upon thee, and nothing elſe would have done, have killed the giant; and then ſomething wouldſt thou have had to brag of.

'O but the giant was my friend: He repoſed a 'confidence in me: And I ſhould have betrayed my 'friend, and his confidence!' This thou wouldſt have pleaded no doubt. But try this plea upon thy preſent principles, and thou wilt ſee what a caitiff thou wert to let it have weight with thee, upon an occaſion where a breach of confidence is more excuſable than to keep the ſecret. Did not the Lady herſelf once put this very point home upon thee? And didſt thou not on that occaſion heavily blame thyſelf (*a*)?

Thou canſt not pretend, and I know thou wilt not, that thou wert afraid of thy life by taking ſuch a meaſure: For a braver fellow lives not, nor a more fearleſs than Jack Belford. I remember ſeveral inſtances, and thou canſt not forget them, where thou haſt ventured thy bones, thy neck, thy life, againſt numbers, in a cauſe of roguery; and hadſt thou had a ſpark of that virtue, which now thou art willing to flatter thyſelf thou haſt, thou would ſurely have run a riſk to ſave an innocence, and a virtue, that it became every man to protect and eſpouſe. This is the truth of the caſe, greatly as it makes againſt myſelf. But I hate an hypocrite from my ſoul.

I believe I ſhould have killed thee at the *time*, if I could, hadſt thou betrayed me thus. But I am ſure *now*, that I would have thanked thee for it, with all my heart; and thought thee more a father, and a friend, than my real father, and my beſt friend—And it was natural for thee to think, with ſo exalted a merit as this Lady had, that this would have been the caſe, when conſideration took place of paſſion; or, rather, when that damn'd fondneſs for intrigue ceaſed, which never was

(*a*) See Letter lxxi. of Vol. VI.

was my pride ſo much, as it is now, upon reflection, my curſe.

Set about defending thyſelf, and I will probe thee ſtill deeper, and convict thee ſtill more effectually, that thou haſt more guilt than merit even in this affair. And as to all the others, in which we were accuſtomed to hunt in couples, thou wert always the forwardeſt whelp, and more ready, by far, to run away with me, than I with thee. Yet canſt thou now compoſe thy horſe-muſcles, and cry out, How much more haſt thou, Lovelace, to anſwer for, than I have!—Saying *nothing*, neither, when thou ſayſt this, were it *true*:—For thou wilt not be tried, when the time comes, by *compariſon*.

In ſhort, thou mayſt, at this rate, ſo miſerably deceive thyſelf, that, notwithſtanding all thy ſelf-denial and mortification; when thou cloſeſt thy eyes, thou mayeſt perhaps open them in a place where thou thoughteſt leaſt to be.

However, conſult thy old woman on this ſubject. I ſhall be thought to be out of character, if I go on in this ſtrain. But really, as to a title to merit in this affair, I do aſſure thee Jack, that thou leſs deſerveſt praiſe than an horſepond: And I wiſh I had the ſouſeing of thee.

*** ***

I AM actually now employed in taking leave of my friends in the country. I had once thought of taking Tomlinſon, as I called him, with me: But his deſtiny has fruſtrated that intention.

Next Monday I think to ſee you in town; and then you, and I, and Mowbray, and Tourville, will laugh off that evening together. They will both accompany me (as I expect *you* will) to Dover, if not croſs the water. I muſt leave you and them good friends. They take extremely amiſs the treatment you have given them in your laſt Letters. They ſay, you ſtrike at their underſtandings. I laugh at them; and tell them, that

thoſe people who have *leaſt*, are the moſt apt to be angry when it is called in queſtion.

Make up all the papers and narratives you can ſpare me againſt the time. The Will particularly I expect to take with me. Who knows but that thoſe things, which will help to ſecure *you* in the way you are got into, may convert *me?*

Thou talkeſt of a wife, Jack: What thinkeſt thou of our Charlotte? Her family and fortune, I doubt, according to thy ſcheme, are a little to high. Will thoſe be an objection? Charlotte is a ſmart girl. For piety (thy preſent turn) I cannot ſay much: Yet ſhe is as ſerious as moſt of her Sex, at her time of life—Would flaunt it a little I believe, too, like the reſt of them, were her reputation under covert.

But it won't do neither, now I think of it:—Thou art ſo homely, and ſo aukward a creature! Haſt ſuch a boatſwain-like air!--People would think ſhe had picked thee up in Wapping, or Rotherhith; or in going to ſee ſome new Ship launched, or to view the docks at Chatham, or Portſmouth. So gaudy and ſo clumſy! Thy tawdrineſs won't do with Charlotte!—So ſit thee down contented, Belford: Altho' I think, in a whimſical way, as now, I mentioned Charlotte to thee once before *(a)*. Yet would I fain ſecure thy morals too, if matrimony would do it.—Let me ſee!—Now I have it.

Has not the widow Lovick a daughter, or a niece? It is not every girl of *fortune* and *family* that will go to prayers with thee *once or twice a day*. But ſince thou art for taking a wife to mortify with, what if thou marrieſt the widow herſelf?—She will than have a double concern in thy converſion. You and ſhe may *tête à tête* paſs many a comfortable winter's evening together, comparing *experiences*, as the good folks call them.

I am ſerious, Jack, faith I am. And I would have thee take it into thy wiſe conſideration.

R. L.

Mr.

(*a*) See the Poſtſcript to Letter lxxiv. of Vol. VII.

Mr. Belford returns a very ſerious Anſwer to the preceding Letter; *which appears not.*

In it, he moſt heartily wiſhes that he had withſtood Mr. Lovelace, whatever had been the conſequence, in deſigns ſo elaborately-baſe and ungrateful, and ſo long and ſteadily purſued, againſt a Lady whoſe merit and innocence entitled her to the protection of every man who had the leaſt pretences to the title of a *Gentleman*; and who deſerved to be even *the Public Care.*

He moſt ſeverely cenſures himſelf for his falſe notions of Honour to his Friend, on this head; and recollects what the Divine Lady, as he calls her, ſaid to him on this very ſubject, as related by himſelf in his Letter to Lovelace, N° lxxi. Vol. VI. to which Lovelace alſo (both *Inſtigator* and *Accuſer*) refers, and to his own regret and ſhame on the occaſion. He diſtinguiſhes, however, between an irreparable injury intended to a CLARISSA, and one deſigned to *ſuch* of the Sex, as contribute, by their weakneſs and indiſcretion, to their own fall, and thereby entitle themſelves to a large ſhare of the guilt which accompanies the crime.

He offers not, he ſays, to palliate or extenuate the crimes he himſelf has been guilty of: But laments, for Mr. Lovelace's own ſake, that he gives him, with ſo ludicrous and unconcerned an air, ſuch ſolemn and uſeful Leſſons and Warnings. Nevertheleſs, he reſolves to make it his whole endeavour, he tells him, to render them efficacious to himſelf: And ſhould think himſelf but too happy, if he ſhall be enabled to ſet him ſuch an example, as may be a means to bring about the Reformation of a man ſo dear to him as he has always been, from the firſt of their acquaintance; and who is capable of thinking ſo rightly and deeply; though at preſent to

ſuch little purpoſe, as make his very Knowlege add to his condemnation.

LETTER XXXVII.

Mr. BELFORD, *To Colonel* MORDEN.

Thurſday, Sept. 21.

GIVE me leave, dear Sir, to addreſs myſelf to you in a very ſerious and ſolemn manner on a ſubject that I muſt not, cannot, diſpenſe with; as I promiſed the divine Lady, that I would do every thing in my power to prevent that further miſchief of which ſhe was ſo very apprehenſive.

I will not content myſelf with diſtant hints. It is with very great concern that I have juſt now heard of a declaration which you are ſaid to have made to your relations at Harlowe-Place, That you will not reſt till you have avenged your Couſin's wrongs upon Mr. Lovelace.

Far be it from me to offer to defend the unhappy man, or even *unduly* to extenuate his crime! But yet I muſt ſay, that the family, by their perſecutions of the dear Lady at firſt, and by their implacableneſs afterwards, ought, *at leaſt* to *ſhare* the blame with him. There is even great reaſon to believe, that a Lady of ſuch a religious turn, her virtue neither to be ſurpriſed nor corrupted, her will inviolate, would have got over a *mere perſonal* injury; eſpecially as he would have done all that was in his power to repair it; and as, from the application of all his family in his favour, and other circumſtances attending his ſincere and voluntary offer, the lady might have condeſcended, with greater glory to herſelf, than if he had never offended.

When I have the pleaſure of ſeeing you next, I will acquaint you, Sir, with all the circumſtances of this melancholy Story; from which you will ſee, that Mr. Lovelace was extremely ill treated at firſt, by the whole family, this admirable Lady excepted. This exception I know,

I know, heightens his crime: But as his principal intention was but to try her virtue; and that he became ſo earneſt a ſupplicant to her for marriage; and as he has ſuffered ſo deplorably in the loſs of his reaſon, for not having it in his power to repair her wrongs: I preſume to hope, that much is to be pleaded againſt ſuch a reſolution as you are ſaid to have made.

I will read to you at the ſame time ſome paſſages from Letters of his: two of which (one but this moment received) will convince you, that the unhappy man, who is but now recovering his intellects, needs no greater puniſhment than what he has from his own reflections.

I have juſt now re'd over the *Copies* of the dear Lady's poſthumous Letters. I ſend them all to you, except that directed for Mr. Lovelace; which I reſerve till I have the pleaſure of ſeeing you. Let me entreat you to read once more *that* written to yourſelf; and *that* to her brother (*a*); which letter I now ſend you; as they are in point to the preſent ſubject.

I think, Sir, they are unanſwerable. Such, at leaſt, is the effect they have upon me, that I hope I ſhall never be provoked to draw my ſword again in a private quarrel.

To the weight theſe muſt needs have upon you, let me add, that the unhappy man has given no *new* occaſion of offence, ſince your viſit to him at Lord M's, when you were ſo well ſatisfied of his intention to atone for his crimes, that you yourſelf urged to your dear Couſin *her* forgiveneſs of him.

Let me *alſo* (tho' I preſume to hope there is no need, when you coolly conſider every thing) remind you of your own promiſe to your departing Couſin; relying upon which, her laſt moments were the eaſier.

Reflect, my dear Colonel Morden, that the higheſt injury was to *her*: Her family all have a ſhare in the *cauſe*: *She* forgives it: Why ſhould we not endeavour to imitate what we admire?

(*a*) See Letter x.

You aſked me, Sir, when in town, If a brave man could be a premeditatedly baſe one?—*Generally ſpeaking*, I believe Bravery and Baſeneſs are incompatible. But Mr. Lovelace's character, in the inſtance before us, affords a proof of the truth of the common obſervation, That there is no general rule but has its exceptions: For England, I believe, as gallant a nation as it is deemed to be, has not in it a braver ſpirit than his; nor a man who has a greater ſkill at his weapons; nor more *calmneſs* with his ſkill.

I mention not this with a thought that it can affect Col. Morden; who, if he be not with-held by SUPERIOR MOTIVES, as well as influenced by thoſe I have reminded him of, will tell me, That this ſkill, and this bravery, will make him the more worthy of being called upon by him.

To theſe SUPERIOR motives then I refer myſelf: And with the greater confidence; as a purſuit ending in blood would not, at *this time*, have the plea lie for it with *any-body*, which ſudden paſſion might have with *ſome:* But would be conſtrued by *all*, to be a cool and deliberate act of revenge for an evil abſolutely irretrievable: An act, of which a brave and noble ſpirit (ſuch as is the Gentleman's to whom I now write) is not capable.

Excuſe me, Sir, for the ſake of my executorial duty and promiſe, keeping in eye the dear Lady's *perſonal injunctions*, as well as *written Will*, enforced by *Letters poſthumous*. Every article of which (ſolicitous as we *both* are to ſee it duly performed) ſhe would have diſpenſed with, rather than farther miſchief ſhould happen on her account. I am,

Dear SIR,

Your affectionate and faithful Servant,

J. BELFORD.

The following is the poſthumous Letter to Col. Morden, referred to in the above.

LET-

LETTER XXXVIII.

Superſcribed.

To my beloved Couſin WILLIAM MORDEN, *Eſq;*
To be delivered after my death.

My deareſt Couſin,

AS it is uncertain, from my preſent weak ſtate, whether, if living, I may be in a condition to receive as I ought the favour you intend me of a viſit, when you come to London, I take this opportunity to return you, while able, the humble acknowlegements of a grateful heart, for all your goodneſs to me from childhood till now: And more particularly for your preſent kind interpoſition in my favour—God Almighty for ever bleſs you, dear Sir, for the kindneſs you endeavoured to procure for me!

One principal end of my writing to you in this ſolemn manner, is, to beg of you, which I do with the utmoſt earneſtneſs, that when you come to hear the particulars of my Story, you will not ſuffer *active* reſentment to take place in your generous breaſt on my account.

Remember, my dear Couſin, that Vengeance is God's province, and he has undertaken to repay it; nor will you, I hope, invade that province:—Eſpecially as there is no neceſſity for you to attempt to vindicate my fame; ſince the offender himſelf (before he is called upon) has ſtood forth, and offered to do me all the juſtice that you could have extorted from him, had I lived: and when your own perſon may be endangered by running an *equal* riſque with a *guilty man.*

Duelling, Sir, I need not tell *you*, who have adorned a public character, is not only an uſurpation of the Divine prerogative; but it is an inſult upon magiſtracy and good government. 'Tis an impious act. 'Tis an attempt to take away a life that ought not to depend upon a private ſword: An act, the conſequence of which is

to

to hurry a ſoul (all its ſins upon its head) into perdition; endangering that of the poor triumpher—Since neither intend to give to the other that *chance*, as I may call it, for the Divine mercy, in an opportunity for repentance, which each preſumes to hope for himſelf.

Seek not then, I beſeech you, Sir, to aggravate my fault, by a purſuit of blood, which muſt neceſſarily be deemed a conſequence of that fault. Give not the unhappy man the merit (were you aſſuredly to be the victor) of falling by your hand. At preſent he is the perfidious, the ungrateful deceiver; but will not the forfeiture of his life, and the probable loſs of his ſoul, be a dreadful expiation for having made me miſerable for *a few months* only, and thro' that miſery, by the Divine favour, happy to all Eternity?

In ſuch a caſe, my Couſin, where ſhall the evil ſtop? And who ſhall avenge on you?— And who on your avenger?

Let the poor man's conſcience, then, dear Sir, avenge me. He will one day find puniſhment more than enough from that. Leave him to the chance of repentance. If the Almighty will give him time for it, why ſhould you deny it him?—Let him ſtill be the guilty aggreſſor; and let no one ſay, Clariſſa Harlowe is now amply revenged in his fall; or, in the caſe of yours (which Heaven avert!) that her fault, inſtead of being buried in her grave, is perpetuated, and aggravated, by a loſs far greater than that of herſelf.

Often, Sir, has the *more* guilty been the vanquiſher of the *leſs*. An earl of Shrewſbury, in the reign of Charles II. as I have read, endeavouring to revenge the greateſt injury that man can do to man, met with his death at Barn-Elms, from the hand of the ignoble Duke who had vilely diſhonoured him. Nor can it be thought an unequal diſpenſation, were it *generally* to happen, that the uſurper of the Divine Prerogative ſhould be puniſhed for his preſumption by the man whom he ſought to deſtroy, and who, however previouſly criminal,

nal, is put, in this caſe, upon a neceſſary act of ſelf-defence.

May Heaven protect you, Sir, in all your ways; and, once more I pray, reward you for all your kindneſs to me! A kindneſs ſo worthy of *your* heart, and ſo exceedingly grateful to *mine:* That of ſeeking to make peace, and to reconcile parents to a once beloved Child; Uncles to a Neice late their favourite; and a Brother and Siſter to a Siſter whom once they thought not unworthy of that tender relation. A kindneſs ſo greatly preferable to the vengeance of a murdering ſword.

Be a comforter, dear Sir, to my honoured Parents, as you have been to me: And may we, thro' the Divine goodneſs to us both, meet in that bleſſed Eternity, into which, as I humbly truſt, I ſhall have entered when you read This.

So prays, and to her lateſt hour will pray, my dear Couſin Morden, my Friend, my Guardian, but *not* my Avenger—[Dear Sir! remember That!—]

Your ever-affectionate and obliged

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXIX.

Colonel MORDEN, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Dear Sir, *Sat. Sept.* 23.

I Am very ſorry that any thing you have heard I have ſaid ſhould give you uneaſineſs.

I am obliged to you for the Letters you have communicated to me; and ſtill further for your promiſe to favour me with others occaſionally.

All that relates to my dear Couſin I ſhall be glad to ſee, be it from whom it will.

I leave to your own diſcretion, what may or may not be proper for Miſs Howe to ſee from a pen ſo free as mine.

I admire her ſpirit. Were ſhe a *man*, do you think,

Sir,

Sir, *ſhe*, at *this time*, would have your advice to take upon ſuch a ſubject as that upon which you write?

Fear not, however, that your communications ſhall put me upon any meaſures that otherwiſe I ſhould not have taken. The wickedneſs, Sir, is of ſuch a nature, as admits not of aggravation.

Yet I do aſſure you, that I have not made any reſolutions that will be a tie upon me.

I have indeed expreſſed myſelf with vehemence upon the occaſion. Who could forbear to do ſo? But it is not my way to reſolve in matters of moment, till opportunity brings the execution of my purpoſes within my reach. We ſhall ſee by what manner of ſpirit this young man will be acted, on his recovery. If he continue to brave and defy a family, which he has ſo irreparably injured—If—But reſolutions depending upon future contingencies are beſt left to future determination, as I juſt now hinted.

Mean time, I will own, that I think my Couſin's arguments unanſwerable. No *good* man but muſt be influenced by them.—But, alas! Sir, who *is* good?

As to your arguments; I hope you will believe me, when I aſſure you, as I now do, that your opinion, and your reaſonings, have, and will always have, great and deſerved weight with me: And that I reſpect you ſtill more than I did, if poſſible, for your expoſtulations in ſupport of my Couſin's pious injunctions to me. They come from *you*, Sir, with the greateſt propriety, as her Executor and Repreſentative; and likewiſe as you are a man of humanity, and a well-wiſher to both parties.

I am not exempt from violent paſſions, Sir, any more than your friend; but then I hope they are only capable of being raiſed by other peoples inſolence, and not by my own arrogance. If ever I am ſtimulated by my imperfections and my reſentments to act againſt my judgment, and my Couſin's injunctions; ſome ſuch reflections as theſe that follow, will run away with my reaſon. Indeed they are always preſent with me.

In

In the firſt place; my own diſappointment: Who came over with the hope of paſſing the remainder of my days in the converſation of a kinſwoman ſo beloved; and to whom I have a double relation, as her Couſin and Truſtee.

Then I reflect, too-too often perhaps for my engagements to her in her laſt hours, that the dear creature could only forgive for *herſelf*. She, no doubt, is happy: But who ſhall forgive for a *whole family*, in all its branches made miſerable for their lives?

That the more faulty her friends were as to *her*, the more enormous his ingratitude, and the more inexcuſable—What! Sir, was it not enough, that ſhe ſuffered what ſhe did *for him*, but the barbarian muſt make her ſuffer for her ſufferings for *his ſake?*—Paſſion makes me expreſs this weakly: Paſſion refuſes the aid of expreſſion ſometimes, where the propriety of a reſentment *prima facie* declares expreſſion to be needleſs. I leave it to *you*, Sir, to give this reflection its due force.

That the author of this diffuſive miſchief perpetrated it premeditatedly, wantonly, in the gaiety of his heart. To *try* my Couſin, ſay you, Sir? To try the virtue of a Clariſſa, Sir!—Had ſhe then given him any cauſe to doubt her virtue?—It could *not* be.—If he avers that ſhe did, I am indeed called upon—But I will have patience.

That he carried her, as now it appears, to a vile Brothel, purpoſely to put her out of all human reſource; Himſelf out of the reach of all humane remorſe: And that, finding her proof againſt all the common arts of deluſion, baſe and unmanly arts were there uſed to effect his wicked purpoſes.

Once dead, the injured Saint, in her Will, ſays, *he has ſeen her.*

That I could not know this, when I ſaw him at M. Hall: That, the object of his attempts conſidered, I could not ſuppoſe there was ſuch a monſter breathing

breathing as he; That it was natural for me to impute her refuſal of him rather to tranſitory reſentment, to conſciouſneſs of human frailty, and mingled doubts of the ſincerity of his offers, than to villainies, which had given the irreverſible blow, and had at that inſtant brought her down to the gates of death, which in a very few days incloſed her.

That he is a man of defiance: A man who thinks to awe every one by his inſolent darings, and by his pretenſions to ſuperior courage and ſkill.

That, diſgrace as he is to his name, and to the character of a gentleman, the man would not want merit, who, in vindication of the *diſhonoured* diſtinction, ſhould expunge and blot him out of the worthy liſt.

That the injured family has a Son, who, however unworthy of ſuch a Siſter, is of a temper vehement unbridled, fierce; unequal therefore (as he has once indeed been found) to a contention with this man: The loſs of which Son, by a violent death, on ſuch an occaſion, and by an hand ſo juſtly hated, would complete the miſery of the whole family: And who, nevertheleſs, reſolves to call him to account, if I do not: His very *miſbehaviour* perhaps to ſuch a Siſter ſtimulating his perverſe heart to do her memory the *more ſignal juſtice*: tho' the attempt might be fatal to himſelf.

Then, Sir, to be a witneſs, as I am every hour, to the calamity and diſtreſs of a family to which I am related; every one of whom, however averſe to an alliance with him while it had *not* taken place, would no doubt have been ſoon reconciled to the admirable creature, had the man (to whom, for his family and fortunes, it was not a diſgrace to be allied) done her but common juſtice!

To ſee them hang their penſive heads; mope about, ſhunning one another; tho' formerly never uſed to

meet

meet but to rejoice in each other: afflicting themſelves with reflections, that the laſt time they reſpectively ſaw the dear creature, it was here, or there, at ſuch a place, in ſuch an attitude; and could they have thought that it would have been the *laſt?*

Every one of them reviving inſtances of her excellencies that will for a long time make their very bleſſings a curſe to them!

Her cloſet, her chamber, her cabinet, given up to me to diſfurniſh, in order to anſwer (now *too late* obliging) the legacies bequeathed; unable themſelves to enter them; and even making uſe of leſs convenient back-ſtairs, that they may avoid paſſing by the doors of her apartment!

Her parlour locked up; the walks, the retirements, the ſummer-houſe in which ſhe delighted, and in which ſhe uſed to purſue her charming works; *that*, in particular, from which ſhe went to the fatal interview; ſhunned, or hurried by, or over!

Her perfections, nevertheleſs, called up to remembrance, and enumerated: Incidents and graces, unheeded before, or paſſed over in the groupe of her numberleſs perfections, now brought into notice, and dwelt upon!

The very ſervants allowed to expatiate upon theſe praiſeful topics to their principals! Even eloquent in their praiſes--The diſtreſſed principals liſtening and weeping! Then to ſee them break in upon the zealous applauders, by their impatience and remorſe, and throw abroad their helpleſs hands, and exclaim; then again to ſee them liſten to hear more of her praiſes, and weep again—They even encouraging the ſervants to repeat, how they uſed to be ſtopt by ſtrangers to aſk after her, and by thoſe who knew her, to be told of ſome new inſtances to her honour—How aggravating all this!

In *dreams* they ſee her, and *deſire* to ſee her: Always

ways an angel, and accompanied by angels: Always clad in robes of light: Always endeavouring to comfort *them*, who declare, that they ſhall never more know comfort!

What an example ſhe ſet! how ſhe indited! How ſhe drew! How ſhe wrought! How ſhe talked! How ſhe ſung! How ſhe played! Her voice, muſic! Her accent, harmony!

Her converſation how inſtructive! how ſought after! The delight of perſons of all ages, of both ſexes, of all ranks! Yet how humble, how condeſcending! Never were dignity and humility ſo illuſtriouſly mingled!

At other times, how generous, how noble, how charitable, how judicious in her charities! In every action laudable! In every attitude attractive! In every appearance, whether full-dreſſed, or in the houſewife's more humble garb, equally elegant, and equally lovely! *Like* or *reſembling* Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe, they now remember to be a praiſe denoting the higheſt degree of excellence, with every one, whatever perſon, action, or rank, ſpoken of. The deſirable Daughter; the obliging Kinſwoman; the affectionate Siſter (All Envy now ſubſided!); the faithful, the warm friend: the affable, the kind, the benevolent Miſtreſs!—Not one fault remembred! All their ſeverities called cruelties: Mutually accuſing each other; each him and herſelf; and all to raiſe *her* character, and torment themſelves.

Such, Sir, was the angel, of whom the vileſt of men has deprived the world! You, Sir, who know more of the barbarous machinations and practices of this ſtrange man, can help me to ſtill more inflaming reaſons, were they needed, why a man *not perfect* may ſtand excuſed to the generality of the world, if he ſhould purſue his vengeance; and the rather, as thro' an abſence of ſix

years

years (high as juſt report, and the promiſes of her early youth from childhood, had raiſed her in his eſteem) he could not till now know one half of her excellencies—Till now! that we have loſt, for ever loſt, the admirable creature!—

But I will force myſelf from the ſubject, after I have repeated, that I have not yet made any reſolutions that can bind me. Whenever I do, I ſhall be glad they may be ſuch as may merit the honour of your approbation.

I ſend you back the copies of the poſthumous Letters. I ſee the humanity of your purpoſe, in the tranſmiſſion of them to me; and I thank you moſt heartily for it. I preſume, that it is owing to the ſame laudable conſideration, that you kept back the copy of that to the wicked man himſelf.

I intend to wait upon Miſs Howe in perſon with the diamond ring, and ſuch other of the effects bequeathed to her as are here. I am, SIR,

Your moſt faithful and obliged Servant,

WM. MORDEN.

Mr. Belford, in his Anſwer to this Letter, farther enforces the Lady's dying injunctions; and rejoices that the Colonel has made no vindictive reſolutions; and hopes every thing from his prudence and conſideration, and from his promiſe given to the dying Lady.

He refers to the ſeeing him in town on account of the dreadful ends of two of the greateſt criminals in his Couſin's affair. 'This, *ſays he*, together with 'Mr. Lovelace's diſorder of mind, looks as if Pro-'vidence had already taken the puniſhment of 'theſe unhappy wretches into its own hands.'

He deſires the Colonel will give him a day's notice of his coming to town, leſt otherwiſe he may be abſent at the time.

This he does, tho' he tells him not the reaſon, with a view to prevent a meeting between him and Mr. Lovelace; who might be in town (as he apprehends) about the ſame time, in his way to go abroad.

LETTER XL.

Colonel MORDEN. *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Dear Sir, *Tueſday, Sept.* 26.

I Cannot help congratulating myſelf as well as you, that we have already got thro' with the Family every article of the Will, where *they* have any concern.

You left me a diſcretional power, in many inſtances; and, in purſuance of it, I have had my dear Couſin's perſonal jewels valued! and will account to you for them, at the higheſt price, when I come to town, as well as for other matters that you were pleaſed to entruſt to my management.

Theſe jewels I have preſented to my Couſin Dolly Hervey, in acknowlegement of her love to the dear departed. I have told Miſs Howe of this; and ſhe is as well pleaſed with what I have done, as if ſhe had been the purchaſer of them herſelf. As that young Lady has jewels of her own, ſhe could only have wiſhed to purchaſe theſe becauſe they were her beloved friend's.

The Grandmother's jewels are alſo valued; and the money will be paid me for you, to be carried to the Uſes of the Will.

Mrs. Norton is preparing, by general conſent, to enter upon her office as houſekeeper at *The Grove*. But it is my opinion, that ſhe will not be long on this ſide Heaven.

I waited upon Miſs Howe myſelf, as I told you I would, with what was bequeathed to her and her Mother. You will not be diſpleaſed, perhaps, if I make a few obſervations with regard to that young Lady, ſo dear to my beloved Couſin, as you have not a perſonal acquaintance with her.

There never was a firmer and nobler friendſhip in women, than that between my dear Couſin and Miſs Howe, to which this wretched man has given a period.

Friendſhip,

Friendſhip, generally ſpeaking, Mr. Belford, is too fervent a flame for female minds to manage: A light, that but in few of their hands burns ſteady, and often hurries the Sex into flight and abſurdity. Like other extremes, it is hardly ever durable. Marriage, which is the higheſt ſtate of friendſhip, generally abſorbs the moſt vehement friendſhips of female to female; and that whether the wedlock be happy, or not.

What female mind is capable of two fervent friendſhips at the ſame time?

This I mention as a *general obſervation:* But the friendſhip that ſubſiſted between theſe two Ladies affords a remarkable exception to it: Which I account for from thoſe qualities and attainments in *both*, which, were they more common, would furniſh more exceptions ſtill in favour of the Sex.

Both had an *enlarged*, and even a *liberal* education: Both had minds thirſting after virtuous knowlege: Great readers both: Great writers—[And *early familiar writing* I take to be one of the greateſt openers and improvers of the mind, that man or woman can be employed in.] Both generous. High in fortune; therefore above that dependence each on the other, that frequently deſtroys the familiarity which is the cement of friendſhip. Both excelling in *different ways*, in which neither ſought to envy the other. Both bleſſed with clear and diſtinguiſhing faculties; with ſolid ſenſe; and from their firſt intimacy [*I have many of my lights, Sir, from Mrs. Norton*] each ſeeing ſomething in the other to *fear*, as well as to *love*; yet making it an indiſpenſable condition of their friendſhip, each to tell the other of her failings; and to be thankful for the freedom taken. One by nature *gentle*; the other *made ſo*, by her *love* and *admiration* of her exalted friend—Impoſſible that there could be a friendſhip better calculated for duration.

I muſt, however, take the liberty to blame Miſs Howe for her behaviour to Mr Hickman. And I infer from

from it, that even women of ſenſe are not to be truſted with power.

By the way, I am ſure I need not deſire you not to communicate to this fervent young Lady the liberties I take with her character.

I dare ſay, my Couſin could not approve of Miſs Howe's behaviour to this gentleman: A behaviour which is talked of *by as many as know Mr. Hickman and her*. Can a *wiſe* young Lady be eaſy under ſuch cenſure? She *muſt* know it.

Mr. Hickman is really a very worthy man. Everybody ſpeaks well of him. But he is gentle-diſpoſitioned, and he adores Miſs Howe; and Love admits not of an air of even *due dignity* to the object of it. Yet will Mr. Hickman hardly ever get back the reins he has yielded up; unleſs ſhe, by carrying too far the power of which ſhe ſeems at preſent too ſenſible, ſhould, when ſhe has no favours to confer which he has not a right to demand, provoke him to throw off the too heavy yoke. And ſhould he do ſo, and then treat her with negligence, Miſs Howe, of all the women I know, will be the leaſt able to ſupport herſelf under it. She will then be *more* unhappy than ſhe ever made him: For a man who is uneaſy at home can divert himſelf abroad; which a woman cannot ſo eaſily do, without ſcandal.

Permit me to take further notice, as to Miſs Howe; that it is very obvious to me, that ſhe has, by her haughty behaviour to this worthy man, involved herſelf in one difficulty, from which ſhe knows not how to extricate herſelf with that grace, which accompanies all her actions. She intends to have Mr. Hickman. I believe ſhe does not diſlike him. And it will coſt her no ſmall pains to deſcend from the elevation ſhe has climbed to.

Another inconvenience ſhe will ſuffer from her having taught every-body (for ſhe is above diſguiſe) to think, by her treatment of Mr. Hickman, *much more meanly of him than he deſerves to be thought of*. And muſt *ſhe* not ſuffer diſhonour in *his* diſhonour?

Mrs.

Mrs. Howe is much diſturbed at her Daughter's behaviour to the gentleman. He is very deſervedly a favourite of hers. But [*another* failing in Miſs Howe] her Mother has not all the authority with her that a Mother ought to have. Miſs Howe is indeed a woman of fine ſenſe! but it requires a high degree of good underſtanding, as well as a ſweet and gentle diſpoſition of mind, and great diſcretion, in a child, when grown up, to let it be ſeen, that ſhe mingles *Reverence* with her *Love*, to a parent, who has talents viſibly inferior to her own.

Miſs Howe is *open*, *generous*, *noble*. The Mother has not any of her fine qualities. Parents, in order to preſerve their childrens veneration for them, ſhould take great care not to let them ſee any-thing in their conduct, or behaviour or principles, which they themſelves would not approve of in others.

Mr. Hickman has, however, this conſideration to comfort himſelf with; that the ſame vivacity by which *he* ſuffers, makes Miſs Howe's own *Mother*, at times, *equally ſenſible*. And as he ſees enough of this beforehand, he will have more reaſon to blame himſelf than the Lady, ſhould ſhe prove as lively a Wife, as ſhe was a Miſtreſs, for having continued his addreſſes, and married her, againſt ſuch threatening appearances.

There is alſo another circumſtance which good-natured men who engage with even lively women, may look forward to with pleaſure; a circumſtance which generally lowers the ſpirits of the Ladies, and *domeſticates* them, as I may call it: And which, as it will bring thoſe of Mr. Hickman and Miſs Howe nearer to a par, that worthy gentleman will have *double* reaſon, when it happens, to congratulate himſelf upon it.

But, after all, I ſee that there is ſomething ſo charmingly brilliant and frank in Miſs Howe's diſpoſition, altho' at preſent viſibly overclouded by grief, that it is

impoſſible not to love her, even for her failings. She *may*, and I hope ſhe *will*, make Mr. Hickman an obliging wife. And if ſhe do, ſhe will have an additional merit with me; ſince ſhe cannot be apprehenſive of check or controul; and may therefore, by her *generoſity* and *prudence*, lay an obligation upon her huſband, by the performance of what is no more than her *duty*.

Her Mother both *loves* and *fears* her. Yet is Mrs. Howe alſo a woman of vivacity, and ready enough, I dare ſay, to cry out when ſhe is pained. But, Alas! ſhe has, as I hinted above, *weakened her authority* by the *narrowneſs of her mind*.

Yet once ſhe praiſed her daughter to me with ſo much *warmth* for the generoſity of her ſpirit, that had I not known the old Lady's character, I ſhould have thought her generous *herſelf*. And yet I have always obſerved, that people even of narrow tempers are ready to praiſe generous ones:—And *thus* have I accounted for it; That ſuch perſons generally find it to their purpoſe, that all the world ſhould be open-minded but themſelves.

The old Lady applied herſelf to me, to urge to the young one the contents of the Will, in order to haſten her to fix a day for her marriage: But deſired that I would not let Miſs Howe know that ſhe did.

I took the liberty upon it to tell Miſs Howe, that I hoped that *her* part of a Will, ſo ſoon, and ſo punctually, in almoſt all its other articles, fulfilled, would not be the only one that would be ſlighted.

Her anſwer was, She would conſider of it: And made me a courteſy with ſuch an air, as ſhewed me, that ſhe thought me more out of my ſphere, than I could allow her to think me, had I been permitted to argue the point with her.

I found Miſs Howe and her own ſervant-maid in deep mourning. This, it ſeems, had occaſioned a great debate at firſt between her Mother and her. Her Mother had the words of the Will on her ſide; and Mr.

Mr. Hickman's intereſt in her view; her Daughter having ſaid, that ſhe would wear it for Six months at leaſt. But the young Lady carried her point—'Strange,' ſaid ſhe, 'if I, who ſhall mourn the heavy, the irre-'parable loſs to the laſt hour of my life, ſhould not 'ſhew my concern to the world for a few months!'

Mr. Hickman, for his part, was ſo far from uttering an oppoſing word on this occaſion, that, on the very day that Miſs Howe put on hers, he waited on her in a new ſuit of mourning, as for a near relation. His ſervants and equipage made the ſame reſpectful appearance.

Whether the Mother was conſulted by him in it, I cannot ſay; but the Daughter knew nothing of it, till ſhe ſaw him in it. She looked at him with ſurprize, and aſked him, For whom he mourned?

The dear, and ever-dear Miſs Harlowe, he ſaid.

She was at a loſs, it ſeems—At laſt—All the world ought to mourn for my Clariſſa, ſaid ſhe; but whom, Man, [that was her whimſical addreſs to him] think-eſt thou to oblige by this appearance?

It is more than *appearance*, Madam. I love not my own Siſter, worthy as ſhe is, better than I loved Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe. I oblige *myſelf* by it. And if I diſoblige not you, that is all I wiſh.

She ſurveyed him, I am told, from head to foot. She knew not, at firſt, whether to be angry or pleaſed. —At length, 'I thought at firſt,' ſaid ſhe, 'that you 'might have a bolder and free motive—But' (as my Mamma ſays) 'you *may* be a well-meaning man, tho' 'generally a little wrong-headed—However, as the 'world is cenſorious, and may think us nearer of kin 'than I would have it ſuppoſed, I muſt take care, that 'I am not ſeen abroad in your company.'

But let me add, Mr. Belford, that if this compliment of Mr. Hickman (or this *more* than compliment, as I may well call it, ſince the worthy man ſpeaks not of my dear Couſin without emotion) does

not produce a ſhort day, I ſhall think Miſs Howe has leſs generoſity in her temper than I am willing to allow her.

You will excuſe me, Mr. Belford, for the particularities which you invited and encouraged.

Having now ſeen every-thing that relates to the Will of my dear Couſin brought to a deſirable iſſue; I will ſet about making my own. I ſhall follow the dear creature's example, and give my reaſons for every article, that there may be no room for after-contention.

What but a fear of death, a fear unworthy of a creature who knows that he muſt one day as ſurely die as he was born, can hinder any one from making ſuch a diſpoſition?

I hope ſoon to pay my reſpects to you in town. Mean time, I am, with reſpect, dear SIR,

Your faithful and affectionate humble Servant,

WM. MORDEN.

LETTER XLI.

Mr. BELFORD, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Madam, *Thurſday, Sept.* 28.

I DO myſelf the honour to ſend you with This, according to my promiſe *(a)*, copies of the poſthumous Letters written by your exalted friend.

Theſe will be accompanied with other Letters, particularly a copy of one from Mr. Lovelace, begun to be written on the 14th, and continued down to the 18th *(b)*. You will ſee by it, Madam, the dreadful anguiſh that his ſpirits labour with, and his deep remorſe.

Mr. Lovelace ſent for this Letter back. I complied; but I firſt took a copy of it. As I have not told him that I have done ſo, you will be pleaſed to forbear communicating of it to any-body but Mr. Hickman. That gentleman's

(a) See p. 122. *(a)* See Letter xxxi.

gentleman's peruſal of it will be the ſame as if nobody but yourſelf ſaw at.

One of the Letters of Colonel Morden which I incloſe, you will obſerve, Madam, is only a copy *(a)* The true reaſon for which, as I will ingenuouſly acknowlege, is, ſome free, but reſpectful animadverſions which the Colonel has made upon your declining to carry into execution your part of your dear friend's laſt requeſts. I have therefore, in reſpect to that worthy gentleman (having a caution from *him* on that head) omitted thoſe parts.

Will you allow me, Madam, however, to tell you, that I myſelf could not have believed that my inimitable Teſtatrix's own Miſs Howe would have been the moſt backward in performing ſuch a part of her dear friend's Laſt Will, as is entirely in her own power to perform—Eſpecially, when that performance would make *one of the moſt deſerving men in England happy*; and whom, I preſume, ſhe *propoſes* to honour with her hand?

Excuſe me, Madam, I have a moſt ſincere veneration for you; and would not diſoblige you for the world.

I will not preſume to make remarks on the Letters I ſend you; nor upon the informations I have to give you of the dreadful end of two unhappy wretches, who were the greateſt criminals in the affair of your adorable friend. Theſe are the infamous *Sinclair*, and a perſon whom you have read of, no doubt, in the Letters of the charming innocent, by the name of Captain *Tomlinſon*.

The wretched woman died in the extremeſt tortures and deſpondency: The man from wounds got in defending himſelf in carrying on a contraband trade: Both accuſing themſelves, in their laſt hours, for the parts they had acted againſt the moſt excellent of women, as of the crime that gave them the deepeſt remorſe.

(a) *Viz.* The preceding.

Give me leave to ſay, Madam, that if your *compaſſion* be not excited for the poor man who ſuffers ſo greatly from his own anguiſh of mind, as you will obſerve by his Letter he does; and for the unhappy family, whoſe remorſe, as you will ſee by Col. Morden's, is ſo deep;—your *terror* muſt. And yet I ſhall not wonder, if the juſt ſenſe of the irreparable loſs you have ſuſtained hardens a heart againſt pity, which, on a leſs extraordinary occaſion, would want its *principal grace*, if it were not compaſſionate.

I am, Madam, with the greateſt reſpect and gratitude,

Your moſt obliged and faithful humble Servant,

J. BELFORD.

LETTER XLII.

Miſs HOWE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

SIR, *Sat. Sept.* 30.

I Little thought I ever could have owed ſo much obligation to any man, as you have laid me under. And yet what you have ſent me has almoſt broken my heart, and ruined my eyes.

I am ſurpriſed, tho' agreeably, that you have ſo ſoon, and ſo well, got over that part of the Truſt you have engaged in, which relates to the family.

It may be preſumed, from the exits you mention of two of the infernal man's accomplices, that the thunder-bolt will not ſtop ſhort of the principal. Indeed I have ſome pleaſure to think it ſeems rolling along towards the devoted head that has plotted all the miſchief. But let me, however, ſay, that altho' I think Mr. Morden not altogether in the wrong in his reaſons for reſentment, as he is the dear creature's Kinſman and Truſtee; yet I think you very much in the right in endeavouring to diſſuade him from it, as you are her Executor, and act in purſuance of her earneſt requeſt.

But what a Letter is that of the infernal man! I cannot

cannot obſerve upon it. Neither can I, for very different reaſons, upon my dear creature's poſthumous Letters; particularly on that to him. Oh! Mr. Belford! what numberleſs perfections died, when my Clariſſa drew her laſt breath!

If decency be obſerved in his Letters; for I have not yet had patience to read above two or three of them (beſides this horrid one, which I return you incloſed); I may ſome time hence be curious to look, by *their* means, into the hearts of wretches, which, tho' they muſt be the abhorrence of virtuous minds, will, when laid open (as I preſume they are in them) afford a *proper warning* to thoſe who read them, and teach them to *deteſt men of ſuch profligate characters.*

If your reformation be ſincere, you will not be offended that I do not except you on this occaſion.--And thus have I helped you to a criterion to try yourſelf by.

By this Letter of the wicked man it is apparent, that there are ſtill wickeder women. But ſee what a guilty commerce with the devils of your Sex will bring thoſe to, whoſe morals ye have ruined!—For theſe women were once innocent. It was *man* that made them otherwiſe. The firſt bad man, perhaps, threw them upon worſe men: Thoſe upon ſtill worſe; till they commenced devils incarnate—*The height of wickedneſs, or of ſhame, is not arrived at all at once*, as I have ſomewhere heard obſerved.

But this man, this monſter rather, for *him* to curſe theſe women, and to curſe the dear creature's family (implacable as the latter were) in order to lighten a burden he voluntarily took up, and groans under, is *meanneſs* added to *wickedneſs*: And in vain will he one day find his low plea of ſharing with *her friends*, and with *thoſe common wretches*, a guilt which will be adjudged him *as all his own*: tho' *they* too may meet with their puniſhment: As it is evidently begun; in the *firſt*, in their ineffectual reproaches of one another; in the *ſecond*—as you have told me.

This Letter of the abandoned wretch I have not ſhewn to any-body; not even to Mr. Hickman: For, Sir, I muſt tell you, I do not as *yet* think it the ſame thing as only ſeeing it myſelf.

Mr. Hickman, like the reſt of his Sex, would grow upon indulgence. One diſtinction from me would make him pay two to himſelf. Inſolent creepers, or encroachers, all of you! To ſhew any of you a *favour* to day, you would expect it as a *right* to-morrow.

I am, as you ſee, very open and ſincere with you; and deſign in another Letter to be ſtill more ſo, in anſwer to your call, and Col. Morden's call, upon me, in a point that concerns me to explain myſelf upon to my beloved creature's Executor, and to the Colonel, as her *only tender* and *only worthy* relation.

I cannot but highly applaud Colonel Morden for his generoſity to Miſs Dolly Hervey.

O that he had arrived time enough to ſave my inimitable friend from the machinations of the vileſt of men, and from the envy and malice of the moſt ſelfiſh and implacable of Brothers and Siſters!

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XLIII.

Miſs HOWE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Monday, Oct. 2.

WHEN you queſtion me, Sir, as you do, and on a ſubject ſo affecting to me, in the character of the repreſentative of my beſt-beloved friend, and have in every particular hitherto acted up to that character, you are entitled to my regard: Eſpecially as you are joined in your queſtioning of me by a gentleman whom I look upon as the deareſt and neareſt (becauſe worthieſt) relation of my dear friend: And who, it ſeems, has been ſo ſevere a cenſurer of my conduct, that your politeneſs will not permit you to ſend me his Letter, with others of his; but a copy only, in which the paſſages reflecting upon me are omitted.

I

I preſume, however, that what is meant by this alarming freedom of the Colonel, is no more than what you both have already hinted to me. As if you thought I were not inclined to pay ſo much regard to my beloved creature's Laſt Will, in my own caſe, as I would have others pay to it. A charge that I ought not to be quite ſilent under.

You have obſerved, no doubt, that I have ſeemed to value myſelf upon the freedom I take in declaring my ſentiments without reſerve upon every ſubject that I pretend to touch upon: And I can hardly queſtion that I have, or ſhall, in your opinion, by my unceremonious treatment of you upon ſo ſhort an acquaintance, run into the error of thoſe, who, wanting to be thought above hypocriſy and flattery, fall into ruſticity, if not ill-manners; a common fault with ſuch, who, not caring to correct conſtitutional failings, ſeek to gloſs them over by ſome *nominal* virtue; when all the time, perhaps, theſe failings are entirely owing to native arrogance; or, at leaſt, to a contracted ruſt, that they will not, becauſe it would give them pain, ſubmit to have filed off.

You ſee, Sir, that I can, however, be as free with myſelf as with you: And, by what I am going to write, you will find me ſtill more free: And yet I am aware, that ſuch of my Sex as will not aſſume ſome little dignity, and exact reſpect from yours, will render themſelves cheap; and perhaps, for their modeſty and diffidence, be repaid with ſcorn and inſult.

But the ſcorn I will endeavour not to deſerve; and the inſult I will not bear.

In ſome of the dear creature's papers which you have had in your poſſeſſion, and muſt again have in order to get tranſcribed, you will find ſeveral friendly, but ſevere reprehenſions of me, on account of a natural, or, at leaſt, an *habitual*, warmth of temper, which ſhe was pleaſed to impute to me.

I was thinking to give you her charge againſt me in

her own words, from one of her Letters delivered to *me* with her own hands, on taking leave of me, on the laſt viſit ſhe honoured me with. But I will ſupply that charge by confeſſion of more than it imports; to wit, 'That I am haughty, uncontroulable, and violent in my temper;' This *I ſay*; 'Impatient of contradiction,' *was my Beloved's charge* [From any-body but her dear ſelf, ſhe ſhould have ſaid]; 'and aim not 'at that affability, that gentleneſs next to meekneſs, 'which, in the Letter I was going to communicate, 'ſhe tells me are the peculiar and indiſpenſable characteriſtics of a real fine Lady; who, ſhe is pleaſed 'to ſay, ſhould appear to be gall-leſs as a dove; and 'never ſhould know what warmth or high ſpirit is, 'but in the cauſe of Religion or Virtue; or in caſes 'where her own honour, the honour of a friend, or 'that of an innocent perſon is concerned.'

Now, Sir, as I muſt needs plead guilty to this indictment, do you think I ought not to reſolve upon a Single Life?—I, who have ſuch an opinion of your Sex, that I think there is not one man in an hundred whom a woman of ſenſe and ſpirit can either *honour* or *obey*, tho' you make us promiſe *both*, in that ſolemn form of words which unites or rather *binds* us to you in marriage?

When I look round upon all the married people of my acquaintance, and ſee how *they* live, and what *they* bear who live *beſt*, I am confirmed in my diſlike to the State.

Well do your Sex contrive to bring us up fools and ideots, in order to make us bear the yoke you lay upon our ſhoulders; and that we may not deſpiſe you from our hearts (as we certainly ſhould, if we were brought up as you are) for your *ignorance*, as much as you often make us do (as it is) for your *inſolence*.

Theſe, Sir, are ſome of my notions. And, with theſe notions, let me repeat my queſtion, *Do you think I ought to marry at all?*

If

If I marry either a ſordid or an imperious wretch, can I, do you think, live with him? And ought a man of a contrary character, for the ſake of either of our reputations, to be plagued with me?

Long did I ſtand out againſt all the offers made me, and againſt all the perſuaſions of my Mother; and, to tell you the truth, the *longer*, and with the *more* obſtinacy, as the perſon my choice would have firſt fallen upon, was neither approved by my Mother, nor by my dear friend. This riveted me to my pride, and to my oppoſition: For altho' I was convinced after a while, that my choice would neither have been prudent nor happy; and that the ſpecious wretch was not what he had made me believe he was; yet could I not eaſily think of any other man: And indeed, from the detection of him, took a ſettled averſion to the whole Sex.

At laſt Mr. Hickman offered himſelf; a man worthy of a better choice. He had the good fortune [*He thinks it ſo*] to be agreeable (and to make his propoſals agreeable) to my Mother.

As to myſelf; I own, that were I to have choſen a Brother, Mr. Hickman ſhould have been the man; virtuous, ſober, ſincere, friendly, as he is. But I wiſhed not to marry: Nor knew I the man in the world whom I could think deſerving of my beloved Friend. But neither of our parents would let us live ſingle.

The accurſed Lovelace was propoſed warmly to *her*, at one time; and while ſhe was yet but indifferent to him, they by ungenerous uſage of him (for then, Sir, he was not known to be Beelzebub himſelf) and by endeavouring to force her inclinations in favour firſt of one worthleſs man, then of another, *in antipathy to him*, thro' her fooliſh Brother's caprice, turned that indifference (from the natural generoſity of her ſoul) into a regard which ſhe never otherwiſe would have had for a man of his character.

Mr. Hickman was propoſed *to me*. I refuſed him again and again. He perſiſted: My Mother his advocate. My Mother made my beloved Friend his advocate too. I told him my diſlike of all men: Of him: Of matrimony.—Still he perſiſted. I uſed him with tyranny: Led indeed partly by my temper, partly by deſign; hoping thereby to get rid of him; till the poor man (his character unexceptionably uniform) ſtill perſiſting, made himſelf a merit with me by his patience. This brought down my pride [I never, Sir, was accounted very ungenerous, nor quite ungrateful] and gave me, at one time, an inferiority in my own opinion to him; which laſted juſt long enough for my friends to prevail upon me to promiſe him encouragement; and to receive his addreſſes.

Having ſo done, when the weather-glaſs of my pride got up again, I found I had gone too far to recede. My Mother and my Friend both held me to it. Yet I tried him; I vexed him an hundred ways; and not ſo much neither with *deſign* to vex him, as to make him hate me, and decline his ſuit.

He bore this, however; and got nothing but my pity: Yet ſtill my Mother and my Friend, having obtained my promiſe [made, however, not to *him*, but to *them*] and being well aſſured that I valued no man *more* than Mr. Hickman (who never once diſobliged me in word, or deed, or look, except by his fooliſh perſeverance) inſiſted upon the performance.

While my dear Friend was in her unhappy uncertainty, I could not think of marriage: And now, what encouragement have I?—She, my Monitreſs, my Guide, my Counſel, gone, for ever gone!—By whoſe advice and inſtructions I hoped to acquit myſelf tolerably in the State into which I could not avoid entering. For, Sir, my Mother is ſo partially Mr. Hickman's friend, that I am ſure, ſhould any difference ariſe, ſhe would always cenſure me, and acquit him; even were he ungenerous enough to remember me in his day.

This,

This, Sir, being my ſituation, conſider how difficult it is for me to think of marriage. Whenever we approve, we can find an hundred good reaſons to juſtify our approbation. Whenever we diſlike, we can find a thouſand to juſtify our diſlike. Every-thing in the latter caſe is an impediment: Every ſhadow a bugbear. —Thus can I enumerate and ſwell perhaps only *imaginary* grievances; 'I muſt go whither he would have 'me to go: Viſit whom he would have me to viſit: 'Well, as I love to write (tho' now, alas! my grand 'inducement to write is over) it muſt be to whom he 'pleaſes:' And *Mrs. Hickman* (who, as *Miſs Howe*, cannot do wrong) would hardly ever be able to do right. Thus, the tables turned upon me, I am reminded of my vowed obedience; *Madam'd up* perhaps to matrimonial perfection, and all the wedded warfare practiſed comfortably over between us (for I ſhall not be paſſive under inſolent treatment) till we become curſes to each other, a bye-word to our neighbours, and the jeſt of our own ſervants.

But there muſt be *bear* and *forbear*, methinks ſome wiſe body will tell me: But why muſt I be teazed into a State where that *muſt* be neceſſarily the caſe; when now I can do as I pleaſe, and wiſh only to be let alone to do as beſt pleaſes me? And what, in effect, does my Mother ſay? 'Anna Howe, you now do 'every-thing that pleaſes you: You now have no-'body to controul you: You go and you come; you 'dreſs and you undreſs; you riſe and you go to reſt, 'juſt as you think beſt: But you muſt be happier ſtill 'child!—'

As how, Madam?

'Why, you muſt marry, my dear, and have 'none of theſe options; but, in every thing, do as 'your Huſband commands you.'

This is very hard, you will own, Sir, for ſuch a one as me to think of. And yet, engaged to enter into that State, as I am, how can I help myſelf? My Mother

Mother preſſes me; my Friend, my beloved Friend, writing as from the dead, preſſes me; and You, and Mr. Morden, as Executors of her Will, remind me; the Man is not afraid of me [I am ſure, were I the man, I ſhould not have half his courage]; and I think I ought to conclude to puniſh him (the only effectual way I have to do it) for his perverſe adherence and perſecution, *with the grant of his own wiſhes*; a puniſhment which many others who enjoy theirs very commonly experience.

Let me then aſſure you, Sir, that when I can find, in the words of my charming Friend in her Will, writing of her Couſin Hervey, that my grief for her is *mellowed by time into a remembrance more ſweet than painful*, that I may not be utterly unworthy of the paſſion a man of ſome merit has for me, I will anſwer the requeſt of my dear Friend, ſo often repeated, and ſo earneſtly preſſed; and Mr. Hickman ſhall find, if he continue to deſerve my gratitude, that my endeavours ſhall not be wanting to make him amends for the patience he has had, and muſt ſtill a little while longer have with me: And then will it be his own fault (I hope not mine) if our marriage anſwer not thoſe happy *prognoſtics*, *which filled her* generous *preſaging mind*, upon this view, as ſhe once, for *my* encouragement, and to induce me to encourage him, told me.

Thus, Sir, have I, in a very free manner, accounted to you, as to the Executor of my beloved Friend, for all that relates to you, as ſuch, to know; and even for more than I needed to do, againſt myſelf: Only that you will find as much againſt me in ſome of *her* Letters; and ſo, *loſing* nothing, I *gain* the character of *ingenuouſneſs* with you.

And thus much for the double reprimand, on my delaying my part of the performance of my dear Friend's Will.

And now, while you are admoniſhing me on this ſubject, let me remind you of one great article relating

to

to yourſelf: It is furniſhed me by my dear Creature's poſthumous Letter to you—I hope you will not forget, that the moſt benevolent of her Sex expreſſes herſelf as earneſtly concerned for your thorough reformation, as ſhe does for my marrying. You'll ſee to it then, that her wiſhes are as completely anſwered in that particular, as you are deſirous they ſhould be in all others.

I have, I own, diſobeyed her in one article; and that is, where ſhe deſires that I will not put myſelf into mourning. I could not help it.

I ſend this and mine of Saturday laſt together: And will not add another word, after I have told you, that I think myſelf

Your obliged Servant,
A. Howe.

LETTER XLIV.

Mr. Belford, *To Miſs* Howe.

Thurſday Night, Oct. 5.

I Return you, Madam, my moſt reſpectful thanks for your condeſcending hint, in relation to the pious wiſhes of your exalted friend for my thorough reformation.

I will only ſay, that it will be my earneſt and unwearied endeavour to make thoſe generous wiſhes effectual: And I hope for the Divine bleſſing upon ſuch my endeavours, or elſe I know they will be in vain.

I cannot, Madam, expreſs how much I think myſelf obliged to you for your further condeſcenſion, in writing to me ſo frankly the ſtate of your paſt and preſent mind, in relation to the Single and Matrimonial Life. If the Lady by whom, as the Executor of her inimitable Friend, I am thus honoured, *has* failings, never were failings ſo lovely in woman!—How much more lovely, indeed, than the virtues of many of her Sex!

I might have ventured into the hands of ſuch a Lady the

the Colonel's original Letter entire. That worthy gentleman exceedingly admires you; and his caution was the effect of his politeneſs only, and of his regard for you.

I ſend you, Madam, a Letter from Lord M. to myſelf; and the copies of three others written in conſequence of that. Theſe will acquaint you with Mr. Lovelace's departure from England, and with other particulars, which you will be curious to know.

Be pleaſed to keep to yourſelf ſuch of the contents as your own prudence will ſuggeſt to you ought not to be ſeen by any-body elſe.

I am, Madam, with the profoundeſt and moſt grateful reſpect,

Your faithful and obliged humble Servant,

JOHN BELFORD.

LETTER XLV.

Lord M. *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Dear Sir, *M. Hall, Friday, Sept.* 29.

MY kinſman Lovelace is now ſetting out for London; propoſing to ſee you, and then to go to Dover, and ſo embark. God ſend him well out of the kingdom!

On Monday he will be with you, I believe. Pray let me be favoured with an account of all your converſations; for Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Tourville are to be there too; and whether you think he is grown quite his own man again. What I moſtly write for is, to wiſh you to keep Colonel Morden and him aſunder; and ſo I give you notice of his going to town. I ſhould be very loth there ſhould be any miſchief between them, as you gave me notice that the Colonel threatened my Nephew. But my kinſman would not bear that; ſo nobody let him know that he did. But I hope there is no fear: For the Colonel does not, as I hear, threaten now. For his own ſake, I am glad

of

of that; for there is not ſuch a man in the world as my kinſman is ſaid to be, at all the weapons—As well he was not; he would not be ſo daring.

We ſhall all here miſs the wild fellow. To be ſure, there is no man better company when he pleaſes.

Pray, do you never travel thirty or forty mile? I ſhould be glad to ſee you here at M. Hall. It will be charity, when my kinſman is gone; for we ſuppoſe you will be his chief correſpondent: Altho' he has promiſed to write to my Nieces often. But he is very apt to forget his promiſes; To us his relations particularly. God preſerve us all; Amen! prays

Your very humble Servant,

M.

LETTER XLVI.

Mr. BELFORD, *To Lord* M.

My Lord, *London, Tueſday Night, Oct.* 3.

I Obey your Lordſhip's commands with great pleaſure.

Yeſterday in the afternoon Mr. Lovelace made me a viſit at my lodgings. As I was in expectation of one from Colonel Morden about the ſame time, I thought proper to carry him to a Tavern which neither of us frequented (on pretence of an half-appointment); ordering notice to be ſent me thither, if the Colonel came; And Mr. Lovelace ſent to Mowbray, and Tourville, and Mr. Doleman of Uxbridge (who came to town to take leave of him) to let them know where to find us.

Mr. Lovelace is *too well* recovered, I was going to ſay. I never ſaw him more gay, lively, and handſome. We had a good deal of bluſter about ſome parts of the Truſt I have engaged in; and upon freedoms I had treated him with; in which, he would have it, that I had exceeded our agreed-on limits: But on the arrival of our three old companions, and a Nephew of

Mr.

Mr. Doleman's (who had a good while been deſirous to paſs an hour with Mr. Lovelace) it blew off for the preſent.

Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Tourville had alſo taken ſome exceptions at the freedoms of my pen; and Mr. Loveſace, after his way, took upon him to reconcile us; and did it at the expence of all three; and with ſuch an infinite run of humour and raillery, that we had nothing to do but to laugh at what he ſaid, and at one another. I can deal tolerably with him at my pen; but in converſation he has no equal. In ſhort, it was his day. He was glad, he ſaid, to find himſelf alive; and his two friends, clapping and rubbing their hands twenty times in an hour, declared, that now once more he was all himſelf; the charming'ſt fellow in the world; and they would follow him to the fartheſt part of the globe.

I threw a bur upon his coat now-and-then; but none would ſtick.

Your Lordſhip knows, that there are many things which occaſion a roar of applauſe in converſation, when the heart is *open*, and men are *reſolved* to be merry, which will neither bear repeating, nor thinking of afterwards. Common things, in the mouth of a man we admire, and whoſe wit has paſſed upon us for ſterling, become, in a gay hour, *uncommon*. We watch every turn of ſuch a one's countenance, and are reſolved to laugh when he ſmiles, even before he utters what we are expecting to flow from his lips.

Mr. Doleman and his Nephew took leave of us by Twelve. Mowbray and Tourville grew very noiſy by One; and were carried off by Two. Wine never moves Mr. Lovelace, notwithſtanding a vivacity which generally helps on over-gay ſpirits. As to myſelf, the little part I had taken in their gaiety kept me unconcerned.

The clock ſtruck Three before I could get him into any ſerious or attentive way—So natural to him is gaiety

gaiety of heart; and ſuch ſtrong hold had the liveli-neſs of the evening taken of him. His converſation you know, my Lord, when his heart is free, runs off to the bottom without any dregs.

But after that hour, and when we thought of part-ing, he became a little more ſerious: And then he told me his deſigns, and gave me a plan of his in-tended Tour; wiſhing heartily, that I could have ac-companied him.

We parted about Four; he not a little diſſatisfied with me; for we had ſome talk about ſubjects, which, he ſaid, he loved not to think of; to wit, Miſs Har-lowe's Will; my Executorſhip; Papers I had in con-fidence communicated to that admirable Lady (with no unfriendly deſign, I aſſure your Lordſhip); and he inſiſting upon, and I refuſing, the return of the Let-ters he had written to me, from the time that he had made his firſt addreſſes to her.

He would ſee me once again, he ſaid; and it would be upon very ill terms if I complied not with his re-queſt. Which I bid him not expect. But, that I might not deny him every-thing, I told him, that I would give him a copy of the Will; tho' I was ſure, I ſaid, when he read it, he would wiſh he had never ſeen it.

I had a meſſage from him about Eleven this morn-ing, deſiring me to name a place at which to dine with Him, and Mowbray, and Tourville, for the laſt time: And ſoon after another from Colonel Morden, inviting me to paſs the evening with him at the Bed-ford-Head in Covent-Garden. And, that I might keep them at a diſtance from one another, I appointed Mr. Lovelace at the Eagle in Suffolk-ſtreet.

There I met him, and the two others. We began where we left off at our laſt parting; and were very high with each other. But, at laſt, all was made up, and he offered to forget and forgive every-thing, on condition that I would correſpond with him while abroad,

abroad, and continue the ſeries which had been broken thro' by his illneſs; and particularly give him, as I had offered, a copy of the Lady's Will.

I promiſed him: And he then fell to raillying me on my gravity, and on my Reformation-ſchemes, as he called them. As we walked about the room expecting dinner to be brought in, he laid his hand upon my ſhoulder; then puſhed me from him with a curſe; walking round me, and ſurveying me from head to foot; then calling for the obſervations of the others, he turned round upon his heel, and, with one of his peculiar wild airs, 'Ha, ha, ha, ha, burſt he out, that 'theſe four-faced proſelytes ſhould take it into their 'heads that they cannot be pious, without forfeiting 'both their good nature and good manners!—Why, 'Jack, turning me about, pr'ythee look up, man!—'Doſt thou not know, that Religion, if it has taken 'proper hold of the heart, is the moſt chearful *coun-*'*tenance-maker* in the world?—I have heard my be-'loved Miſs Harlowe ſay ſo: And ſhe knew, or no-'body did. And was not *her* aſpect a benign proof 'of the obſervation? But by theſe wamblings in thy 'curſed gizzard, and thy aukward grimaces, I ſee 'thou'rt but a novice in it yet!—Ah, Belford, Bel-'ford, thou haſt a confounded parcel of briars and 'thorns to trample over bareſoot, before Religion 'will illumine theſe gloomy features!'

I give your Lordſhip this account, in anſwer to your deſire to know, if I think him the man he was?

In our converſation at dinner, he was balancing whether he ſhould ſet out the next morning, or the morning after. But finding he had nothing to do, and Colonel Morden being in town (which, however, I told him not of) I turned the ſcale; and he agreed upon ſetting out to-morrow morning; they to ſee him embark; and I promiſed to accompany them for a morning's ride (as they propoſed their horſes); but ſaid, that I muſt return in the afternoon.

With

With much reluctance they let me go to my evening's appointment: They little thought with whom: For Mr. Lovelace had put it as a caſe of honour to all of us, whether, as he had been told that Mr. Morden and Mr. James Harlowe had thrown out menaces againſt him, he ought to leave the kingdom till he had thrown himſelf in their way.

Mowbray gave his opinion, that he ought to leave it like a man of honour, as he was; and if he did not take thoſe gentlemen to taſk for their opprobrious ſpeeches, that at leaſt he ſhould be ſeen by them in public before he went away; elſe they might give themſelves airs, as if he had left the kingdom in fear of them.

To this he himſelf ſo much inclined, that it was with difficulty I perſuaded him, that, as they had neither of them proceeded to a *direct* and *formal challenge*; as they knew he had not made himſelf difficult of acceſs; and as he had already done the family injury enough; and it was Miſs Harlowe's earneſt deſire, that he would be content with that; he had no reaſon, from any point of honour, to delay his journey; eſpecially as he had ſo juſt a motive for his going, as the eſtabliſhing of his health; and as he might return the ſooner, if he ſaw occaſion for it.

I found the Colonel in a very ſolemn way. We had a good deal of diſcourſe upon the ſubject of certain Letters which had paſſed between us in relation to Miſs Harlowe's Will, and to her family.

He has ſome accounts to ſettle with his Banker; which, he ſays, will be adjuſted to-morrow; and on Thurſday he propoſes to go down again, to take leave of his friends; and then intends to ſet out directly for Italy.

I wiſhed Mr. Lovelace could have been prevailed upon to take any other Tour, than that of France and Italy. I did propoſe Madrid to him; but he laugh'd at me, and told me, that the propoſal was in charac-

ter

ter from a *Mule*; and from one who was become as grave as a Spaniard of the *Old Cut*, at *Ninety*.

I expreſſed to the Colonel my apprehenſions, that his Couſin's dying injunctions would not have the force upon him, that were to be wiſhed.

'They have *great force* upon me, Mr. Belford, 'ſaid he; or *one world* would not have held Mr. 'Lovelace and me thus long. But my intention is to 'go to Florence; not to lay my bones there, as upon 'my Couſin's death I told you I thought to do; but 'to ſettle all my affairs in thoſe parts, and then to 'come over, and reſide upon a little paternal Eſtate 'in Kent, which is ſtrangely gone to ruin in my ab-'ſence. Indeed, were I to meet Mr. Lovelace, either 'here or abroad, I might not be anſwerable for the 'conſequence.'

He would have engaged me for to-morrow. But having promiſed to attend Mr. Lovelace on his journey, as I have mentioned, I ſaid, I was obliged to go out of town, and was uncertain as to the time of my return in the evening. And ſo I am to ſee him on Thurſday morning at my own lodgings.

I will do myſelf the honour to write again to your Lordſhip to-morrow night. Mean time, I am, my Lord,

Your Lordſhip's, &c.

LETTER XLVII.

Mr. BELFORD, *To Lord* M.

My Lord, *Wedn. Night, Oct.* 4.

I AM juſt returned from attending Mr. Lovelace as far as Gad's-Hill near Rocheſter. He was exceeding gay all the way. Mowbray and Tourville are gone on with him. They will ſee him embark, and under ſail; and promiſe to follow him in a month or two; for they ſay, there is no living without him, now he is once more himſelf.

He

He and I parted with great and even ſolemn tokens of affection; but yet not without gay intermixtures, as I will acquaint your Lordſhip.

Taking me aſide, and claſping his arms about me, 'Adieu, dear Belford! ſaid he: May you proceed 'in the courſe you have entered upon! Whatever 'airs I give myſelf, this charming creature has faſt 'hold of me *here*--[clapping his hand upon his heart]; 'and I muſt either appear what you ſee me, or be 'what I ſo lately was.—O the divine creature! lift-'ing up his eyes—

'But if I live to come to England, and you remain 'fixed in your preſent way, and can give me encou-'ragement, I hope rather to follow your *example*, than 'to ridicule you for it. This Will [for I had given 'him a copy of it] I will make the companion of my 'ſolitary hours. You have told me part of its me-'lancholy contents; and That, and her poſthumous 'Letter, ſhall be my ſtudy; and they will prepare 'me for being your diſciple, if you hold on.

'*You*, Jack, may marry, continued he; and I 'have a wife in my eye for you.—Only thou'rt ſuch 'an aukward mortal' [He ſaw me affected, and thought to make me ſmile]: 'But we don't make 'ourſelves, except it be worſe, by our dreſs. Thou 'art in mourning now, as well as I: But if ever thy 'ridiculous turn lead thee again to be Beau-Brocade, 'I will *bedizen* thee, as the girls ſay, on my return, 'to my own fancy, and according to thy own *natural* '*appearance*—Thou ſhalt doctor my ſoul, and I will 'doctor thy body: Thou ſhalt ſee what a clever fel-'low I will make of thee.

'As for *me*, I never *will*, I never *can*, marry—'That I will not take a few liberties, and that I will 'not try to ſtart ſome of my former game, I won't 'promiſe—Habits are not eaſily ſhaken off—But they 'ſhall be by way of weaning. So *return* and *reform* 'ſhall go together.

'And

'And now, thou ſorrowful monkey, what aileth 'thee?' I do love him, my Lord.

'Adieu!—And once more adieu!—embracing me. 'And when thou thinkeſt thou haſt made thyſelf an 'intereſt *out yonder* (looking up) then put in a word 'for thy Lovelace.'

Joining company, he recommended to me, to write often; and promiſed to let me quickly hear from him; and that he would write to your Lordſhip, and to all his family round; for he ſaid, that you had all been more kind to him, than he had deſerved.

And ſo we parted.

I hope, my Lord, for all your noble family's ſake, that we ſhall ſee him ſoon return, and reform, as he promiſes.

I return your Lordſhip my humble thanks for the honour of your invitation to M. Hall. The firſt Letter I receive from Mr. Lovelace ſhall give me the opportunity of embracing it. I am, my Lord,

Your moſt faithful and obedient Servant,

J. BELFORD.

LETTER XLVIII.

Mr. BELFORD, *To Lord* M.

Thurſday Morning, Oct. 5.

IT may be ſome ſatisfaction to your Lordſhip, to have a brief account of what has juſt now paſſed between Colonel Morden and me.

We had a good deal of diſcourſe about the Harlowe-family, and thoſe parts of the Lady's Will which ſtill remain unexecuted; after which the Colonel addreſſed himſelf to me in a manner which gave me ſome ſurprize.

He flattered himſelf, he ſaid, from my preſent happy turn, and from my good conſtitution, that I ſhould live a great many years. It was therefore his requeſt, that I would conſent to be *his* Executor; ſince it was impoſſible

impoſſible for him to make a better choice, or purſue a better example, than his Couſin had ſet.

His heart, he ſaid, was in it: There were ſome things in his Couſin's Will and *his* analogous; and he had named one perſon with me, with whom he was ſure I would not refuſe to be joined: and to whom he intended to apply for his conſent, when he had obtained mine (*a*). [Intimating, as far as I could gather, that it was Mr. Hickman, ſon of Sir Charles Hickman; to whom I knew your Lordſhip is not a ſtranger: For he ſaid, Every one who was dear to his beloved Couſin muſt be ſo to him: And he knew, that the gentleman whom he had thoughts of, would have, beſides my advice and aſſiſtance, the advice of one of the moſt ſenſible Ladies in England.]

He took my hand, ſeing me under ſome ſurprize: You muſt not heſitate, much leſs deny me, Mr. Belford. Indeed you muſt not. Two things I will aſſure you of: That I have, as I hope, made every-thing ſo clear, that you cannot have any litigation: And that I have done ſo juſtly, and I hope it will be thought ſo generouſly, by all my relations, that a mind like yours will rather have pleaſure than pain in the execution of this Truſt. And this is what I think every honeſt man, who hopes to find an honeſt man for his Executor, ſhould do.

I told him, that I was greatly obliged to him for his good opinion of me: That it was ſo much every man's *duty* to be an honeſt man, that it could not be interpreted as vanity to ſay, that I had no doubt to be found ſo. But if I accepted of this Truſt, it muſt be on condition—

I could name no condition, he ſaid, interrupting me, which he would refuſe to comply with.

This condition, I told him, was, that as there was as great a probability of his being *my* ſurvivor, as I *his*,

(*a*) What is between crotchets, thus [ ], Mr. Belford omitted in the tranſcription of this Letter to Miſs Howe.

he would permit me to name *him* for mine; and, in that caſe, a week ſhould not paſs before I made my Will.

With all his heart, he ſaid; and the readier, as he had no apprehenſions of ſuddenly dying; for what he had done and requeſted was really the effect of the ſatisfaction he had taken in the part I had already acted as his Couſin's Executor; and in my ability, he was pleaſed to add: As well as in purſuance of his Couſin's advice in the preamble to her Will; to wit: 'That 'this was a work which ſhould be ſet about in full 'health, both of body and mind.'

I told him, that I was pleaſed to hear him ſay, that he was not in any apprehenſion of ſuddenly dying; as this gave me aſſurance that he had laid aſide all thoughts of acting contrary to the dying requeſt of his beloved Couſin.

Does it argue, ſaid he, ſmiling, that if I were to purſue a vengeance ſo juſtifiable in my own opinion, I muſt be in apprehenſion of falling by Mr. Lovelace's hand?—I will aſſure you, that I have no fears of that ſort—But I know this is an ungrateful ſubject to you. Mr. Lovelace is your friend; and I will allow, that a *good* man may have a friendſhip for a *bad one*, ſo far as to wiſh him well, without countenancing him in his evil.

I will aſſure you, added he, that I have not yet made any reſolutions either way. I have told you what force my Couſin's repeated requeſts have with me. Hitherto they have with-held me—But let us quit this ſubject.

This, Sir [giving me a ſealed up parcel] is my Will. It is witneſſed. I made no doubt of prevailing upon you to do me the requeſted favour. I have a duplicate to leave with the other gentleman; and an atteſted copy, which I ſhall depoſit at my Banker's. At my return, which will be in Six or Eight months at fartheſt, I will allow you to make an exchange of yours, if you will have it ſo. I have only now to take leave of my relations

tions in the country. And ſo God protect you, Mr. Belford! You will ſoon hear of me again.

He then very ſolemnly embraced me, as I did him: And we parted.

I heartily congratulate your Lordſhip on the narrow eſcape each gentleman has had from the other: For I apprehend, that they could not have met without fatal conſequences.

Time, I hope, which ſubdues all things, will ſubdue their reſentments. I am, my Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt faithful and obedient Servant,

J. BELFORD.

Several other letters paſſed between Miſs Howe and Mr. Belford, relating to the diſpoſition of the Papers and Letters; to the Poor's Fund; and to other articles of the Lady's Will: Wherein the method of proceeding in each caſe was adjuſted. After which the Papers were returned to Mr. Belford, that he might order the two directed copies of them to be taken.

In one of theſe Letters Mr. Belford requeſts Miſs Howe to give the Character of the Friend ſhe ſo dearly loved: 'A taſk, he imagines, that will be as 'agreeable to herſelf, as worthy of her pen.'

'I am more eſpecially curious to know, *ſays he*, 'what was that particular diſpoſition of her time, 'which I find mentioned in a Letter which I 'have juſt dipt into, where her Siſter is enviouſly reproaching her on that ſcore *(a)*. This information may perhaps enable me, *ſays he*, to 'account for what has often ſurpriſed me; How, 'at ſo tender an age, this admirable Lady became miſtreſs of ſuch extraordinary and ſuch 'various qualifications.'

(a) See Vol. I. p. 288, 289.

LETTER XLIX.

Miſs HOWE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

SIR, *Thurſday, Oct.* 12.

I AM incapable of doing juſtice to the character of my beloved Friend; and that not only from want of talents, but from grief; which, I think, rather encreaſes than diminiſhes by time; and which will not let me ſit down to a taſk that requires ſo much thought, and a greater degree of accuracy than I ever believed myſelf miſtreſs of.

And yet I ſo well approve of your motion, that I will throw into your hands a few materials, that may ſerve by way of ſupplement, as I may ſay, to thoſe you will be able to collect from the papers themſelves; from Col. Morden's Letters to you, particularly that of Sept. 23. (*a*); and from the Letters of the deteſtable wretch himſelf, who, I find, has done her juſtice, altho' to his own condemnation: All theſe together will enable *you*, who ſeem to be ſo great an admirer of her virtues, to perform the taſk; and, I think, better than any perſon I know. But I make it my requeſt, that if you do any-thing in this way, you will let me ſee it.—If I find it not to my mind, I will add or diminiſh, as juſtice ſhall require.

She was a wonderful creature from her *infancy*: But I ſuppoſe you intend to give a character of her at thoſe years when ſhe was qualified to be an example to other young Ladies, rather than a hiſtory of her life.

Perhaps, nevertheleſs, you will chuſe to give a deſcription of her perſon: And as you knew not the dear creature when her heart was eaſy, I will tell you, what yet, in part, you can confirm:

That her ſhape was ſo fine, her proportion ſo exact, her features ſo regular, her complexion ſo lovely, and her whole perſon and manner ſo diſtinguiſhably charming, that ſhe could not move without being admired and followed by the eyes of every one, tho' ſtrangers, who

(*a*) See Letter xxxix.

who never ſaw her before. Col. Morden's Letter, above referred to, will confirm this.

In her dreſs ſhe was elegant beyond imitation; and generally led the faſhion to all the Ladies round her, without ſeeming to intend it, and without being proud of doing ſo *(a)*.

She was rather tall, than of a middling ſtature; and had a dignity in her aſpect and air, that beſpoke the mind that animated every feature.

This *native* dignity, as I may call it, induced ſome ſuperficial perſons, who knew not how to account for the reverence which involuntarily filled their hearts on her appearance, to impute pride to her. But theſe were ſuch as knew that they ſhould have been proud of any *one* of her perfections: Judging therefore by their own narrowneſs, they thought it impoſſible that the Lady who poſſeſſed *ſo many*, ſhould not think herſelf ſuperior to them all.

Indeed, I have heard her noble aſpect found fault with, as indicating pride and ſuperiority. But people awed and controuled, tho' but by their own conſciouſneſs of inferiority, will find fault, right or wrong, with thoſe, of whoſe rectitude of mind and manners their own culpable hearts give them to be afraid. But, in the bad ſenſe of the word, Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe knew not what pride was.

You may, if you touch upon this ſubject, throw in theſe ſentences of hers, ſpoken at different times, and on different occaſions.

'Perſons of accidental or ſhadowy merit may be 'proud: But inborn worth muſt be always as much 'above conceit as arrogance.'

'Who can be better, or more worthy, than they 'ſhould be? And, Who ſhall be proud of talents 'they give not to themſelves?'

'The darkeſt and moſt contemptible ignorance is 'that of not knowing one's ſelf; and that all we 'have and all we excel in, is the gift of God.'

(a) See Vol. VII. p. 95.

'All human excellence is but comparative—There 'are perſons who excel us, as much as we fanſy we 'excel the meaneſt.'

'In the general ſcale of beings, the loweſt is as uſe-'ful, and as much a link of the great chain, as the 'higheſt.'

'The grace that makes every other grace amiable, 'is HUMILITY.'

'There is but one pride pardonable; That of be-'ing above doing a baſe or diſhonourable action.'

Such were the ſentiments by which this admirable young Lady endeavoured to conduct herſelf, and to regulate her conduct to others.

And in truth, never were affability and complacency (*graciouſneſs*, ſome have called it) more eminent in any perſon, man or woman, than in her, to thoſe who put it in her power to oblige them: Inſomuch that the benefited has ſometimes not known *which* to prefer; the grace beſtowed, or the manner in which it was conferred.

It has been obſerved, that what was ſaid of Henry IV. of France, might be ſaid of her manner of refuſing a requeſt; That ſhe generally ſent from her preſence the perſon refuſed nearly as well ſatisfied, as if ſhe had granted it.

Then ſhe had ſuch a ſacred regard to Truth—You cannot, Sir, expatiate too much upon this topic. I dare ſay, that in all her Letters, in all the Letters of the wretch, her Veracity will not once be found impeachable, altho' her calamities were ſo heavy, the horrid man's wiles ſo ſubtile, and her ſtruggles to free herſelf from them ſo active.

Her charity was ſo great, that ſhe always choſe to defend or acquit where the fault was not ſo flagrant, that it became a piece of juſtice to condemn it: And was always an advocate for an abſent perſon, whoſe diſcretion was called in queſtion, without having given *manifeſt* proofs of indiſcretion.

Once

Once I remember in a large circle of Ladies, every one of which [I among the reſt] having cenſured a generally reported indiſcretion in a young Lady—Come, my Miſs Howe, ſaid ſhe [for we had agreed to take each other to taſk when either thought the other gave occaſion for it; and when by blaming each other we intended a *general* reprehenſion, which, as ſhe uſed to ſay, it would appear arrogant or aſſuming to level *more properly*] let me be Miſs Fanny Darlington. Then removing out of the circle, and ſtanding up—Here I ſtand, unworthy of a ſeat with the reſt of the company, till I have cleared myſelf. And now, ſuppoſe me to be her, let *me* hear your charge, and do *you* hear what the poor culprit can ſay to it in her own defence. And then anſwering the *conjectural* and *unproved* circumſtances, by circumſtances as *fairly* to be ſuppoſed *favourable*, ſhe brought off triumphantly the cenſured Lady; and ſo much to every one's ſatisfaction, that ſhe was led to her chair, and voted a doble rank in the circle,—as the reinſtated Miſs Fanny Darlington, and as Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe.

Very few perſons, ſhe uſed to ſay, would be condemned, or even accuſed, in the circles of Ladies, were they preſent: It is generous therefore, nay, it is but juſt, ſaid ſhe, to take the part of the abſent, if not flagrantly culpable.

But tho' *Wiſdom* was her *birthright*, as I may ſay, yet ſhe had not lived years enow to pretend to ſo much *experience*, as to exempt her from the neceſſity of ſometimes altering her opinion both of perſons and things: But, when ſhe found herſelf obliged to do this, ſhe took care, that the particular inſtance of miſtaken worthineſs in the perſon, ſhould not narrow or contract her almoſt univerſal charity into general doubt or jealouſy. An inſtance of what I mean, occurs to my memory.

Being upbraided, by a ſevere cenſure, with a perſon's proving baſe, whom ſhe had frequently defended,

and by whoſe baſeneſs my beloved friend was a ſufferer; 'You, Madam, ſaid ſhe, had more penetration 'than ſuch a young creature as I can pretend to have. 'But altho' human depravity may, I doubt, oftener 'juſtify thoſe who judge harſhly, than human rectitude can thoſe who judge favourably, yet will I not 'part with my charity. Nevertheleſs, for the future, 'I will endeavour, in caſes where the judgment of 'my elders is againſt me, to make mine conſiſtent 'with caution and prudence.'

Indeed, when ſhe was convinced of *any* error or miſtake (however ſeemingly derogatory to her judgment and ſagacity) no one was ever ſo acknowleging, ſo ingenuous, as ſhe. 'It was a merit, ſhe uſed to 'ſay, next in degree to that of having avoided error, 'frankly to own an error. And that the offering at 'an excuſe in a blameable matter, was the undoubted 'mark of a diſingenuous, if not of a perverſe mind.'

But I ought to add, on this head [of her great charity where character was concened, and where there was *room* for charity] that ſhe was always deſervedly ſevere in her reprehenſions of a *wilful* and *ſtudied* vileneſs. How could ſhe then forgive the wretch by whoſe *premeditated* villainy ſhe was entangled?

You muſt every-where inſiſt upon it, that had it not been for the ſtupid perſecutions of her relations, ſhe never would have been in the power of that horrid Lovelace. And yet, on ſeveral occaſions, ſhe acknowleged frankly, that were *perſon*, and *addreſs*, and *alliance*, to be *allowably* the principal attractives in the choice of a Lover, it would not have been difficult for her eye to miſlead her heart.

When ſhe was laſt with me (three happy weeks together!) in every viſit the wretch made her, he left her more diſſatisfied with him than in the former. And yet his behaviour before her was too ſpecious, to have been very exceptionable to a woman who had a leſs

ſhare

ſhare of that charming delicacy, and of that penetration, which ſo much diſtinguiſhed her.

In obedience to the commands of her gloomy Father, on his allowing her to be my gueſt, for *that* laſt time, [as it moſt unhappily proved!] ſhe never would ſee him out of my company; and would often ſay, when he was gone, 'O my Nancy! This is not THE man.' —At other times, 'Gay, giddy creature! he has al-'ways ſomething to be forgiven for!'—At others, 'This man will much ſooner excite one's fears, than 'attract one's love.' And then would ſhe repeat, 'This 'is not THE man. All that the world ſays of him 'cannot be untrue. But what title have I to call him 'to account, who intend not to have him?'

In ſhort, had ſhe been left to a judgment and diſcretion, which nobody ever queſtioned who had *either*, ſhe would ſoon have diſcovered enough of him to cauſe her to diſcard him for ever.

She was an admirable miſtreſs of all the graces of elocution. The hand ſhe wrote, for the neat and free cut of her letters (like her mind, ſolid, and above all *flouriſh*) for its fairneſs, evenneſs, and ſwiftneſs, diſtinguiſhed her as much as the correctneſs of her orthography, and even punctuation, from the generality of her own Sex; and left her none among the moſt accurate of the other, who excelled her.

And here you may, if you pleaſe, take occaſion to throw in one hint for the benefit of ſuch of our Sex, as are too careleſs in their orthography [a conſciouſneſs of a defect in which generally keeps them from writing] —She was uſed to ſay, 'It was a proof that a woman 'underſtood the derivation as well as ſenſe of the 'words ſhe uſed, and that ſhe ſtopt not at *ſound*, when 'ſhe ſpelt accurately.'

On this head you may take notice, that it was always matter of ſurprize to her, that the Sex are generally ſo averſe as they are to writing; ſince the Pen, next to the Needle, of all employments, is the moſt proper, and

beſt adapted to their genius's; and this as well for improvement, as amuſement: 'Who ſees not, would ſhe 'ſay, that thoſe women who take delight in writing, 'excel the men in all the graces of the familiar ſtyle? 'The gentleneſs of their minds, the delicacy of their 'ſentiments (improved by the manner of their educa-'tion) and the livelineſs of their imaginations, qualify 'them to a high degree of preference for this employ-'ment: While men of learning, as they are called '(that is to ſay, of *mere* learning) aiming to get above 'that natural eaſe and freedom which diſtinguiſh This '(and indeed every other kind of writing) when they 'think they have beſt ſucceeded, are got above, or ra-'ther *beneath*, all natural beauty.'

Then, ſtiffened and ſtarched [Let *me* add] into dry and indelectable affectation, *one ſort* of theſe ſcholars aſſume a ſtyle as rough as frequently are their manners: They ſpangle over their productions with *metaphors*: They rumble into *bombaſt*: The *ſublime*, with them, lying in *words* and not in *ſentiment*, they fanſy themſelves moſt exalted when leaſt underſtood; and down they ſit, fully ſatisfied with their own performances, and call them MASCULINE. While a *ſecond* ſort, aiming at *wit*, that wicked miſleader, forfeit all title to *judgment*. And a *third*, ſinking into the *claſſical pits*, there poke and ſcramble about, never ſeeking to ſhew genius of their own; all their lives ſpent in common-place *quotation*; fit only to write *Notes* and *Comments* upon other peoples *Texts*; all their pride, that they know thoſe beauties of two thouſand years old in *another* tongue, which they can only *admire*, but not *imitate*, in their own.

And theſe, truly, muſt be learned men, and deſpiſers of our *inſipid* Sex!

But I need not mention the exceptions which my beloved friend always made [and to which I ſubſcribe] in favour of men of ſound learning, true taſte, and extenſive abilities: Nor, in particular, her reſpect

even

even to reverence for gentlemen of the cloth: Which, I dare ſay, will appear in every paragraph of her Letters where-ever any of the Clergy are mentioned. Indeed the pious Dr. Lewen, the worthy Dr. Blome, the ingenious Mr. Arnold, and Mr. Tompkins, gentlemen whom ſhe names in one article of her Will, as learned Divines with whom ſhe held an *early* correſpondence, well deſerved her reſpect; ſince to their converſation and correſpondence ſhe owed many of her valuable acquirements.

Nor were the little ſlights ſhe would now-and-then (following, as I muſt own, my lead) put upon ſuch *mere* ſcholars [And her ſtupid and pedantic Brother was one of thoſe who deſerved thoſe ſlights] as deſpiſed not only *our Sex*, but all ſuch as had not had their opportunities of being acquainted with the *Parts of Speech* [I cannot ſpeak low enough of ſuch] and with the dead Languages, owing to that contempt, which ſome affect for what they have not been able to maſter; for ſhe had an admirable facility in learning languages, and re'd with great eaſe both Italian and French. She had begun to apply herſelf to Latin; and having ſuch a critical knowlege of her own tongue, and ſuch a foundation from the two others, would ſoon have made herſelf an adept in it.

But, notwithſtanding all her acquirements, ſhe was an excellent OECONOMIST and HOUSEWIFE. And thoſe qualifications, you muſt take notice, ſhe was particularly fond of inculcating upon all her reading and writing companions of the ſex: For it was a maxim with her, 'That a woman who neglects the *Uſeful* and 'the *Elegant*, which diſtinguiſh *her own Sex*, for the 'ſake of obtaining the learning which is ſuppoſed more 'peculiar to the *other*, incurs more *contempt* by what 'ſhe *foregoes*, than ſhe gains *credit* by what ſhe *acquires*.' 'All that a woman *can* learn, ſhe uſed to ſay [expatiating on this maxim] above the uſeful knowlege 'proper to her Sex, *let her learn*. This will ſhew that

'ſhe is a good houſewife of her time; and that ſhe 'has not a narrow or confined genius. But then let 'her not give up for theſe, thoſe *more neceſſary*, and 'therefore, not *meaner* employments, which will qua-'lify her to be a *good Miſtreſs* of a family, a *good* '*Wife*, and a *good Mother*: For what can be more 'diſgraceful to a woman, than either, thro' negli-'gence of *dreſs*, to be found to be a *learned Slattern*; 'or, thro' ignorance of *houſhold management*, to be 'known to be a ſtranger to domeſtic œconomy?

Then would ſhe inſtance to me two particular Ladies; one of which, while ſhe was fond of giving *her* opinion, in the company of her huſband, and of his learned friends, upon doubtful or difficult paſſages in Virgil or Horace, knew not how to put on her cloaths with that neceſſary grace and propriety, which ſhould preſerve to her the love of her huſband, and the reſpect of every other perſon: While the other, affecting to be thought as learned as men, could find no better way to aſſert her pretenſions, than by deſpiſing her own Sex, and by diſmiſſing that characteriſtic delicacy, the loſs of which no attainment can ſupply.

She would have it indeed, ſometimes, from the frequent ill uſe learned Women make of that reſpectable acquirement, that it was no great matter whether the Sex aimed at any-thing but excelling in the knowlege of the beauties and graces of her mother-tongue: And once ſhe ſaid, that This was field enough for a woman; and an ampler was but endangering her family uſefulneſs. But I, who think our Sex inferior in nothing to the other, but in want of opportunities, of which the narrow-minded mortals induſtriouſly ſeek to deprive us, leſt we ſhould ſurpaſs them as much in what they chiefly value themſelves upon, as we do in all the graces of a fine imagination, could never agree with her in *that*. And yet I was entirely of her opinion, that thoſe women who were ſolicitous to obtain that knowlege or learning, which they ſup-

poſed

poſed would add to their ſignificance in ſenſible company, and in their attainment of it imagined themſelves above all domeſtic uſefulneſs, deſervedly incurred the contempt which they hardly ever failed to meet with.

Perhaps you will not think it amiſs further to obſerve on this head, as it will ſhew that *precept* and *example* always went hand in hand with her, That her Dairy at her Grandfather's was the delight of every one who ſaw it; and ſhe of all who ſaw her in it.

Her Grandfather, in honour of her dexterity, and of her ſkill in all the parts of the dairy-management, as well as of the elegance of the offices allotted for that uſe, would have his Seat, before known by the name of *The Grove*, to be called *The Dairy-houſe (a)*. She had an eaſy, convenient, and graceful habit made on purpoſe, which ſhe put on when ſhe employed herſelf in theſe works; and it was noted of her, that in *the ſame hour* that ſhe appeared to be a moſt elegant Dairy-maid, ſhe was, when called to a change of dreſs, the fineſt Lady that ever graced a circle.

Her Grandfather, Father, Mother, Uncles, Aunt, and even her Brother and Siſter, made her frequent viſits there, and were delighted with her ſilent eaſe, and unaffected behaviour, in her works; for ſhe always out of modeſty choſe rather the *operative* than the *directive* part, that ſhe might not diſcourage the ſervant whoſe proper buſineſs it was.

Each was fond of taking a regale from her hands in her *Dairy-houſe*. Her Mother and Aunt Hervey generally admired her in ſilence, that they might not give uneaſineſs to her Siſter; a ſpiteful, perverſe, unimitating thing, who uſually looked upon her all the time with ſpeechleſs envy. Now-and-then, however, the pouting creature would ſuffer extorted and ſparing praiſe to burſt open her lips; though looking at the ſame time like Saul meditating the pointed javelin at the

(a) See Vol. I. p. 6.

the heart of David, the glory of his kingdom. And now, methinks, I ſee my Angel-friend (too ſuperior to take notice of her gloom) courting her acceptance of the milk-white curd from hands more pure than that.

Her ſkill and dexterity in every branch of family management ſeem to be the only excellence of her innumerable ones, which ſhe owed to her family. Whoſe narrowneſs, immenſely rich, and immenſely carking, put them upon indulging her in the turn ſhe took to this part of knowlege; while her elder Siſter affected dreſs without being graceful in it; and the Fine Lady, which ſhe could never be; and which her Siſter was without ſtudying for it, or ſeeming to know ſhe was ſo.

It was uſual with the one Siſter, when company was expected, to be half the morning dreſſing; while the other would give directions for the whole buſineſs and entertainment of the day; and then go up to her dreſſing-room, and, before ſhe could well be miſſed, [*having all her things in admirable order*] come down fit to receive company, and with all that graceful eaſe and tranquility as if ſhe had had nothing elſe to think of.

Long after *her* [hours perhaps of previous preparation having paſſed] down would come ruſtling and buſtling the tawdry and aukward Bella, diſordering more her native diſorderlineſs at the ſight of her ſerene Siſter, by her ſullen envy, to ſee herſelf ſo much ſurpaſſed with ſuch little pains, and in a ſixth part of the time.

Yet was this admirable creature miſtreſs of all theſe domeſtic qualifications without the leaſt intermixture of narrowneſs. She knew how to diſtinguiſh between *Frugality*, a neceſſary virtue, and *Niggardlineſs*, an odious vice: And uſed to ſay, 'That to define 'Generoſity, it muſt be called, the happy medium 'betwixt parſimony and profuſion.'

She

She was the moſt graceful *Reader* I ever knew. She added by her melodious voice graces to thoſe ſhe found in the parts of books ſhe re'd-out to her friends; and gave grace and ſignificance to others where they were not. She had no tone, no whine. Her accent was always admirably placed. The emphaſis ſhe always forcibly laid, as the ſubject required. No buſkin elevation, no tragedy-pomp, could miſlead her; and yet poetry was poetry *indeed*, when ſhe re'd it.

But if her voice was melodious when ſhe *re'd*, it was all harmony when ſhe *ſung*. And the delight ſhe gave by that, and by her ſkill and great compaſs, was heightened by the eaſe and gracefulneſs of her air and manner, and by the alacrity with which ſhe obliged.

Nevertheleſs ſhe generally choſe rather to hear others ſing or play, than either to play or ſing herſelf.

She delighted to give praiſe where deſerved: Yet ſhe always beſtowed it in ſuch a manner, as gave not the leaſt ſuſpicion that ſhe laid out for a return of it herſelf, tho' ſo univerſally allowed to be her due.

She had a talent of ſaying uncommon things in ſuch an eaſy manner, that every body thought they could have ſaid the ſame; and which yet required both genius and obſervation to ſay them.

Even ſevere things appeared gentle, tho' they loſt not their force, from the ſweetneſs of her air and utterance, and the apparent benevolence of her purpoſe.

We form the trueſt judgment of perſons, by their behaviour on the *moſt familiar* occaſions. I will give an inſtance or two of the correction ſhe favoured me with on ſuch a one.

When *very young*, I was guilty of the fault of thoſe who want to be courted to ſing. She cured me of it, at the firſt of our happy intimacy, by her own *example*; and by the following correctives, occaſionally, yet privately, enforced.

'Well,

'Well, my dear, ſhall we take you at your word? 'Sall we ſuppoſe, that you ſing but indifferently? Is 'not however, the *act of obliging* (the company ſo 'worthy!) preferable to the *talent of ſinging?* And 'ſhall not young Ladies endeavour to make up for 'their defects in *one part* of education, by their ex-'cellence in *another?*'

Again, 'You muſt convince us, by attempting to 'ſing, that you *cannot* ſing; and then we will rid 'you, not only of *preſent*, but of *future* importunity.' —An indulgence, however, let me add, that but *tolerable* ſingers do not always wiſh to meet with.

Again, 'I know you will favour us by-and-by; 'and what do you by your excuſes, but raiſe our ex-'pectations, and enhance your own difficulties?'

At another time, 'Has not this accompliſhment 'been a part of your *education*, my Nancy? How 'then, for *your own* honour, can we allow of your 'excuſes?'

And I once pleading a cold, the uſual pretence of thoſe who love to be entreated—'Sing however, my 'dear, *as well as you can.* The greater the difficulty 'to you, the higher the compliment to the company. 'Do you think you are among thoſe who know not 'how to make allowances? You *ſhould* ſing, my 'Love, leſt there ſhould be any-body preſent who 'may think your excuſes owing to affectation.'

At another time, when I had *truly* obſerved, that a young Lady preſent ſung better than I; and that therefore I choſe not to ſing before that Lady—'Fie' ſaid ſhe (drawing me on one ſide) 'is not this pride, 'my Nancy? Does it not look as if your principal 'motive to oblige, was to obtain applauſe? A gene-'rous mind will not ſcruple to give advantage to a '*perſon of merit*, tho' not always to *her own* advan-'tage. And yet ſhe will have a high merit *in doing that.* 'Suppoſing this excelling perſon abſent, who, my dear, 'if your example ſpread, ſhall ſing after *you?* You 'know

'know every one *elſe* muſt be but as a foil to you. 'Indeed I muſt have you as much ſuperior to other 'Ladies in theſe *ſmaller* points, as you are in *greater*.' So ſhe was pleaſed to ſay to ſhame me.

She was as much above Reſerve as Diſguiſe. So communicative, that no young Lady could be in her company half an hour and not carry away inſtruction with her, whatever was the topic. Yet all ſweetly inſinuated; nothing given with the air of preſcription: So that while ſhe ſeemed to aſk a queſtion for information-ſake; ſhe dropt in the needful inſtruction, and left the inſtructed unable to decide, whether the thought (which being ſtarted, ſhe, the inſtructed, could improve) came primarily from herſelf, or from the ſweet inſtructreſs.

She had a pretty hand at drawing, which ſhe obtained with a very little inſtruction. Her time was too much taken up, to allow, tho' to ſo fine an art, the attention which was neceſſary to make her greatly excel in it: And ſhe uſed to ſay, 'That ſhe was 'afraid of aiming at *too many* things, for fear ſhe 'ſhould not be tolerable at *any-thing!*'

For her years, and her opportunities, ſhe was an extraordinary judge of Painting. In this, as in everything elſe, *Nature* was her *Art*, her *Art* was *Nature*. She even prettily performed in it. Her Grandfather, for this reaſon, bequeathed to her all the family pictures. Charming was her fancy: Alike ſweet and eaſy was every touch of her pencil and her pen. Yet her judgment exceeded her performance. She did not practiſe enough to excel in the executive part. She could not in every thing excel. But, upon the whole, ſhe knew what every ſubject required, according to the nature of it: In other words, was an abſolute miſtreſs of the *ſhould-be*.

To give a familiar inſtance for the ſake of young Ladies; ſhe (untaught) obſerved *when but a child*, that the Sun, Moon, and Stars, never appeared at once; and were therefore never to be in one piece:

That

touch the keys, or to ſing, when any new book, or new piece of muſic, came down. But when company was ſo numerous, that converſation could not take that agreeable turn which it oftenеſt does among four or five friends of like years and inclinations, and it became in a manner neceſſary to detach off ſome of it, to make the reſt better company, ſhe would not refuſe to play, if, upon caſting-in, it fell to her lot. And then ſhe ſhewed, that her diſreliſh to cards was the effect of choice only; and that ſhe was an eaſy miſtreſs of every genteel game played with them. But then ſhe always declared againſt playing high, 'Except for trifles, ſhe uſed to ſay, ſhe 'would not ſubmit to *Chance* what ſhe was already 'ſure of.'

At other times, 'She ſhould make her friends a very 'ill compliment, ſhe ſaid, if ſhe ſuppoſed they would 'wiſh to be poſſeſſed of what of right belonged to 'her; and ſhe ſhould be very unworthy, if ſhe de-'ſired to make herſelf a title to what was theirs.'

'High gaming, in ſhort, ſhe uſed to ſay, was a 'ſordid vice; an immorality; the child of avarice; 'and a direct breach of that commandment, which 'forbids us to covet what is our neighbour's.'

She was exceedingly charitable; the only one of her family that knew the meaning of the word: And this with regard both to the ſouls and the bodies of thoſe who were the well-choſen objects of her benevolence. She kept a liſt of theſe, whom ſhe uſed to call *her Poor*, entering one upon it as another was provided for, by death, or any other way: But always made a reſerve, nevertheleſs, for unforeſeen caſes, and for accidental diſtreſſes. And it muſt be owned, that in the prudent diſtribution of them, ſhe had neither Example nor Equal.

The Aged, the Blind, the Lame, the Widow, the Orphan, the unſucceſsful Induſtrious, were particularly the objects of it; and the contributing to the ſchooling

of

of ſome, to the putting out to trades and huſbandry the children of others of the labouring or needy poor, and ſetting them forward at the expiration of their ſervitude, were her great delights; as was the giving good books to others, and, when ſhe had opportunity, the inſtructing the poorer ſort of her honeſt neighbours, and Father's tenants, in the uſe of them. 'That charity, ſhe uſed to ſay, which provides for 'the *morals*, as well as for the *bodily wants* of the 'poor, gives a double benefit to the *Public*, as it adds 'to the number of the *hopeful*, what it takes from 'that of the *profligate*. And can there be, in the eyes 'of that God, ſhe was wont to ſay, who requires 'nothing ſo much from us as acts of beneficence to 'one another, a charity more worthy?'

Her Uncle Antony, when he came to ſettle in England, with his vaſt fortune obtained in the Indies, uſed to ſay, 'This girl by her charities will bring 'down a bleſſing upon us all.' And it muſt be owned they truſted pretty much to this preſumption.

But I need not ſay more on this head; nor perhaps was it neceſſary to ſay ſo much; ſince the charitable bequeſts in her Will ſufficiently ſet forth her excellence in this branch of duty.

She was extremely moderate in her diet. '*Quantity* in food,' ſhe uſed to ſay, 'was more to be regarded than *quality*: That a full meal was the great 'enemy both to ſtudy and induſtry: That a well-built 'houſe required but little repairs.'

By this moderation in her diet, ſhe enjoyed, with a delicate frame of body, a fine ſtate of health; was always ſerene, lively; chearful of courſe. And I never knew but of one illneſs ſhe had; and that was by a violent cold caught in an open chaiſe, by a ſudden ſtorm of hail and rain, in a place where was no ſhelter; and which threw her into a fever, attended with dangerous ſymptoms, that no doubt were lightened by her temperance; but which gave her friends,

who

who *then* knew her value, infinite apprehenſions for her (*a*).

In all her Readings, and in her Converſations upon them, ſhe was fonder of finding beauties than blemiſhes, and choſe to applaud both Authors and Books, where ſhe could find the leaſt room for it. Yet ſhe uſed to lament, that certain writers of the firſt claſs, who were capable of exalting virtue, and of putting vice out of countenance, too generally employed themſelves in works of *imagination only*, upon ſubjects *merely ſpeculative*, *diſintereſting*, and *unedifying*! from which no uſeful moral or example could be drawn.

But ſhe was a ſevere Cenſurer of pieces of a *light* or *indecent* turn, which had a tendency to corrupt the morals of youth, to convey polluted images, or to wound religion, whether in itſelf, or thro' the ſides of its profeſſors, and this whoever were the authors, and how admirable ſoever the execution. She often pitied the celebrated Dr. Swift for ſo employing his admirable pen, that a pure eye was afraid of looking into his works, and a pure ear of hearing anything quoted from them. 'Such authors,' ſhe uſed to ſay, 'were not *honeſt* to their own talents, nor 'grateful to the God who gave them.' Nor would ſhe, on theſe occaſions, admit their beauties as a palliation; on the contrary, ſhe held it as an aggrava-

(*a*) In her Common-place book ſhe has the following note upon the recollection of this illneſs, in the time of her diſtreſs.

'In a dangerous illneſs, with which I was viſited a few Years before 'I had the unhappineſs to know this ungrateful man! [Would to 'Heaven I had died in it!] my bed was ſurrounded by my dear Re'lations—Father, Mother, Brother, Siſter, my two Uncles weeping, 'kneeling round me, then put up their vows to Heaven for my reco'very; and I, fearing that I ſhould drag down with me to my grave, 'one or other of my ſorrowing friends, wiſhed and prayed to recover 'for their ſakes.—Alas! how ſhall Parents in ſuch caſes know what 'to wiſh for! How happy for them, and for me, had I then been de'nied to their prayers! But now I am eaſed of that care. All thoſe 'dear Relations are living ſtill—But not one of them (ſuch, as they 'think, has been the heinouſneſs of my error!) but, far from being 'grieved, would rejoice to hear of my death.'

tion

tion of their crime, that they who are ſo capable of *mending the heart*, ſhould in any places ſhew a *corrupt one* in themſelves; which muſt weaken the influences of their good works; and pull down with one hand, what they built up with the other.

All ſhe ſaid, and all ſhe did, was accompanied with a natural eaſe and dignity, which ſet her above affectation, or the ſuſpicion of it; inſomuch that that degrading fault, ſo generally imputed to a learned woman, was never laid to her charge. For, with all her excellencies, ſhe was forwarder to *hear* than *ſpeak*; and hence no doubt derived no ſmall part of her improvement.

Altho' ſhe was well re'd in the Engliſh, French, and Italian poets, and had re'd the beſt tranſlations of the Latin Claſſics; yet ſeldom did ſhe quote or repeat from them, either in her Letters or Converſation, tho' exceedingly happy in a tenacious memory; principally thro' modeſty, and to avoid the imputation of that *affectation* which I have juſt mentioned.

Mr. Wyerley once ſaid of her, ſhe had ſuch a fund of knowlege of her own, and made naturally ſuch fine obſervations upon perſons and things, being capable *by the* EGG [that was his familiar expreſſion] *of judging of the* BIRD, that ſhe had ſeldom either room or neceſſity for foreign aſſiſtances.

But it was plain from her whole conduct and behaviour, that ſhe had not ſo good an opinion of herſelf, however deſerved; ſince, whenever ſhe was urged to give her ſentimens on any ſubject, altho' all ſhe thought fit to ſay was clear and intelligible; yet ſhe ſeemed in haſte to have done ſpeaking. Her reaſon for it, I know, was twofold; That ſhe might not loſe the benefit of other people's ſentiments, by engroſſing the converſation; and leſt, as were her words, ſhe ſhould be praiſed into *loquacioufneſs*, and ſo forfeit the good opinion which a perſon always maintains with her friends, who knows when ſhe has ſaid enough,

enough.—It was, finally, a rule with her, 'to leave 'her hearers wiſhing her to ſay more, rather than to 'give them cauſe to ſhew, by their *inattention*, an 'uneaſineſs that ſhe had ſaid ſo much.—'

You are curious to know the particular diſtribution of her Time; which you ſuppoſe will help you to account for what you own yourſelf ſurpriſed at; to wit, how ſo young a Lady could make herſelf miſtreſs of ſo many accompliſhments.

I will premiſe, that ſhe was from infancy enured to riſe early in a morning, by an excellent, and, as I may ſay, a *learned* woman, Mrs. Norton, to whoſe care, wiſdom, and example, ſhe was beholden for the ground-work of her taſte and acquirements, which meeting with ſuch aſſiſtances from the Divines I have named, and with ſuch a genius, made it the leſs wonder that ſhe ſurpaſſed moſt of her age and Sex.

Her Sex, did I ſay? What honour to the *other* does this imply! When one might challenge the proudeſt Pedant of them all, to ſay he has been *diſciplined* into greater improvement, than ſhe had made from the mere force of genius and application. But it is demonſtrable to all who know how to make obſervations on their acquaintance of both Sexes, arrogant as ſome are of their ſuperficialities, that a Lady at Eighteen, take the world thro', is more prudent and converſable than a man at Twenty-five. I can prove this by Ninteen inſtances out of Twenty in my own knowlege. Yet how do theſe poor boaſters value themſelves upon the advantages their education gives them! Who has not ſeen ſome one of them, juſt come from the Univerſity, diſdainfully ſmile at a miſtaken or ill-pronounced *word* from a Lady, when her *ſenſe* has been clear, and her ſentiments juſt; and when he could not himſelf utter a ſingle ſentence fit to be repeated, but what he borrowed from the authors he had been obliged to ſtudy, as a painful exerciſe to ſlow and creeping parts? But how I digreſs!

This

This excellent young Lady uſed to ſay, 'It was 'incredible to think what might be done by *early* 'riſing, and by *long days* well filled up.'

It may be added, That had ſhe calculated according to the practice of *too many*, ſhe had actually lived more years at *Sixteen*, than *they* had at *Twenty-ſix*.

She was of opinion, 'That no one could ſpend their 'time properly, who did not live by ſome Rule: Who 'did not appropriate the hours, as near as might be, 'to particular purpoſes and employments.'

In conformity to this ſelf-ſet Leſſon, the uſual diſtribution of the twenty-four hours, when left to her own choice, was as follows:

For REST ſhe allotted SIX Hours only.

She thought herſelf not ſo well, and ſo clear in her intellects [ſo *much alive*, ſhe uſed to ſay] if ſhe exceeded this proportion. If ſhe ſlept not, ſhe choſe to riſe ſooner. And in winter had her fire laid, and a taper ready burning to light it; not loving to give trouble to ſervants, 'whoſe harder work, and later 'hours of going to bed, ſhe uſed to ſay, required 'conſideration.'

I have blamed her for her greater regard to them, than to herſelf. But this was her anſwer: 'I have my 'choice: *Who* can wiſh for more? Why ſhould I op-'preſs others, to gratify myſelf? You ſee what *free-'will* enables one to do; while *impoſition* would make 'a light burden heavy.'

Her Firſt THREE Morning Hours

Were generally paſſed in her Study, and in her Cloſet-duties: And were occaſionally augmented by thoſe ſhe ſaved from Reſt: And in theſe paſſed her epiſtolary amuſements.

TWO Hours ſhe generally allotted to Domeſtic Management.

Theſe at different times of the day, as occaſions required; all the houſekeeper's bills, in eaſe of her Mother, paſſing thro' her hands. For ſhe was a perfect miſtreſs of the four principal rules of arithmetic.

FIVE Hours to her Needle, Drawings, Muſic, &c.

In theſe ſhe included the aſſiſtance and inſpection ſhe gave to her own ſervants, and to her Siſter's ſervants, in the needleworks required for the family: For her Siſter, as I have above hinted, is a MODERN. In theſe ſhe alſo included Dr. Lewen's converſation-viſits; with whom likewiſe ſhe held a correſpondence by Letters. That reverend gentleman delighted himſelf and her, twice or thrice a week, if his health permitted, with theſe viſits: And ſhe always preferred his company to any other engagement.

TWO Hours ſhe allotted to her Two firſt Meals.

But if converſation, or the deſire of friends, or the falling in of company or gueſts, required it to be otherwiſe, ſhe never ſcrupled to oblige; and would, on ſuch occaſions, *borrow*, as ſhe called it, from other diſtributions. And as ſhe found it very hard not to exceed in this appropriation, ſhe put down

ONE Hour more to Dinner-time-Converſation.

To be added or ſubtracted, as occaſions offered, or the deſire of her friends required: And yet found it difficult, as ſhe often ſaid, to keep this account even; eſpecially if Dr. Lewen obliged them with his company at their table: Which however he ſeldom did; for, being a valetudinarian, and in a regimen, he generally made his viſits in the afternoon.

ONE Hour to Viſits to the neighbouring Poor;

To a ſelect number of whom, and to their children, ſhe

ſhe uſed to give brief inſtructions, and good books: And as this happened not every day, and ſeldom above twice a week, ſhe had two or three hours at a time to beſtow in this benevolent employment.

The remaining FOUR Hours

Were occaſionally allotted to ſupper, to converſation, or to reading after ſupper to the family. This allotment ſhe called *Her Fund*, upon which ſhe uſed to draw, to ſatisfy her other debits: And in this ſhe included viſits received and returned, ſhews, ſpectacles, &c. which, in a *country-life*, not occurring every day, ſhe uſed to think a great allowance, no leſs than *two* day in *ſix*, for amuſements only: And ſhe was wont to ſay, that it was hard if ſhe could not ſteal time out of this fund, for an excurſion of even two or three days in a month.

If it be ſaid, that her relations, or the young neighbouring Ladies, had but little of her time, it will be conſidered, that beſides theſe four hours in the twenty-four, great part of the time ſhe was employed in her Needleworks, ſhe uſed to converſe as ſhe worked: And it was a cuſtom ſhe had introduced among her acquaintance, that the young Ladies in their viſits uſed frequently, in a neighbourly way (in the winter evenings eſpecially) to bring their work with them; and one of half a dozen of her ſelect acquaintance uſed by turns to read to the reſt as they were at work.

This was her uſual method, when at her own command, for *Six* days in the week.

The SEVENTH DAY

She kept, as it ought to be kept: And as ſome part of it was frequently employed in works of mercy, the hour ſhe allotted to viſiting the neighbouring poor, was occaſionally ſupplied from this day, and added to her fund.

But I muſt obſerve, that when in her Grandfather's

life-time ſhe was three or four weeks at a time his houſe-keeper and gueſt, as alſo at either of her Uncles, her uſual diſtribution of time was varied: But ſtill ſhe had an eye to it as nearly as circumſtances would admit.

When I had the happineſs of having her for my gueſt, for a fortnight or ſo, ſhe likewiſe diſpenſed with her rules, in mere indulgence to my foibles, and idler habits; for I alſo (tho' I had the benefit of an example I ſo much admired) am too much of a *Modern*. Yet, as to *morning Riſings*, I had corrected myſelf by ſuch a precedent, in the ſummer-time; and can witneſs to the benefit I found by it in my health; as alſo to the many uſeful things I was enabled by that means with eaſe and pleaſure to reform. And in her Account-Book I have found this memorandum ſince her ever-to-be lamented death:—'From *ſuch a* 'day, to *ſuch a day*, all holidays, at my dear Miſs 'Howe's.' At her return:—'Account reſumed *ſuch* 'a day,' naming it; and then ſhe proceeded regularly, as before.

Once a week ſhe uſed to reckon with herſelf; when, if within the 144 hours, contained in the ſix days, ſhe he made her account even, ſhe noted it accordingly: If otherwiſe, ſhe carried the debit to the next week's account; as thus: *Debtor to the article of benevolent viſits*, ſo many hours. And ſo of the reſt.

But it was always an eſpecial part of her care, that whether viſiting or viſited, ſhe ſhewed in all companies an entire eaſe, ſatisfaction, and chearfulneſs, as if ſhe kept no ſuch particular account, and as if ſhe did not make herſelf anſwerable to herſelf for her occaſional exceedings.

This method, which to others will appear perplexing and unneceſſary, her *early hours* and *cuſtom*, had made eaſy and pleaſant to her.

And indeed, as I uſed to tell her, greatly as I admired her in all her methods, I could not bring myſelf to this, might I have had the world for my reward.

I had

I had indeed too much impatience in my temper, to obſerve ſuch a regularity in accounting between me and myſelf. I ſatisfied myſelf in a *Lump Account*, as I may call it, if I had nothing greatly wrong to reproach myſelf with, when I looked back on a paſt week, as ſhe had taught me to do.

For ſhe uſed indulgently to ſay, 'I do not think 'ALL I do neceſſary for another to do: Nor even for 'myſelf: But when it is more pleaſant to me to keep 'ſuch an account; than to let it alone; why may I 'not proceed in my ſupererrogatories?—There can be 'no harm in it. It keeps up my attention to accounts; 'which one day may be of uſe to me in more material 'inſtances. Thoſe who will not keep a *ſtrict* account, 'ſeldom long keep *any*. I neglect not more uſeful 'employments for it. And it teaches me to be co-'vetous of Time; the only thing of which we can 'be *allowably* covetous; ſince we live but once in this 'world; and when gone, are gone from it for ever.'

She always reconciled the neceſſity under which theſe *interventions*, as ſhe called them, laid her, of now-and-then breaking into ſome of her appropriations; ſaying, 'There was good ſenſe, and good 'manners too, in the common leſſon, *When at Rome, 'do as they do at Rome:* And that to be eaſy of per-'ſuaſion, in matters where one could oblige without 'endangering virtue, or worthy habits, was an Apo-'ſtolical excellency; ſince, if a perſon conformed with 'a view of making herſelf an intereſt in her friend's 'affections, in order to be heeded in greater points, 'it was imitating his example, who *became all things 'to all men, that he might gain ſome.*' Nor is it to be doubted, had life been ſpared her, that the ſweetneſs of her temper, and her chearful piety, would have made Virtue and Religion appear ſo lovely, that her example would have had no ſmall influence upon the minds and manners of thoſe who would have had the honour of converſing with her.

O Mr. Belford! I can write no further on this ſubject. For, looking into the Account-book for other particulars, I met with a moſt affecting memorandum; which, being written on the extreme edge of the paper, with a fine pen, and in the dear creature's ſmalleſt hand, I ſaw not before.—This it is; written, I ſuppoſe, at ſome calamitous period *after* the day named in it—Help me to a curſe to blaſt the monſter who gave occaſion for it!—

APRIL 10. *The account concluded!—*
And with it all my worldly hopes and proſpects!!!

I TAKE up my pen; but not to apologize for my execration.—Once more I pray to God to avenge me of him! *Me* I ſay—For mine is the loſs—Hers the gain.

O Sir! You *did* not, you *could* not know her, as I knew her! Never was ſuch an excellence!—So warm, yet ſo cool a friend!—So much what I wiſh to be, but never ſhall be!—For, alas! my Stay, my Adviſer, my Monitreſs, my Directreſs, is gone! for ever gone!

She honoured me with the title of *The Siſter of her heart*: But I was only ſo in the love I bore her (A Love beyond a Siſter's--infinitely beyond *her* Siſter's!); in the hatred I have to every mean and ſordid action; and in my love of Virtue: For, otherwiſe, I am of a high and haughty temper, as I have acknowleged heretofore, and very violent in my paſſions.

In ſhort, ſhe was the neareſt perfection of any creature I ever knew. She never preached to me leſſons which ſhe practiſed not herſelf. She lived the life ſhe taught. All humility, meekneſs, ſelf-accuſing, others-acquiting, tho' the *ſhadow* of the fault was hardly hers, the *ſubſtance* theirs whoſe only honour was their relation to her.

To loſe ſuch a Friend, ſuch a Guide—If ever my violence was juſtifiable, it is upon this recollection!—

For

For ſhe only lived to make me ſenſible of my failings, but not long enough to enable me to conquer them; as I was reſolved to endeavour to do.

Once more then let me execrate—But now violence and paſſion again predominate!—And how can it be otherwiſe?

But I force myſelf from the ſubject, having loſt the purpoſe for which I reſumed my pen.

A. Howe.

LETTER L.

Mr. Lovelace, *To* John Belford, *Eſq;*

Paris, Octob. 14.

——————— *Timor & minæ*
Scandunt eodem quo dominus: neque
Decedit ærata triremi, &
Poſt equitem ſedet atra cura.

IN a language ſo expreſſive as the Engliſh, I hate the pedantry of tagging or prefacing what I write with Latin ſcraps; and ever was a cenſurer of the motto-mongers among our weekly and daily ſcribblers. But theſe verſes of Horace are ſo applicable to my caſe, that, whether on ſhipboard, whether in my poſt-chaiſe, or in my inn at night, I am not able to put them out of my head. Dryden once I thought ſaid well in theſe bouncing lines:

Man makes his Fate according to his mind.
The weak, low ſpirit Fortune makes her ſlave:
But ſhe's a drudge, when hector'd by the brave.
If Fate weave common thread, I'll change the doom,
And with new purple weave a nobler loom.

And in theſe:

Let Fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
I have a ſoul, that, like an ample ſhield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.

Fate was not mine: Nor am I Fate's——
Souls know no conquerors——

But in the firſt-quoted lines, conſidering them cloſely, there is nothing but bluſtering abſurdity: In the other, the poet ſays not truth; for CONSCIENCE is the Conqueror of Souls: At leaſt it is the Conqueror of mine: And who ever thought it a narrow one?

But this is occaſioned partly by poring over the affecting Will, and poſthumous Letter. What an army of texts has ſhe drawn up in array againſt me in the latter!—But yet, Jack, do they not ſhew me, that, two or three thouſand years ago, there were as wicked fellows as myſelf?—They do—And that's ſome conſolation.

But the generoſity of her mind diſplay'd in both, is what ſtings me moſt. And the more ſtill, as it is now out of my power any way in the world to be even with her.

I ought to have written to you ſooner. But I loiter'd two days at Calais, for an Anſwer to a Letter I wrote to engage my former travelling valet, De la Tour; an ingenious, ready fellow, as you have heard me ſay. I *have* engaged him, and he is now with me.

I ſhall make no ſtay here; but intend for ſome of the Electoral Courts. That of Bavaria, I think, will engage me longeſt. Perhaps I may ſtep out of my way (if I can be out of my way any-where) to thoſe of Dreſden and Berlin: And it is not impoſſible that you may have one Letter from me at Vienna. And then perhaps I may fall down into Italy by the Tirol; and ſo, taking Turin in my way, return to Paris; where I hope to ſee Mowbray and Tourville: Nor do I deſpair of you.

This a good deal differs from the plan I gave you. But you may expect to hear from me as I move; and whether I ſhall purſue this Route, or the other.

I have my former lodgings in the Rue St. Antoine:

Which

Which I ſhall hold, notwithſtanding my Tour: So they will be ready to accommodate any two of you, if you come hither before my return: And for this I have conditioned.

I write to Charlotte; and that is writing to all my relations at once.

Do thou, Jack, inform me duly of every-thing that paſſes.—Particularly, How thou proceedeſt in thy Reformation-ſcheme: How Mowbray and Tourville go on in my abſence: Whether thou haſt any chance for a wife [I am the more ſolicitous on this head, becauſe thou ſeemeſt to think, that thy Mortification will not be complete, nor thy Reformation ſecure, till thou art ſhackled]: How the Harlowes proceed in their penitentials: If Miſs Howe be married, or near being ſo: How honeſt Doleman goes on with his Empiric, now he has diſmiſſed his Regulars, or they him; and if any likelihood of his perfect recovery. Be ſure be very minute: For every trifling occurrence relating to thoſe we value, becomes intereſting, when we are at a diſtance from them. Finally, prepare thou to piece thy broken thread, if thou wouldſt oblige

Thy LOVELACE.

LETTER LI.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq;*

London, Oct. 25.

I Write, to ſhew you, that I am incapable of ſlighting even the minuteſt requeſts of an abſent and diſtant friend. Yet you may believe, that there cannot be any great alterations in the little time that you have been out of England, with reſpect to the ſubjects of your enquiry. Nevertheleſs I will anſwer to each for the reaſon above given; and for the reaſon you mention, that even trifles and chit-chat are agreeable from friend to friend, and of friends, and even of thoſe to

whom we give the importance of deeming them our *foes*, when we are abroad.

Firſt, then, as to my Reformation-ſcheme, as you call it, I hope I go on very well. I wiſh you had entered upon the like, and could ſay ſo too. You would then find infinitely more peace of mind, than you are likely ever otherwiſe to be acquainted with. When I look back upon the ſweep that has been made among us in the two or three paſt years, and forward upon what may ſtill happen, I hardly think myſelf ſecure; tho' of late I have been guided by other lights than thoſe of ſenſe and appetite, which have hurried ſo many of our confraternity into worldly ruin, if not into eternal perdition.

I am very earneſt in my wiſhes to be admited into the Nuptial State. But I think I ought to paſs ſome time as a probationary, till, by ſteadineſs in my good reſolutions, I can convince ſome woman, whom I could love and honour, and whoſe worthy example might confirm my morals, that there is *one* Libertine who had the grace to reform, before Age or Diſeaſe put it out of his power to ſin on.

The Harlowes continue inconſolable; and I dare ſay will to the end of their lives.

Miſs How is not yet married; but I have reaſon to think will ſoon. I have the honour of correſponding with her; and the more I know of her, the more I admire the nobleneſs of her mind. She muſt be conſcious, that ſhe is ſuperior to half *our Sex*, and to moſt of *her own*; which may make her give way to a temper naturally haſty and impatient: But, if ſhe meet with condeſcenſion in her man [And who would not veil to a ſuperiority ſo viſible, if it be not exacted with arrogance?] I dare ſay ſhe will make an excellent wife.

As to Doleman, the poor man goes on trying and hoping with his Empiric. I cannot but ſay, that as the latter is a ſenſible and judicious man, and not raſh, opinionative, or over-ſanguine, I have great hopes (little

(little as I think of Quacks and Noſtrum-mongers in general) that he will do him good, if his caſe will admit of it. My reaſons are, That the man pays a *regular* and *conſtant* attendance upon him: Watches, with his own eye, every change, and new ſymptom of his patient's malady: Varies his applications as the indications vary: Fetters not himſelf to rules laid down by the fathers of the art, who lived many hundred years ago; when diſeaſes, and the cauſes of them, were different, as the modes of living were different from what they are now, as well as climates and accidents: That he is to have his reward, not in daily fees; but (after the firſt five guineas for medicines) in proportion as the patient himſelf ſhall find amendment.

As to Mowbray and Tourville; what novelties can be expected, in ſo ſhort a time, from men, who have not ſenſe enough to ſtrike out or purſue new lights, either good or bad? Now, eſpecially, that you are gone, who were the ſoul of all enterprize, and in particular *their* ſoul. Beſides, I ſee them but ſeldom. I ſuppoſe they'll be at Paris before you can return from Germany; for they cannot live without you: And you gave them ſuch a ſpecimen of your recovered volatility, in the laſt evening's converſation, as equally delighted *them*, and concerned *me*.

I wiſh, with all my heart, that thou wouldſt bend thy courſe towards the Pyreneans. I ſhould then (if thou writeſt to thy Couſin Montague an account of what is moſt obſervable in thy Tour) put in for a Copy of thy Letters. I wonder thou wilt not; ſince then thy ſubjects would be as new to thyſelf, as to

Thy

BELFORD.

LETTER LII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Paris, Oct. 16—17.

I Follow my laſt of the $\frac{14}{15}$th, on occaſion of a Letter juſt now come to hand from Joſeph Leman. The fellow is Conſcience-ridden, Jack; and tells me, 'That he cannot reſt either day or night for the miſ-'chiefs which he fears he has been, and may ſtill fur-'ther be the means of doing.' He wiſhes, 'if it pleaſe 'God, and if it pleaſe *me*, that he had never ſeen 'my Honour's face.'

And what is the cauſe of his preſent concern, as to his own particular? What, but 'the *ſlights* and *contempts* 'which he receives from every one of the Harlowes; 'from thoſe particularly, he ſays, whom he has endea-'voured to ſerve as faithfully as his engagements to 'me would let him ſerve them? And I always made 'him believe, he tells me *(poor weak ſoul as he was 'from his cradle!)* that ſerving me, was ſerving both, '*in the long run.* But this, and the death of his dear 'young Lady, is a grief, he declares, that he ſhall ne-'ver *claw off*, were he to live to the age of *Matthew-'Salem: Althoff*, and *howſomever*, he is ſure, that he 'ſhall not live *a month to an end*; being ſtrangely pined, 'and his *ſtomach* nothing like what it was: And Mrs. 'Betty being alſo (now ſhe *has got his Love)* very 'croſs *and ſlighting:* But, thank his God for pu-'niſhing her! ſhe is in a poor way *herſell.*

'But the chief occaſion of troubling my Honour 'now, is not his own griefs only, *althoff* they are very 'great; but to prevent future miſchiefs to me: For he 'can aſſure me, that Colonel Morden has ſet out from 'them all, with a full reſolution to *to have his will of me:* 'And he is well aſſured, that he ſaid, and ſwore to it, '*as how* he was reſolved that he would either have my 'Honour's heart's-blood, or I ſhould have his; or *ſome*

ſuch-

'*ſuch like ſad threatenings:* And that all the family 'rejoice in it, and hope I ſhall *come ſhort home.*'

This is the ſubſtance of Joſeph's Letter; and I have one from Mowbray, which has a hint to the ſame effect. And I recollect now, that you was very importunate with me to go to Madrid, rather than to France and Italy, the laſt evening we paſſed together.

What I deſire of you, is, by the firſt diſpatch, to let me faithfully know all that You know on this head.

I can't bear to be threatened, Jack. Nor ſhall any man, unqueſtioned, give himſelf airs in my abſence, if I know it, that ſhall make me look mean in any-body's eyes: That ſhall give my friends *pain* for me: That ſhall put them upon wiſhing me to change my intentions, or my plan, to avoid him. Upon ſuch deſpicable terms as theſe, think you that I could bear to live?

But why, if ſuch were his purpoſe, did he not let me know it, before I left England? Was he unable to work himſelf up to a reſolution, till he knew me to be out of the kingdom?

As ſoon as I can inform myſelf where to direct to him, I will write to know his purpoſe; for I cannot bear ſuſpenſe, in ſuch a caſe as this: That ſolemn act, were it even to be Marriage or Hanging, which muſt be done to-morrow, I had rather ſhould be done to-day. My mind tires and ſickens with impatince on ruminating upon ſcenes that can afford neither variety nor certainty. To dwell twenty days in expectation of an event that may be decided in a quarter of an hour, is grievous.

If he come to Paris, altho' I ſhould be on my Tour, he will very eaſily find out my *lodgings:* For I every day ſee ſome or other of my countrymen, and divers of them have I entertained *here.* I go frequently to the Opera, and to the Play, and appear at Court, and at all public places. And, on my quitting this city, will leave a direction whither my Letters from England or elſewhere, ſhall from time to time be forwarded. Were I ſure, that his intention is what Joſeph Leman tells me it is, I would

I would ſtay here, or ſhorten his courſe to me, let him be where he would.

I cannot get off my regrets on account of this dear Lady for the blood of me. If the Colonel and I are to meet, as he has done me no injury, and loves the memory of his Couſin, we ſhall engage with the ſame ſentiments, as to the object of our diſpute: And that, you know, is no very common caſe.

In ſhort, I am as much convinced that I have done wrong, as he can be; and regret it as much. But I will not bear to be threatened by any man in the world, however conſcious I may be of having deſerved blame.

Adieu, Belford! Be ſincere with me. No palliation, as thou valueſt

Thy LOVELACE.

LETTER LIII.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq*;

London, Oct. 26.

I Canot think, my dear Lovelace, that Colonel Morden has either threatened you in thoſe groſs terms mentioned by the vile, hypocritical, and ignorant Joſeph Leman, or intends to follow you. They are the words of people of that fellow's claſs; and not of a gentleman: Not of Colonel Morden, I am ſure. You'll obſerve, that Joſeph pretends not to ſay that he heard him ſpeak them.

I have been very ſolicitous to ſound the Colonel, for your ſake and for his own, and for the ſake of the injunctions of the excellent Lady to me, as well as to him, on that ſubject. He is (and you will not wonder that he ſhould be) extremely affected; and owns, that he has expreſſed himſelf in terms of reſentment on the occaſion. Once he ſaid to me, That had his beloved Couſin's caſe been that of a *common ſeduction*, her own credulity or weakneſs contributing to her fall; he could have forgiven you. But, in ſo many words, He aſſured me, that

that he had not taken any reſolutions; nor had he declared himſelf to the family in ſuch a way as ſhould bind him to reſent: On the contrary, he has owned that his Couſin's injunctions have hitherto had the force upon him which I could wiſh they ſhould have.

He went abroad in a week after you. When he took his leave of me, he told me, That his deſign was to go to Florence; and that he would ſettle his affairs there; and then return to England, and here paſs the remainder of his days.

I was indeed apprehenſive, that if you and he were to meet, ſomething unhappy might fall out: And as I knew that you propoſed to take Italy, and very likely Florence, in your return to France, I was very ſolicitous to prevail upon you to take the Court of Spain into your plan. I am ſtill ſo. And if you are not to be prevailed upon to do that, let me entreat you to avoid Florence or Leghorn in your return, ſince you have viſited both heretofore. At leaſt, let not the propoſal of a meeting come from you.

It would be matter of ſerious reflection to me, if the *very fellow*, this *Joſeph Leman*, who gave you ſuch an opportunity to turn all the artillery of his maſters againſt themſelves, and to play them upon one another to favour your plotting purpoſes, ſhould be the inſtrument in the devil's hand (unwittingly too) to avenge them all upon *you*: For ſhould you even get the better of the Colonel, would the miſchief end there?—It would but add remorſe to your preſent remorſe; ſince the interview *muſt* end in death; for he would not, I am confident, take his life at your hand. The Harlowes would, moreover, proſecute you in a legal way. You hate *them*; and *they* would be gainers by *his* death: Rejoices in *yours*—And have you not done miſchief enough already?

Let *me* therefore (and thro' me all your friends) have the ſatisfaction to hear, that you are reſolved to avoid this gentleman. Time will ſubdue all things. Nobody doubts

doubts your bravery. Nor will it be known, that your plan is changed thro' perſuaſion.

Young Harlowe talks of calling you to account. This is a plain evidence, that Mr. Morden has not taken the quarrel upon himſelf for their family.

I am in no apprehenſion of any-body but Colonel Morden. I know it will not be a means to prevail upon you to oblige me, if I ſay, that I am well aſſured, that this gentleman is a ſkilful ſwordſman; and that he is as cool and ſedate as ſkilful. But yet I will add, that if I had a value for my life, he ſhould be the laſt man, except yourſelf, with whom I would chuſe to have a contention.

I have, as you required, been very candid and ſincere with you. I have not aimed at palliation. If you ſeek not Colonel Morden, it is my opinion he will not ſeek you: For he is a man of principle. But if you ſeek him, I believe he will not ſhun you.

Let me re-urge [It is the effect of my love for you!] that you know your own guilt in this affair, and ſhould not be again an aggreſſor. It would be pity, that ſo brave a man as the Colonel ſhould drop, were you and he to meet: And, on the other hand, it would be dreadful, that you ſhould be ſent to your account unprepared for it; and purſuing a freſh violence. Moreover, ſeeſt thou not, in the deaths of two of thy principal agents, *the hand-writing upon the wall againſt thee?*

My zeal on this occaſion may make me guilty of repetition. Indeed I know not how to quit the ſubject. But if what I have written, added to your own remorſe and conſciouſneſs, cannot prevail, all that I might further urge would be ineffectual.

Adieu therefore! Mayſt thou repent of the paſt! and, May no new violences add to thy heavy reflections, and overwhelm thy future hopes! are the wiſhes of

Thy true Friend,

JOHN BELFORD.

LET-

LETTER LIV.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Munich, Nov. 11—22.

I Received yours this moment, juſt as I was ſetting out for Vienna.

As to going to Madrid, or one ſingle ſtep out of the way, to avoid Colonel Morden, let me periſh, if I do! You cannot think me ſo mean a wretch.

And ſo you own, that he has threatened me; but not in groſs and ungentlemany terms, you ſay. If he has threatened me like a gentleman, I will reſent his threats like a gentleman. But he has not done as a man of honour, if he has threatened me at all behind my back. I would ſcorn to threaten any man to whom I *knew* how to addreſs myſelf either perſonally, or by pen and ink.

As to what you mention of my guilt; of the hand-writing on the wall; of a legal proſecution, if he meet his fate from my hand; of his ſkill, coolneſs, courage, and ſuch-like poltroon ſtuff; what can you mean by it? Surely you cannot believe, that ſuch inſinuations as thoſe will weaken either my hands or my heart.—No more of this ſort of nonſenſe, I beſeech you, in any of your future Letters.

He had not taken any reſolutions, you ſay, when you ſaw him. He *muſt* and *will* take reſolutions, one way or other, very quickly; for I wrote to him yeſterday, without waiting for this your anſwer to my laſt. I could not avoid it. I could not (as I told you in that) live in ſuſpenſe. I have directed my Letter to Florence. Nor could I ſuffer my friends to live in ſuſpenſe as to my ſafety. But I have couched it in ſuch moderate terms, that he has fairly his option. He will be the challenger, if he take it in the ſenſe in which he may ſo handſomely avoid taking it. And if he does, it will demonſtrate, that malice and revenge were the predominate paſſions with-

with him; and that he was determined but to ſettle his affairs, and then *take his reſolutions*, as you phraſe it.—Yet, if we are to meet [for I know what *my* option would be, in *his* caſe, on *ſuch a Letter*, complaiſant as it is] I wiſh *he* had a worſe, *I* a better cauſe. It would be ſweet revenge to him, were I to fall by his hand. But what ſhould I be the better for killing him?

I will incloſe the copy of the Letter I ſent him.

* * * * * *

ON reperuſing yours in a cooler moment, I cannot but thank you for your friendly love, and good intentions. My value for you, from the firſt hour of our acquaintance till now, I have never found miſplaced; regarding at leaſt your *intention*: Thou muſt, however, own a good deal of blunder of the over-do and under-do kind, with reſpect to the part thou actedſt between me and the Beloved of my heart. But thou art really an honeſt fellow, and a ſincere and warm friend. I could almoſt wiſh I had not written to Florence till I had received thy Letter now before me. But it is gone. Let it go. If he wiſh peace, and to avoid violence, he will have a fair opportunity to embrace the one, and ſhun the other.—If not—he muſt take his fate.

But be this as it may, you may contrive to let young Harlowe know [He is a menacer too!] that I ſhall be in England in March next, at fartheſt.

This of Bavaria is a gallant and polite Court. Nevertheleſs, being uncertain whether my Letter may meet with the Colonel at Florence, I ſhall quit it, and ſet out, as I intended, for Vienna; taking care to have any Letter or Meſſage from him conveyed to me there: Which will ſoon bring me back hither, or to any other place to which I ſhall be invited.

As I write to Charlotte, I have nothing more to add, after compliments to all friends, than that I am

Wholly yours,

LOVELACE.

Mr.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* WILLIAM MORDEN, *Eſq*;

[*Incloſed in the above.*]

SIR, *Munich, Nov.* 10—21.

I Have heard, with a great deal of ſurprize, that you have thought fit to throw out ſome menacing expreſſions againſt me.

I ſhould have been very glad, that you had thought I had puniſhment enough in my own mind, for the wrongs I have done to the moſt excellent of women; and that it had been poſſible for two perſons ſo ardently joining in one Love (eſpecially as I was deſirous, to the utmoſt of my power, to repair thoſe wrongs) to have lived, if not on amicable terms, in ſuch a way, as not to put Either to the pain of hearing of threatenings thrown out in abſence, which Either ought to be deſpiſed for, if he had not ſpirit to take notice of them.

Now, Sir, if what I have heard be owing only to warmth of temper, or to ſudden paſſion, while the loſs of all other loſſes the moſt deplorable to me was recent, I not only excuſe, but commend you for it. But if you are really *determined* to meet me on any other account [which, I own to you, is not however what I wiſh] it would be very blameable, and very unworthy of the character I deſire to maintain as well with you as with every other gentleman, to give you a difficulty in doing it.

Being uncertain when this Letter may meet you, I ſhall ſet out to-morrow for Vienna; where any Letter directed to the poſt-houſe in that city, or to Baron Windiſgratz's (at the Favorita) to whom I have commendations, will come to hand.

Mean time, believing you to be a man too generous to make a wrong conſtruction of what I am going to declare, and knowing the value which the deareſt of all creatures had for you, and your relation to her, I will not ſcruple to aſſure you, that the moſt acceptable return

turn will be, that Colonel Morden chuſes to be upon an amicable, rather than upon any other footing, with

His ſincere Admirer, and humble Servant,

R. LOVELACE.

LETTER LV.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Lintz, { *Nov.* 28. / *Dec.* 9.

I Am now on my way to Trent, in order to meet Colonel Morden, in purſuance of his Anſwer to my Letter incloſed in my laſt. I had been at Preſburgh, and had intended to viſit ſome other cities of Hungary: But having obliged myſelf to return firſt to Vienna, I there met with his Letter: Which follows.

Munich, { *Nov.* 21. / *Dec.* 2.

SIR,

YOUR Letter was at Florence Four days before I arrived there.

That I might not appear unworthy of your favour, I ſet out for this city the very next morning. I knew not but that the politeneſs of this Court might have engaged, beyond his intention, a gentleman who has only his pleaſure to purſue.

But being diſappointed in my hope of finding you here, it becomes me to acquaint you, that I have ſuch a deſire to ſtand well in the opinion of a man of your ſpirit, that I cannot heſitate a moment upon the option, which I am ſure Mr. Lovelace in my ſituation, (thus called upon) would make.

I own, Sir, that I have on all occaſions, ſpoken of your treatment of my ever-dear Couſin as it deſerved. It would have been very ſurpriſing if I had not. And it behoves me (now you have given me ſo noble an opportunity of explaining myſelf) to convince you, that no words fell from my lips, of you, merely becauſe you were

were abſent. I acquaint you therefore, that I will attend your appointment; and would, were it to the fartheſt part of the globe.

I ſhall ſtay ſome days at this court; and if you pleaſe to direct for me at M. Klienfurt's in this city, whether I remain here or not, your commands will come ſafely and ſpeedily to the hands of, Sir,

Your moſt humble Servant,

WM. MORDEN.

So you ſee, Belford, that the Colonel, by his ready, his even eagerly-expreſſed acceptance of the offered interview *was determined.* And is it not much better to bring ſuch a point as this to an iſſue, than to give pain to friends for my ſafety, or continue in ſuſpenſe myſelf; as I muſt do, if I imagined that another had aught againſt me?

This was my reply:

Vienna, { *Nov.* 25. / *Dec.* 6.

SIR,

I Have this moment the favour of yours. I will ſuſpend a Tour I was going to take into Hungary, and inſtantly ſet out for Munich: And, if a find you not there, will proceed to Trent. This city, being on the confines of Italy, will be moſt convenient, as I preſume, to you, in your return to Tuſcany; and I ſhall hope to meet you in it on the $\frac{3}{14}$ of December.

I ſhall bring with me only a French valet and an Engliſh footman. Other particulars may be adjuſted when I have the honour to ſee you. Till when, I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

R. LOVELACE.

Now, Jack, I have no manner of apprehenſion of the event of this meeting. And I think I muſt ſay, He ſeeks me; not I him. And ſo let him take the conſequence.

What

What is infinitely nearer to my heart, is, my ingratitude to the moſt excellent of women—My *premeditated* ingratitude!—Yet all the while enabled to diſtinguiſh and to adore her excellencies, in ſpite of the mean opinion of the Sex which I had imbibed from early manhood.

But this Lady has aſſerted the worthineſs of her Sex, and moſt glorioufly has ſhe exalted it with me now. Yet, ſurely, as I have ſaid and written an hundred times, there cannot be ſuch another woman.

But as my loſs in her departure is the greateſt of any man's, and as ſhe was nearer to me, than to any other perſon in the world, and once ſhe herſelf *wiſhed to be ſo*, what an inſolence in any man breathing to pretend to avenge her on *me!*--Happy! happy! thrice happy! had I known how to value, as I ought to have valued, the glory of ſuch a preference!

I will aggravate to myſelf this aggravation of the Colonel's pretending to call me to account for my treatment of a Lady ſo much *my own*, leſt, in the approaching interview, my heart ſhould relent for one ſo nearly related to her, and who means honour and juſtice to her memory; and I ſhould thereby give him advantages which otherwiſe he cannot have. For I know that I ſhall be inclined to truſt to my ſkill, to ſave a man who was ſo much and ſo juſtly valued by her; and ſhall be loth to give way to my reſentment, as a threatened man. And in this reſpect only am I ſorry for his ſkill, and his courage, leſt I ſhould be obliged, in my own defence, to add a chalk to a ſcore that is already too long.

*****

INDEED, indeed, Belford, I am, and ſhall be, to my lateſt hour, the moſt miſerable of beings. Such exalted generoſity!—Why didſt thou put into my craveing hands the copy of her Will? Why ſenteſt thou to me the poſthumous Letter?—What tho' I was earneſt

to

to ſee the Will? Thou kneweſt what they *both* were [I did not]; and that it would be cruel to oblige me.

The meeting of twenty Colonel Mordens, were there twenty to meet in turn, would be nothing to me; would not give me a moment's concern, as to my own ſafety: But my reflections upon my vile ingratitude to ſo ſuperior an excellence will ever be my curſe.

Had ſhe been a Miſs Howe to me, and treated me as if I were an Hickman, I had had a call for revenge; and policy (when I had intended to be an huſband) might have juſtified my attempts to humble her. But a *meek and gentle temper* was hers, tho' a *true heroine*, whenever honour or virtue called for an exertion of ſpirit.

Nothing but my curſed devices ſtood in the way of my happineſs. Remembreſt thou not, how repeatedly, from the *firſt*, I poured cold water upon her riſing flame, by meanly and ungratefully turning upon her the *injunctions*, which *virgin delicacy*, and *filial duty*, induced her to lay me under before I got her into my power (*a*)?

Did ſhe not tell me, and did I not *know it*, if ſhe had *not* told me, *that ſhe could not be guilty of affectation or tyranny to the man whom ſhe intended to marry* (*b*)? I knew, as ſhe once upbraided me, that from the time I had got her from her Father's houſe, *I had a plain path before me* (*c*). True did ſhe ſay, and I triumphed in the diſcovery, that from that time *I had held her ſoul in ſuſpenſe an hundred times* (*d*). My Ipecacuanha trial alone was enough to convince an infidel, that ſhe had a

(*a*) See Vol. III. p. 70. See alſo Letter xiii. xli. xlii. of that Volume, and many other places.

(*b*) See Vol. V. p. 186.—It may be obſerved further, that all Clariſſa's occaſional lectures to Miſs Howe, on that young Lady's treatment of Mr. Hickman, prove that ſhe was herſelf above affectation and tyranny.—See, more particularly, the advice ſhe gives to that friend of her heart, Letter lxvi, of Vol. VII.—— 'O my dear,' ſays ſhe in that Letter, p. 231. 'that it had been *my* lot (as I was not permitted to live 'ſingle, to have met with a man by whom I could have acted generouſly and unreſervedly!' *&c. &c.*

(*c*) See Vol. V. p. 130. 179. (*d*) Ibid. p. 188.

mind

mind in which Love and Tenderneſs would have preſided, had I permitted the charming buds to put forth and blow *(a)*.

She *would have had no reſerves*, as once ſhe told me, *had I not given her cauſe of doubt (b)*. And did ſhe not own to thee, *that once ſhe could have loved me; and, could ſhe have made me good, would have made me happy (c)?* O Belford! here was love; a love of the nobleſt kind! A Love, as ſhe hints in her poſthumous Letter *(d)*, that extended to the ſoul; and which ſhe not only avowed in her dying hours, but contrived to let me know it after death, in that Letter filled with warnings and exhortations, which had for their ſole end my eternal welfare!

The curſed women, indeed, endeavoured to excite my vengeance, and my pride, by preaching to me eternally *her Doubts*, her *want of* Love, and *her Contempt of me*. And my pride was, at times, too much excited by their vile inſinuations. But had it even been as they ſaid; well might ſhe, who had been uſed to be courted and admired by every deſiring eye, and worſhiped by every reſpectful heart—Well might *ſuch* a woman be allowed to draw back, when ſhe found herſelf kept in ſuſpenſe, *as to the great queſtion of all*, by a deſigning and intriguing ſpirit; pretending awe and diſtance, as reaſons for reining-in a fervor, which, if real, cannot be reined-in—Divine creature! Her very doubts, her reſerves (ſo juſtly doubting) would have been my aſſurance, and my glory!—And what other trial needed her virtue? What other needed a purity ſo angelic (bleſſed with ſuch a *command in her paſſions in the bloom of youth*) had I not been a villain—and a wanton, a conceited, a proud fool, as well as a villian?

Theſe reflections ſharpened, rather than their edge by time rebated, accompany me in whatever I do, and where-ever I go; and mingle with all my diverſions and

(*a*) See Vol. IV. Letters xlv, xlvi. (*b*) See Vol. V. p. 213. (*c*) See Letter xcviii of Vol. VII. (*d*) See p. 122.—126, of this Vol.

amuſe-

amuſements. And yet I go into gay and ſplendid Company. I have made new acquaintance in the different Courts I have viſited. I am both eſteemed and ſought after, by perſons of rank and merit. I viſit the Colleges, the Churches, the Palaces. I frequent the Theatre: Am preſent at every public Exhibition; and ſee all that is worth ſeeing, that I had not ſeen before, in the Cabinets of the Curious: Am ſometimes admitted to the Toilette of an eminent toaſt, and make one with diſtinction at the aſſemblies of others—Yet can think of nothing, nor of any-body, with delight, but of my CLARISSA. Nor have I ſeen one woman with advantage to herſelf, but as ſhe reſembles in Stature, Air, Complexion, Voice, or in ſome Feature, that Charmer, that *only* Charmer, of my Soul.

What greater puniſhment, than to have theſe aſtoniſhing perfections, which ſhe was miſtreſs of, ſtrike my remembrance with ſuch force, when I have nothing left me but the remorſe of having deprived myſelf and the world of ſuch a bleſſing! Now-and-then, indeed, am I capable of a gleam of comfort, ariſing (not ungenerouſly) from the moral certainty which I have of her everlaſting happineſs, in ſpite of all the machinations and devices which I ſet on foot to enſnare her virtue, and to bring down ſo pure a mind to my own level.

For can I *be, at* worſt [*Avert that worſt,*
O Thou SUPREME, *who only canſt avert it!*]
So much a wretch, ſo very far abandon'd,
But that I muſt, ev'n in the horrid'ſt gloom,
Reap intervenient joy, at leaſt ſome reſpite
From pain and anguiſh, in her *bliſs*—

* * * * *

IF I find myſelf thus miſerable abroad, I will ſoon return to England, and follow your example, I think—turn hermit, or ſome plaguy thing or other, and ſee what a conſtant courſe of penitence and mortification will do for me. There is no living at this rate—D—n me if there be!

If any miſhap ſhould befal me, you'll have the particulars of it from De la Tour. He indeed knows but little of Engliſh: But every modern tongue is yours. He is a truſty and ingenious fellow: And, if any thing happen, will have ſome other papers, which I ſhall have ready ſealed up, for you to tranſmit to Lord M. And ſince thou art ſo expert, and ſo ready at Executorſhips, pr'ythee, Belford, accept of the office for Me, as well as for my Clariſſa—CLARISSA LOVELACE let me call her.

By all that's good, I am bewitched to her memory. Her very name, with mine joined to it, raviſhes my ſoul, and is more delightful to me than the ſweeteſt muſic.

Had I carried her [I muſt ſtill recriminate] to any other place than to that accurſed woman's—For the potion was her invention and mixture; and all the perſiſted-in violence was at her inſtigation, and at that of her wretched daughters, *who have now amply revenged upon me their own ruin, which they lay at my door*—

But this looks ſo like the confeſſion of a thief at the gallows, that poſſibly thou wilt be apt to think, I am intimidated in proſpect of the approaching interview. But far otherwiſe. On the contary, moſt chearfully do I go to meet the Colonel; and I would tear my heart out of my breaſt with my own hands, were it capable of fear or concern on that account.

This much only I know, that if I ſhould kill him [which I will not do, if I can help it] I ſhall be far from being eaſy in my mind: *That* ſhall I never more be. But as the meeting is evidently of his own ſeeking, againſt an option fairly given to the contrary, and I cannot avoid it, I'll think of that hereafter. It is but repenting and mortifying for all at once: For I am as ſure of victory, as I am that I now live, let him be ever ſo ſkilful a ſwordſman; ſince, beſides that I am no unfleſhed novice, this is a ſport, that when provoked to it, I love as well as my food. And, moreover, I ſhall

be

be as *calm and undiſturbed* as the Biſhop at his prayers: while he, as is evident by his Letter, muſt be actuated by revenge and paſſion.

Doubt not, therefore, Jack, that I ſhall give a good account of this affair. Mean time, I remain

Yours moſt affectionately, &c.

LOVELACE.

LETTER LVI.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Trent, Dec. 3—14.

TO-morrow is to be the Day, that will, in all probability, ſend either one or two ghoſts to attend the Manes of my CLARISSA.

I arrived here yeſterday; and enquiring for an Engliſh gentleman of the name of Morden, ſoon found out the Colonel's lodgings. He had been in town two days; and left his name at every probable place.

He was gone to ride out; and I left *my* name, and where to be found: And in the evening he made me a viſit.

He was plaguy gloomy. That was not I. But yet he told me, that I had acted like a man of true ſpirit in my firſt Letter; and with honour, in giving him ſo readily this meeting. He wiſhed I had in other reſpects; and then we might have ſeen each other upon better terms than now we did.

I ſaid, there was no recalling what was paſs'd; and that I wiſh'd ſome things had not been done, aswell as he.

To recriminate now, he ſaid, would be as exaſperating as unavailable. And as I had ſo chearfully given him this opportunity, words ſhould give place to buſineſs.—*Your* choice, Mr. Lovelace, of Time, of Place, of Weapon, ſhall be *my* choice.

The two latter be yours, Mr. Morden. The Time to-morrow, or next day, as you pleaſe.

Next day, then, Mr. Lovelace; and we'll ride out to-morrow, and fix the place.

Agreed, Sir.

Well; now, Mr. Lovelace, do you chuſe the Weapon.

I ſaid, I believed we might be upon an equal foot with the Single-Rapier; but, if he thought otherwiſe, I had no objection to a Piſtol.

I will only ſay, replied he, that the chances may be more equal by the Sword, becauſe we can neither of us be to ſeek in that: And you would ſtand, ſays he, a worſe chance, as I apprehend, with a piſtol: And yet I have brought two; that you may take your choice of either: For, added he, I never miſſed a mark at piſtol-diſtance, ſince I knew how to hold a Piſtol.

I told him, that he ſpoke like himſelf: That I was expert enough that way, to embrace it, if he choſe it; tho' not ſo ſure of my mark as he pretended to be. Yet the devil's in't, Colonel, if I, who have ſlit a bullet in two upon a knife's edge, hit not my man. So I have no objection to a Piſtol, if it be *your* choice. No man, I'll venture to ſay, has a ſteadier Hand or Eye than I have.

They may both be of uſe to you, Sir, at the ſword, as well as at the piſtol: The ſword therefore be the thing, if you pleaſe.

With all my heart.

We parted with a ſolemn ſort of ceremonious civility: And this day I called upon Him; and we rode out together to fix upon the place: And both being of one mind, and hating to put off for the morrow what could be done to-day, would have decided it then: But De-la Tour, and the Colonel's valet, who attended us, being unavoidably let into the ſecret, joined to beg we would have with us a Surgeon from Brixen, whom La Tour had fallen in with there, and who had told him he was to ride next morning to bleed a perſon in a fever, at a lone cottage, which, by the Surgeon's deſcription, was not far from the place where we then were, if it were not that very cottage within ſight of us.

They

They undertook ſo to manage it, that the Surgeon ſhould know nothing of the matter till his aſſiſtance was called in. And La Tour being, as I aſſured the Colonel, a ready contriving fellow [whom I ordered to obey him as myſelf, were the chance to be in *his* favour] we both agreed to defer the deciſion till to-morrow, and to leave the whole about the Surgeon to the management of our two valets; enjoining them abſolute ſecrecy: And ſo rode back again by different ways.

We fixed upon a little lone valley for the Spot—Ten to-morrow morning the Time — And Single Rapier the Word. Yet I repeatedly told him, that I value myſelf ſo much upon my ſkill in that weapon, that I would wiſh him to chuſe any other.

He ſaid it was a gentleman's weapon; and he who underſtood it not, wanted a qualification that he ought to ſuffer for not having: But that, as to him, one weapon was as good as another throughout all the inſtruments of offence.

So, Jack, you ſee I take no advantage of him: But my devil muſt deceive me, if he take not his life or his death at my hands before eleven to-morrow morning.

His valet and mine are to be preſent; but both ſtrictly enjoined to be impartial and inactive: And, in return for my civility of the like nature, he commanded *his* to be aſſiſting to me, if he fell.

We are to ride thither, and to diſmount when at the place; and his footman and mine are to wait at an appointed diſtance, with a chaiſe to carry off to the borders of the Venetian territories the ſurvivor, if one drop; or to aſſiſt either or both, as occaſion may demand.

And thus, Belford, is the matter ſettled.

A ſhower of rain has left me nothing elſe to do: And therefore I write this Letter; tho' I might as well have deferred it till to-morrow twelve o'clock,

when I doubt not to be able to write again, to aſſure you how much I am

Yours, &c.

LOVELACE.

LETTER LVII.

Tranſlation of a Letter from F. J. De la Tour.

To JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*; *near* Soho-Square, London.

SIR, *Trent*, *Dec.* 18. *N. S.*

I HAVE melancholy news to inform you of, by order of the Chevalier Lovelace. He ſhewed me his Letter to you before he ſealed it; ſignifying, that he was to meet the Chevalier Morden on the 15th. Wherefore, as the occaſion of the meeting is ſo well known to you, I ſhall ſay nothing of it here.

I had taken care to have ready, within a little diſtance, a Surgeon and his aſſiſtant, to whom, under an oath of ſecrecy, I had revealed the matter (tho' I did not own it to the two gentlemen); ſo that they were prepared with bandages, and all things proper. For well was I acquainted with the bravery and ſkill of my Chevalier; and had heard the character of the other; and knew the animoſity of both. A poſt-chaiſe was ready, with each of their footmen, at a little diſtance.

The two Chevaliers came exactly at their time: They were attended by Monſieur Marget (the Colonel's gentleman) and myſelf. They had given orders over-night, and now repeated them in each other's preſence, that we ſhould obſerve a ſtrict impartiality between them: And that, if one fell, each of us ſhould look upon himſelf, as to any needful help or retreat, as the ſervant of the ſurvivor, and take his commands accordingly.

After a few compliments, both the gentlemen, with the greateſt preſence of mind that I ever beheld in men, ſtript to their ſhirts, and drew.

They

They paried with equal judgment ſeveral paſſes. My Chevalier drew the firſt blood, making a deſperate puſh, which, by a ſudden turn of his antagoniſt, miſſed going clear thro' him, and wounded him on the fleſhy part of the ribs of his right ſide; which part the ſword tore out, being on the extremity of the body: But, before my Chevalier could recover himſelf, the Colonel, in return, puſhed him into the inſide of the left arm, near the ſhoulder: And the ſword (raking his breaſt as it paſſed) being followed by a great effuſion of blood, the Colonel ſaid, Sir, I believe you have enough.

My Chevalier ſwore by G—d, he was not hurt: 'Twas a pin's point: And ſo made another paſs at his antagoniſt; which he, with a ſurpriſing dexterity, received under his arm, and run my dear Chevalier into the body: Who immediately fell; ſaying, The luck is yours, Sir,—O my beloved Clariſſa!—Now art thou — Inwardly he ſpoke three or four words more. His ſword dropt from his hand. Mr. Morden threw his down, and ran to him, ſaying in French—Ah Monſieur, you are a dead man!—Call to God for mercy!

We gave the ſignal agreed upon to the footmen; and they to the Surgeons; who inſtantly came up.

Colonel Morden, I found, was too well uſed to the bloody work; for he was as cool as if nothing ſo extraordinary had happened, aſſiſting the Surgeons, tho' his own wound bled much. But my dear Chevalier fainted away two or three times running, and vomited blood beſides.

However, they ſtopped the bleeding for the preſent; and we helped him into the voiture; and then the Colonel ſuffered his own wound to be dreſſed; and appeared concerned that my Chevalier was between whiles (when he could ſpeak, and ſtruggle) extremely outrageous.—Poor gentleman! he had made quite ſure of victory!

The Colonel, againſt the Surgeons advice, would mount on horſeback to paſs into the Venetian territories; and generouſly gave me a purſe of gold to pay the Surgeons; deſiring me to make a preſent to the footman; and to accept of the remainder, as a mark of his ſatisfaction in my conduct; and in my care and tenderneſs of my maſter.

The Surgeons told him, that my Chevalier could not live over the day.

When the Colonel took leave of him, Mr. Lovelace ſaid, You have well revenged the dear creature.

I have, Sir, ſaid Mr. Morden: And perhaps ſhall be ſorry that you called upon me to this work, while I was balancing whether to obey, or diſobey, the dear angel.

There is a fate in it! replied my Chevalier — A curſed fate!—Or this could not have been!— But be ye all witneſſes, that I have provoked my deſtiny, and acknowlege that I fall by a Man of Honour.

Sir, ſaid the Colonel, with the piety of a confeſſor, (wringing Mr. Lovelace's hand) ſnatch theſe few fleeting moments, and commend yourſelf to God.

And ſo he rode off.

The voiture proceeded ſlowly with my Chevalier; yet the motion ſet both his wounds bleeding afreſh; and it was with difficulty they again ſtopped the blood.

We brought him alive to the neareſt cottage; and he gave orders to me to diſpatch to you the packet I herewith ſend ſealed up; and bid me write to you the particulars of this moſt unhappy affair; and give you thanks, in his name, for all your favours and friendſhip to him.

Contrary to all expectation, he lived over the night: But *ſuffered much*, as well from his *impatience* and *diſappointment*, as from his *wounds*; for he ſeemed *very unwilling to die*.

He was delirious, at times, in the two laſt hours; and

and then ſeveral times cried out, as if he had ſeen ſome frightful Spectre, Take her away! Take her away! but named nobody. And ſometimes praiſed ſome Lady (that Clariſſa, I ſuppoſe, whom he had invoked when he received his death's wound) calling her, Sweet Excellence! Divine Creature! Fair Sufferer!—And once he ſaid, Look down, bleſſed Spirit, look down! —And there ſtopt;—his lips however moving.

At nine in the morning, he was ſeized with convulſions, and fainted away; and it was a quarter of an hour before he come out of them.

His few laſt words I muſt not omit, as they ſhew an ultimate compoſure; which may adminiſter ſome conſolation to his honourable friends.

Bleſſed—ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf no doubt to Heaven; for his dying eyes were lifted up—A ſtrong convulſion prevented him for a few moments ſaying more—But recovering, he again with great fervor (lifting up his eyes, and his ſpread hands) pronounced the word *Bleſſed*:—Then, in a ſeeming ejaculation, he ſpoke inwardly ſo as not to be underſtood: At laſt, he diſtinctly pronounced theſe three words,

LET THIS EXPIATE!

And then, his head ſinking on his pillow, he expired; at about half an hour after ten.

He little thought, poor gentleman! his End ſo near: So had given no direction about his body. I have cauſed it to be embowelled, and depoſited in a vault, till I have orders from England.

This is a favour that was procured with difficulty; and would have been refuſed, had he not been an Engliſhman of rank: A nation with reaſon reſpected in every Auſtrian government—For he had refuſed ghoſtly attendance, and the Sacraments in the Catholic way. May his ſoul be happy, I pray God!

I have had ſome trouble alſo on account of the man-

ner of his death, from the Magiſtracy here: Who have taken the requiſite informations in the affair. And it has coſt me ſome money. Of which, and of my dear Chevalier's effects, I will give you a faithful account in my next. And ſo, waiting at this place your commands, I am, SIR,

Your moſt faithful and obedient Servant,

F. J. DE LA TOUR.

CON-

CONCLUSION.

Suppoſed to be written by Mr. BELFORD.

WHAT remains to be mentioned for the ſatisfaction of ſuch of the readers as may be preſumed to have intereſted themſelves in the fortunes of thoſe other principals in the Story, who ſurvived Mr. Lovelace, will be found ſummarily related as follows:

The news of Mr. LOVELACE's unhappy End was received with as much grief by his own relations, as it was with exultation by the Harlowe-family, and by Miſs Howe. His own family were moſt to be pitied, becauſe, being ſincere admirers of the inimitable Lady, they were greatly grieved for the injuſtice done her; and now had the *additional* mortification of loſing the only Male of it, by a violent death.

That his fate was deſerved, was ſtill a heightening of their calamity, as they had, for that very reaſon, and his unpreparedneſs for it, but too much ground for apprehenſion with regard to his future happineſs. While the other family, from their unforgiving ſpirit, and even the noble young Lady above-mentioned, from her lively reſentments, found his death ſome little, ſome temporary, alleviation of the heavy loſs they had ſuſtained, principally thro' his means.

Temporary alleviation, we repeat, as to the Harlowe-family; for THEY were far from being happy or eaſy in their reflections upon their own conduct.—And ſtill the leſs, as the inconſolable Mother reſted not,

till ſhe had procured, by means of Colonel Morden, large extracts from ſome of the Letters that compoſe this Hiſtory, which convinced them all, that the very correſpondence which Clariſſa, while with them, renewed with Mr. Lovelace, was renewed for *their ſakes*, more than for *her own*: That ſhe had given him no encouragement contrary to her duty, and to that prudence for which ſhe was ſo early noted: That, had they truſted to a diſcretion which they owned ſhe had never brought into queſtion, ſhe would have extricated them and herſelf (as ſhe once propoſed (*a*) to her Mother) from all difficulties as to Lovelace: That ſhe, if any woman ever could, would have given a glorious inſtance of a paſſion conquered, or at leaſt kept under, by Reaſon, and by Piety; the man being too immoral to be implicitly beloved.

The unhappy Parents and Uncles, from the peruſal of theſe Extracts, too evidently for their peace, ſaw, That it was entirely owing to the avarice, the ambition, the envy, of her implacable Brother and Siſter, and to the ſenſeleſs confederacy entered into by the whole family, to compel her to give her hand to a man ſhe muſt deſpiſe, or ſhe had not been a CLARISSA, and to their conſequent perſecutions of her, that ſhe ever thought of quitting her Father's houſe: And that even when ſhe firſt entertained ſuch a thought, it was with intent, if poſſible, to procure for herſelf a private aſylum with Mrs. Howe, or at ſome other place of ſafety (but not with Mr. Lovelace, nor with any of the Ladies of his family, tho' invited by the latter) from whence ſhe might propoſe terms which ought to have been complied with, and which were entirely conſiſtent with her duty—That tho' ſhe found herſelf diſappointed of the hoped-for refuge and protection, ſhe intended not, by meeting Mr. Lovelace, to put herſelf into his power; all that ſhe aimed at by taking that ſtep, being to endeavour to

(*a*) See Vol. I. p. 117, 118.

to pacify ſo fierce a ſpirit, leſt he ſhould (as he indeed was determined to do) pay a viſit to her friends, which might have been attended with fatal conſequences; but was ſpirited away by him in ſuch a manner, as made her an object of pity, rather than of blame.

Theſe Extracts further convinced them all, that it was to her unaffected regret, that ſhe found, that Marriage was not in her power afterwards for a long time; and at laſt, but on one occaſion, when their unnatural cruelty to her (on a new application ſhe had made to her Aunt Hervey, to procure mercy and pardon) rendered her incapable of receiving his proffer'd hand; and ſo obliged her to ſuſpend the day; intending only to ſuſpend it, till recovered.

They ſaw with equal abhorrence of Lovelace, and of their own cruelty, and with the higheſt admiration of her, That the majeſty of her virtue had awed the moſt daring ſpirit in the world, ſo that he durſt not attempt to carry his baſe deſigns into execution, till, by wicked potions, he had made her ſenſes the previous ſacrifice.

But how did they in a manner adore her memory! How did they recriminate upon each other! when they found, that ſhe had not only preſerved herſelf from repeated outrage, by the moſt glorious and intrepid behaviour, in defiance, and to the utter confuſion, of all his Libertine notions; but had the fortitude, conſtantly, and with a noble diſdain, to reject Him.—Whom?—Why, the man ſhe once could have loved, kneeling for pardon, and begging to be permitted to make her the beſt reparation then in his power to make her; that is to ſay, by Marriage. His fortunes high and unbroken. She his priſoner at the time in a vile houſe: Rejected by all her friends; upon repeated application to them, for mercy and forgiveneſs, rejected — Mercy and forgiveneſs, and a laſt bleſſing, afterwards imploring; and that as much

much to lighten their future remorſes, as for the comfort of her own pious heart—Yet, tho' ſavagely refuſed, on a ſuppoſition that ſhe was not ſo near her End, as was repreſented, departed, forgiving and bleſſing them all.

Then they recollected, that her poſthumous Letters, inſtead of reproaches, were filled with comfortings: That ſhe had in her Laſt Will, in their own way, laid obligations upon them all; obligations which they neither deſerved nor expected; as if ſhe thought to repair the injuſtice which ſelf-partiality made ſome of them conclude done to them by her Grandfather in his Will.

Theſe intelligences and recollections were perpetual ſubjects of recrimination to them: Heightened their anguiſh for the loſs of a child who was the glory of their family; and not ſeldom made them ſhun each other (at the times they were accuſtomed to meet together) that they might avoid the mutual reproaches of Eyes that ſpoke, when Tongues were ſilent—Their ſtings alſo ſharpened by time; what an unhappy family was This! Well might Colonel Morden, in the words of Juvenal, challenge all other miſerable families to produce ſuch a growing diſtreſs as that of the Harlowes (a few months before ſo happy!) were able to produce.

Humani generis mores tibi nôſſe volenti
Sufficit una domus: paucos conſume dies, &
Dicere te miſerum, poſtquam illinc veneris, aude.

Mrs. HARLOWE lived about two years and an half, after the lamented death of her CLARISSA.

Mr. HARLOWE had the additional affliction to ſurvive his Lady about half a year; her death, by new pointing his former anguiſh and remorſe, haſtening his own.

Both, in their laſt hours, however, comforted themſelves, that they ſhould be reſtored to their BLESSED

daughte

daughter, as they always (from the time that they were acquainted with the above particulars of her ſtory, and with her happpy *exit*) called her.

They both lived, however, to ſee their ſon *James*, and their daughter *Arabella*, married: But not to take joy in either of their nuptials.

Mr. JAMES HARLOWE married a woman of family, an orphan; and is obliged, at a very great expence, to ſupport her claim to Eſtates, which were his principal inducement to make his addreſſes to her; but which, to this day, he has not recovered; nor is likely to recover; having very powerful adverſaries to contend with, and a title to aſſert, which admits of litigation; and he not bleſſed with ſo much patience as is neceſſary to perſons embarraſſed in Law.

What is further obſervable with regard to him, is, that the match was entirely of his own head, againſt the advice of his Father, Mother, and Uncles, who warned him of marrying in this Lady a Law-ſuit for life. His ungenerous behaviour to his Wife, for what ſhe cannot help, and for what is as much *her* misfortune as *his*, has occaſioned ſuch eſtrangements between them (ſhe being a woman of ſpirit) as, were the Law-ſuits determined, and even more favourably than probably they will be, muſt make him unhappy to the End of his Life. He attributes all his misfortunes, when he opens himſelf to the *few* friends he has, *to his vile and cruel treatment of his angelic Siſter*. He confeſſes theſe misfortunes to be juſt, without having temper to acquieſce in the acknowleged juſtice. One month in every year he puts on mourning, and that month commences with him on the 7th of September, during which he ſhuts himſelf up from all company. Finally, he is looked upon, and often calls himſelf,

THE MOST MISERABLE OF BEINGS.

ARABELLA's Fortune became a temptation to a man of Quality to make his addreſſes to her: His Title an inducement with her to approve of him. Brothers and

and Siſters, when they are not Friends, are generally the ſharpeſt Enemies to each other. He thought too much was done for her in the Settlements. She thought not enough. And for ſome years paſt, they have ſo heartily hated each other, that if either know a joy, it is in being told of ſome new misfortune or diſpleaſure that happens to the other. Indeed, before they came to an open rupture, they were continually loading each other, by way of exonerating themſelves *(to the additional diſquiet of the whole family)* with the *principal* guilt of their implacable behaviour and ſordid cruelty to their admirable Siſter.—May the reports that are ſpread of this Lady's further unhappineſs from her Lord's free life; a fault ſhe *juſtly* thought ſo odious in Mr. Lovelace (though that would not have been an inſuperable objection with her to his addreſſes); and of his public ſlights and contempt of her, and even ſometimes of his *perſonal abuſes*, which are ſaid to be owing to her impatient ſpirit, and violent paſſions; be utterly groundleſs.—For, what a heart muſt that be, which would wiſh ſhe might be as great a torment to herſelf, as ſhe had aimed to be to her Siſter? Eſpecially as ſhe regrets to this hour, and declares, that ſhe ſhall *to the laſt of her life*, her cruel treatment of that Siſter; and (as well as her Brother) is but too ready to attribute to *that* her own unhappineſs.

Mr. ANTONY and Mr. JOHN HARLOWE are ſtill [at the writing of this] living: But often declare, That, with their beloved Niece, they loſt all the joy of their lives: And lament, without reſerve, in all companies, the unnatural part they were induced to take againſt her.

Mr. SOLMES is alſo ſtill living, if a man of his caſt may be ſaid to live; for his general behaviour and ſordid manners are ſuch as juſtify the averſion the excellent Lady had to him. He has moreover found his addreſſes rejected by ſeveral women of far inferior fortunes (great as his own are) to thoſe of the Lady to whom he was encouraged to aſpire. Mr.

Mr. MOWBRAY and Mr. TOURVILLE having loſt the man in whoſe converſation they ſo much delighted; ſhock'd and awakened by the ſeveral unhappy cataſtrophes before their eyes; and having always rather *ductile* and *dictating* hearts; took their friend Belford's advice: Converted the remainder of their fortunes into Annuities for life; and retired, the one into Yorkſhire, the other into Nottinghamſhire, of which counties they are natives: Their friend Belford managing their concerns for them, and correſponding with them, and having more and more hopes every time he ſees them (which is once or twice a year, when they come to town) that they will become more and more worthy of their Names and Families.

As thoſe Siſters in iniquity, SALLY MARTIN and POLLY HORTON, had abilities and education ſuperior to what creatures of their caſt generally can boaſt of; and as their Hiſtories are no-where given in the preceding Papers, in which they are frequently mentioned; it cannot fail of gratifying the reader's curioſity, *as well* as anſwering the *good ends* deſigned by the publication of this Work, to give a brief account of their Parentage, and manner of Training-up, preparative to the vile courſes they fell into, and of what became of them, after the dreadful exit of the infamous Sinclair.

SALLY MARTIN was the daughter of a ſubſtantial Mercer at the Court-end of the town; to whom her Mother, a Grocer's Daughter in the city, brought a handſome fortune; and both having a gay turn, and being fond of the faſhions which it was their buſineſs to promote; and which the wives and daughters of the uppermoſt tradeſmen (eſpecially in that quarter of the town) generally affect to follow; it was no wonder that they brought up their daughter accordingly: Nor that ſhe, who was a very ſprightly and ready-witted girl, and reckoned very pretty and very genteel, ſhould every year improve upon ſuch examples.

She early found herſelf miſtreſs of herſelf. All ſhe did was right: All ſhe ſaid was admired. Early, very early, did ſhe diſmiſs bluſhes from her cheek. She could not bluſh, becauſe ſhe could not doubt: And ſilence, whatever were the ſubject, was as much a ſtranger to her, as diffidence.

She never was left out of any party of pleaſure, after ſhe had paſſed her Ninth year; and, in honour of her prattling vein, was conſidered as a principal perſon in the frequent Treats and Entertainments which her parents, fond of luxurious living, gave with a view to encreaſe their acquaintance for the ſake of their buſineſs. Not duly reflecting, that the part they ſuffered her to take in what made for their intereſt, would probably be a means to quicken the appetites and ruin the morals of that daughter, for whoſe ſake, as an only child, they were ſolicitous to obtain wealth.

The CHILD ſo much a Woman, what muſt the WOMAN be?

At Fifteen or Sixteen, ſhe affected, both in dreſs and manners, to ape ſuch of the quality, as were moſt Apiſh. The richeſt ſilks in her Father's ſhop were not too rich for her: At all public diverſions, ſhe was the leader, inſtead of the led, of all her female kindred and acquaintance; tho' they were a third older than herſelf. She would buſtle herſelf into a place, and make room for her more baſhful companions, through the frowns of the firſt poſſeſſors, at a crouded theatre; leaving every one near her amazed at her ſelf-conſequence, wondering ſhe had no ſervant to keep place for her; whiſperingly enquiring who ſhe was; and then ſitting down admiring her fortitude.

She officiouſly made herſelf of conſequence to the moſt noted Players; who, as one of their patroneſſes, applied to her for her intereſt, on their Benefit-nights.

She

She knew the *Chriſtian*, as well as *Sur*-Name of every pretty fellow who frequented public places; and affected to ſpeak of them by their former.

Thoſe who had not obeyed the call her eyes always made upon all of them for notice at her entrance, or before ſhe took her ſeat, were ſpoken of with haughtineſs, as, Jack's, or Tom's; while her favourites with an affectedly-endearing familiarity, and a prettineſs of accent, were Jackeys and Tommys; and if they ſtood very high in her graces, Dear Devils, and agreeable Toads.

She ſat in judgment, and an inexorable judge ſhe was, upon the actions and conduct of every man and woman of quality and faſhion, as they became the ſubjects of converſation. She was deeply learned in the ſcandalous Chronicle: She made every character, every praiſe, and every cenſure, ſerve to exalt herſelf. *She ſhould ſcorn to do ſo or ſo!*—Or, *That was ever her way*; and *juſt what ſhe did, or liked to do*; and judging herſelf by the vileneſs of the moſt vile of her Sex, ſhe wiped her mouth, and ſat down ſatisfied with her own virtue.

She had her chair to attend her where-ever ſhe went, and found people among her *Betters*, as her pride ſtooped to call ſome of the moſt inſignificant people in the world, to encourage her viſits.

She was practiſed in all the arts of the Card-table: A true Spartan girl; and had even courage, occaſionally, to wrangle off a detection. Late hours (turning night into day, and day into night) were the almoſt unavoidable conſequence of her frequent play. Her parents pleaſed themſelves that their Sally had a charming conſtitution: And as long as ſhe ſuffered not in her health, they were regardleſs of her morals.

The needle ſhe hated: And made the conſtant ſubjects of her ridicule the fine works that uſed to employ, and keep out of idleneſs, luxury, and extravagance, and at *home* (were they to have been of no

no other ſervice) the women of the laſt age, when there were no Vaux-halls, Ranelaghs, Marybones, and ſuch like places of diverſion, to dreſs out for, and gad after.

And as to Family-management, her parents had not required any knowlege of that ſort from her; and ſhe conſidered it as a qualification only neceſſary for hirelings, and the low-born, and as utterly unworthy of the attention of a modern fine Lady.

Altho' her Father had great buſineſs, yet, living in ſo high and expenſive a way, he pretended not to give her a fortune anſwerable to it. Neither he nor his Wife, having ſet out with any notion of frugality, could think of retrenching. Nor did their Daughter deſire that they ſhould retrench. They thought glare or oſtentation reputable. They called it living *genteelly*. And as they lifted their heads above their neighbours, they ſuppoſed their credit concerned to go forward rather than backward in outward appearances. They flattered themſelves, and they flattered their girl, and ſhe was *entirely* of their opinion, that ſhe had charms and wit enough to attract ſome man of rank; of *Fortune* at leaſt: And yet this Daughter of a Mercer-Father and Grocer-Mother could not bear the thoughts of a creeping Cit; encouraging herſelf with the few inſtances (*comparatively* few) which ſhe had always in her head as *common ones*, of girls much inferior to herſelf in ſtation, talents, education, and even fortune, who had ſucceeded—as ſhe doubted not to ſucceed. Handſome Settlements, and a Chariot, that tempting gewgaw to the vanity of the middling claſs of females, were the leaſt that ſhe propoſed to herſelf. But all this while, neither her parents nor herſelf conſidered, that ſhe had appetites indulged to ſtruggle with, and a turn of education given her, as well as a warm conſtitution, unguarded by ſound principles, and unbenefited

benefited by example, which made her much better qualified for a Miſtreſs than a Wife.

Her Twentieth year, to her own equal wonder and regret, paſſed over her head, and ſhe had not had one offer that her pride would permit her to accept of. A girl from Fifteen to Eighteen, her beauty then beginning to bloſſom, will, as a new thing, attract the eyes of men: But if ſhe make her face cheap at public places, ſhe will find, that *new* faces will draw more attention than *fine* faces conſtantly ſeen. Policy therefore, if nothing elſe were conſidered, would induce a young beauty, if ſhe could tame her vanity, juſt to ſhew herſelf, and to be talked of, and then withdrawing, as if from diſcretion (and diſcreet it will be to do ſo) expect to be *ſought after*, rather than to be thought to *ſeek for*; only reviving now-and-then the memory of herſelf, at the public places in turn, if ſhe find herſelf likely to be forgotten; and then ſhe will be new again. But this obſervation ought young Ladies always to have in their heads, that they can hardly ever expect to gratify their vanity, and at the ſame time gain the admiration of men worthy of making partners for life. They may, in ſhort, have many admirers at public places, but not one Lover.

Sally Martin knew nothing of this doctrine. Her beauty was in its bloom, and yet ſhe found herſelf neglected. 'Sally Martin, the Mercer's Daughter: 'She never fails being here;' was the anſwer, and the accompanying obſervation, made to every Queſtioner, Who is that Lady?

At laſt, her deſtiny approached. It was at a Maſquerade, that ſhe firſt ſaw the gay, the handſome Lovelace, who was juſt returned from his travels. She was immediately ſtruck with his figure, and with the brilliant things that ſhe heard fall from his lips as he happened to ſit near her. He, who was not then looking out for a Wife, was taken with Sally's ſmartneſs,

neſs, and with an air that at the ſame time ſhewed her to be equally genteel and ſelf-ſignificant; and ſigns of approbation mutually paſſing, he found no difficulty in acquainting himſelf where to viſit her next day. And yet it was ſome mortification to a perſon of her ſelf-conſequence, and gay appearance, to ſubmit to be known by ſo fine a young gentleman as no more than a Mercer's daughter. So natural is it for a girl brought up as Sally was, to be occaſionally aſhamed of thoſe whoſe folly had ſet her above herſelf.

But whatever it might be to Sally, it was no diſappointment to Mr. Lovelace, to find his Miſtreſs of no higher degree; becauſe he hoped to reduce her ſoon, to the loweſt condition that an unhappy woman can fall into.

But when Miſs Martin had informed herſelf, that her lover was the Nephew and preſumptive Heir of Lord M. ſhe thought him the very man for whom ſhe had been ſo long and ſo impatiently looking out; and for whom it was worth her while to ſpread her toils. And here it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that it is very probable, that Mr. Lovelace had Sally Martin in his thoughts, and perhaps two or three more, whoſe hopes of marriage from him had led them to their ruin, when he drew the following whimſical picture, in a Letter to his friend Belford, not inſerted in the preceding Collection.

'Methinks,' ſays he, 'I ſee a young couple in court-'ſhip, having each a deſign upon the other: The girl 'plays off: She is very hapyy, as ſhe is: She cannot 'be happier: She will not change her ſingle ſtate: 'The man, I will ſuppoſe, is one who does not *con-'feſs*, that he deſires not that ſhe *ſhould*: She holds 'ready a net under her apron; he another under his 'coat; each intending to throw it over the other's 'neck; ſhe over his, when her pride is gratified, and 'ſhe thinks ſhe can be ſure of him; he over hers,

'when

'when the watched-for yielding moment has carried 'conſent *too far*— And ſuppoſe he happens to be the 'more dextrous of the two, and whips his net over 'her, before ſhe can caſt hers over him; how, I 'would fain know, can ſhe be juſtly entitled to cry 'out upon cruelty, barbarity, deception, ſacrifices, 'and all the reſt of the exclamatory nonſenſe, with 'which the pretty fools, in ſuch a caſe, are wont to 'din the ears of their conquerors? Is is not juſt, 'thinkeſt thou, when ſhe makes her appeals to gods 'and men, that both gods and men ſhould laugh at 'her, and hitting her in the teeth with her own felo-'nious intentions, bid her ſit down patiently under 'her deſerved diſappointment?'

In ſhort, Sally's parents, as well as herſelf, encouraged Mr. Lovelace's viſits. They thought they might truſt to a diſcretion in her which ſhe herſelf was too wiſe to doubt. Pride they knew ſhe had. And that, in theſe caſes, is often called diſcretion — Lord help the Sex, ſays Lovelace, if they had not Pride!— Nor did they ſuſpect danger from that ſpecious air of ſincerity, and gentleneſs of manners, which he could aſſume or lay aſide whenever he pleaſed.

The ſecond Maſquerade, which was no more than their third meeting abroad, completed her ruin, from ſo practiſed, tho' ſo young a deceiver; and that before ſhe well knew ſhe was in danger: For, having prevailed on her to go off with him about Twelve o'clock to his Aunt Forbes's, a Lady of honour and fortune, to whom he had given reaſon to expect her *future Niece* [the only hint of Marriage he ever gave her], he carried her to the houſe of the wicked woman, who bears the name of Sinclair in theſe Papers: And there, by promiſes, which ſhe underſtood in the favourable ſenſe (for where a woman loves, ſhe ſeldom doubts enough for her own ſafety) obtained an eaſy conqueſt over a virtue that was little more than nominal.

He

He found it not difficult to induce her to proceed in the guilty commerce, till the effects of it became too apparent to be hid. Her parents then (in the firſt fury of their diſappointment, and vexation for being deprived of all hopes of ſuch a Son-in-law) turned her out of doors.

Her diſgrace thus publiſhed, ſhe became hardened; and, protected by her ſeducer, whoſe favourite Miſtreſs ſhe then was, ſhe was ſo incenſed againſt her Parents for an indignity ſo little ſuiting with her pride, and the head they had always given her, that ſhe refuſed to return to them, when, repenting of their paſſionate treatment of her, they would have been reconciled to her: And, becoming the favourite Daughter of her Mother Sinclair, at the perſuaſions of that abandoned woman, ſhe practiſed to bring on an abortion, which ſhe affected, tho' ſhe was ſo far gone, that it had like to have coſt her her life.

Thus, unchaſtity her firſt crime, murder her next, her conſcience became ſeared; and, young as ſhe was, and fond of her deceiver, ſoon grew indelicate enough, having ſo thorough-paced a Schoolmiſtreſs, to do all ſhe could to promote the pleaſures of the man who had ruined her; ſcrupling not, with a ſpirit truly diabolical, to endeavour to draw in others to follow her example. And it is hardly to be believed what miſchiefs of this ſort ſhe was the means of effecting; woman confiding in, and daring woman; and ſhe a creature of ſpecious appearance, and great art.

A ſtill viler wickedneſs, if poſſible, remains to be ſaid of Sally Martin.

Her Father daying, her Mother, in hopes to *reclaim* her, as ſhe called it, propoſed to her to quit the houſe of the infamous Sinclair, and to retire with her into the country, where her diſgrace, and her then wicked way of life, would not be known; and there ſo to live, as to ſave appearances; the only virtue ſhe had

had ever taught her; beſides that of endeavouring rather to delude, than to be deluded.

To this Sally conſented; but with no other intention, as ſhe often owned (and gloried in it) than to cheat her Mother of the greateſt part of her ſubſtance, in revenge for conſenting to her being turned out of doors long before, and by way of repriſal for having perſuaded her Father, as ſhe would have it, to cut her off, in his laſt Will, from any ſhare in his fortune.

This unnatural wickedneſs, in half a year's time, ſhe brought about; and then the Serpent retired to her obſcene den with her ſpoils, laughing at what ſhe had done; even after it had broken her Mother's heart, as it did in a few month's time: A ſevere, but juſt puniſhment for the unprincipled education ſhe had given her.

It ought to be added, that this was an iniquity, of which neither Mr. Lovelace, nor any of his friends, could bear to hear her boaſt; and always check'd her for it whenever ſhe did; condemning it with one voice: And it is certain, that this and other inſtances of her complicated wickedneſs, turned early Lovelace's heart againſt her; and, had ſhe not been ſubſervient to him in his other purſuits, he would not have endured her: For, ſpeaking of her, he would ſay, Let not any one reproach *us*, Jack: *There is no wickedneſs like the wickedneſs of a woman* (*a*).

A bad education was the preparative, it muſt be confeſſed: And for this Sally Martin had reaſon to thank her Parents: As they had reaſon to thank themſelves, for what followed: But, had ſhe not met with a Lovelace, ſhe had avoided a Sinclair; and might have gone on at the common rate of wives ſo educated; and been the Mother of children turned out to take their chance in the world, as ſhe was; ſo many lumps of ſoft wax, fit to take any impreſſion

(*a*) Eccles. xxv. 19.

that the firſt accidents gave them; neither happy, nor making happy; every-thing but uſeful; and well off, if not extremely miſerable.

POLLY HORTON was the daughter of a gentlewoman well deſcended; whoſe Huſband, a man of family, and of honour, was a captain in the Guards.

He died when Polly was about Nine years of age, leaving her to the care of her Mother, a lively young Lady of about Twenty-ſix; with a genteel proviſion for both.

Her Mother was extremely fond of her Polly; but had it not in *herſelf* to manifeſt the true, the genuine fondneſs of a Parent, by a ſtrict and guarded education; dreſſing out, and viſiting, and being viſited by the gay of her own Sex, and caſting out her eye abroad, as one very ready to try her fortune again in the married ſtate.

This induced thoſe airs, and a love to thoſe diverſions, which make a young widow, of ſo lively a turn, the unfitteſt Tutreſs in the world, even to her own daughter.

Mrs. Horton herſelf having had an early turn to Muſic, and that ſort of reading which is but an earlier debauchery for young minds, preparative to the groſſer at riper years, to wit, Romances and Novels, Songs and Plays, and thoſe without diſtinction, moral or immoral, ſhe indulged her daughter in the ſame taſte; and at thoſe hours, when they could not take part in the more active and lively amuſements and *Kill times*, as ſome call them, uſed to employ Miſs to read to her; happy enough in her own imagination, that, while ſhe was diverting her own ears, and ſometimes, as the piece was, corrupting her own heart, and her child's too, ſhe was teaching Miſs to read, and improve her mind; for it was the boaſt of every tea-table half-hour, *That Miſs Horton, in propriety, accent, and emphaſis, ſurpaſſed all the young Ladies of her age:* And, at other times, complimenting

ing the pleaſed Mother—*Bleſs me, Madam, with what a ſurpriſing grace Miſs Horton reads!—She enters into the very ſpirit of her ſubject—This ſhe could have from nobody but you!* An intended praiſe; but, as the ſubjects were, would have been a ſevere *ſatire* in the mouth of an enemy!—While the fond, the inconſiderate Mother, with a delighted air, would cry, *Why, I cannot but ſay, Miſs Horton does credit to her Tutreſs!* And then a *Come-hither, my beſt Love!* And, with a kiſs of approbation, *What a pleaſure to your dear Papa, had he lived to ſee your improvements, my Charmer!*—Concluding with a ſigh of ſatisfaction; her eyes turning round upon the circle, to take in all the ſilent applauſes of theirs! But little thought the fond, the fooliſh Mother, what the plant would be, which was ſpringing up from theſe ſeeds! Little imagined ſhe, that her own ruin, as well as her child's, was to be the conſequence of this fine education; and that, in the ſame ill-fated hour, the honour both of Mother and Daughter was to become a ſacrifice to the intriguing Invader.

This the laughing girl, when abandoned to her evil deſtiny, and in company with her Siſter Sally, and others, each recounting their ſettings-out, their progreſs, and ther fall, frequently related to be her education and manner of training-up.

This, and to ſee a ſucceſſion of Humble Servants buzzing about a Mother, who took too much pride in addreſſes of that kind, what a beginning what an example, to a conſtitution of tinder, ſo prepared to receive the ſpark ſtruck from the ſteely forehead, and flinty heart, of ſuch a Libertine, as at laſt it was their fortune to be encountered by!

In ſhort, as Miſs grew up under the influences of ſuch a Directreſs, and of books ſo light and frothy, with the inflaming additions of Muſic, Concerts, Opera's, Plays, Aſſemblies, Balls, and the reſt of the rabble of Amuſements of the mo-

dern life, it is no wonder, that, like early fruit, ſhe was ſoon ripened to the hand of the inſidious gatherer.

At Fifteen, ſhe own'd ſhe was ready to fanſy herſelf the Heroine of every Novel, and of every Comedy ſhe read, ſo well did ſhe enter into the *ſpirit* of her ſubject: She glowed to become the object of ſome Hero's flame; and perfectly longed to begin an intrigue, and even to be *run away with* by ſome enterpriſing Lover: Yet had neither *Confinement* nor *Check* to apprehend from her indiſcreet Mother: Which ſhe thought abſolutely neceſſary to conſtitute a Partheniſſa!

Nevertheleſs, with all theſe fine modern qualities, did ſhe complete her Nineteenth year, before ſhe met with any addreſs of conſequence: One half of her admirers being afraid, becauſe of her gay turn, and but middling fortune, to make ſerious applications for her favour; while others were kept at a diſtance, by the ſuperior airs ſhe aſſumed; and a third ſort, not ſufficiently penetrating the foibles either of Mother or Daughter, were kept off by the ſuppoſed watchful care of the former.

But when the man of intrepidity and intrigue was found, never was Heroine ſo ſoon ſubdued, never Goddeſs ſo early ſtript of her celeſtials! For, at the Opera, a diverſion at which neither ſhe nor her Mother ever miſſed to be preſent, ſhe beheld the ſpecious Lovelace; beheld him inveſted with all the airs of heroic inſult, reſenting a ſlight affront offered to his Sally Martin, by Two gentlemen who had known her in her more hopeful ſtate, one of whom Mr. Lovelace obliged to ſneak away with a broken head, given with the pommel of his ſword, the other with a bloody noſe; neither of them well ſupporting that readineſs of offence, which it ſeems, was a part of their *known* characters to be guilty of.

The gallantry of this action drawing every by-ſtander on the ſide of the Hero, *O the brave man!* cried

cried Polly Horton aloud, to her Mother, in a kind of rapture, *How needful the protection of the Brave to the Fair!* with a ſoftneſs in her voice, which ſhe had taught herſelf, to ſuit her fanſied *high* condition of Life.

A ſpeech ſo much in his favour, could not but take the notice of a man who was but too ſenſible of the advantages which his fine perſon, and noble air, gave him over the gentler hearts, who was always watching every female eye, and who had his ear continually turned to every affected voice; for that was one of his indications of a proper ſubject to be attempted—*Affectation of every ſort*, he uſed to ſay, *is a certain ſign of a wrong-turned head; of a faulty judgment: And upon ſuch a baſis I ſeldom build in vain.*

He inſtantly reſolved to be acquainted with a young creature, who ſeemed ſo ſtrongly prejudiced in his favour. Never man had a readier invention for all ſorts of miſchief. He gave his Sally her Cue. He called her *Siſter* in their hearing. And Sally whiſperingly gave the young Lady, and her Mother, in her own way, the particulars of the affront ſhe had received; making herſelf an Angel of Light, to caſt the brighter ray upon the character of her heroic brother. She particularly praiſed his known and approved courage; and mingled with her praiſes of him, ſuch circumſtances relating to his birth, his fortune and endowments, as left him nothing to do but to fall in love with the enamoured Polly.

Mr. Lovelace preſently ſaw what turn to give to his profeſſions: *So brave a man! yet of manners ſo gentle!* hit the young Lady's taſte: Nor could ſhe ſuſpect the heart, that ſuch an aſpect cover'd. *This was the man! the very man!* ſhe whiſpered to her Mother: And, when the Opera was over, his ſervant procuring a coach, he undertook, with his ſpecious Siſter, to ſet them down at their own lodgings, tho' ſituated a quite different way from his: And

there were they prevailed upon to alight, and partake of a ſlight repaſt.

Sally preſſed them to return the favour to her at her Aunt's Forbes's, and hoped it would be before her Brother went to his own ſeat.

They promiſed her, and named their evening.

A ſplendid entertainment was provided. The gueſts came, having in the interim found all that was ſaid of his name, and family, and fortune, to be true. Perſons of ſo little ſtrictneſs in their own morals, took it not into their heads to be very inquiſitive after his.

Muſic and dancing had their ſhare in the entertainment: Theſe opened their hearts, already half-opened by Love: The *Aunt* Forbes, and the Lover's Siſter, *kept* them open by their own example: The Hero ſung, vowed, promiſed: Their gratitude was moved, their delights were augmented, their hopes increaſed; their confidence was engaged; all their appetites up in arms; the rich wines co-operating; beat quite off their guard, and not *Thought* enough remaining ſo much as for ſuſpicion; Miſs, detach'd from her Mother by Sally, ſoon fell a ſacrifice to the ſucceſsful Intriguer.

The widow herſelf, half intoxicated, and raiſed as ſhe was with artful mixtures, and inflamed by Love unexpectedly tendered by one of the libertines his conſtant companions (to whom an *Opportunity* was contrived to be given to be alone with her, and that cloſely followed by *Importunity*) fell into her daugher's error. The conſequences of which, in length of time, becoming apparent, grief, ſhame, remorſe, ſeized her heart (her own indiſcretion not allowing her to arraign her Daughter's) and ſhe ſurvived not her delivery; leaving Polly with Child likewiſe: Who, when delivered, being too fond of the gay Deluder to renounce his company, even when ſhe found herſelf deluded, fell into a courſe of extravagance and diſſoluteneſs; ran through her fortune in a very little time; and,

and, as an high preferment, at laſt, with Sally, was admitted a quarter-partner with the deteſtable Sinclair.

All that is neceſſary to add to the Hiſtory of theſe unhappy women, will be compriſed in a very little compaſs.

After the death of the profligate Sinclair, they kept on the infamous trade with too much ſucceſs; till an accident happened in the houſe—A gentleman of family killed in it in a fray, contending with another for a new-vamp'd face. Sally was accuſed of holding the gentleman's arm, while his more favoured adverſary ran him through the heart, and then made off. And ſhe, being tried for her life, narrowly eſcaped.

This accident obliged them to break up houſe-keeping; and not having been frugal enough of their ill-gotten gains (laviſhing upon one, what they got by another) they were compelled, for ſubſiſtence-ſake, to enter themſelves as under-managers at ſuch another houſe as their own had been. In which ſervice, ſoon after, Sally died of a fever and ſurfeit got by a debauch: And the other, about a month after, by a violent cold, occaſioned thro' careleſſneſs in a Salivation.

Happier Scenes open for the remaining characters; for it might be deſcending too low to mention the untimely Ends of *Dorcas*, and of *William*, Mr. Lovelace's wicked ſervant; and the pining and conſumptive ones of *Betty Barnes* and *Joſeph Leman*, unmarried both, and in leſs than a year after the happy death of their excellent young Lady.

The good Mrs. NORTON paſſed the ſmall remainder of her life, as happily as ſhe wiſhed, in her beloved foſter-daughter's dairy houſe, as it uſed to be called: *As ſhe wiſhed*, we repeat;—for ſhe had too ſtrong aſpirations after Another life, to be greatly attached to This.

She laid out the greateſt part of her time in doing good by her advice, and by the prudent management of the Fund committed to her direction. Having lived an exemplary life from her youth upwards; and ſeen her Son happily ſettled in the world; ſhe departed with eaſe and calmneſs, without pang or agony, like a tired traveller, falling into a ſweet ſlumber: Her laſt words expreſſing her hope of being reſtored to the child of her boſom; and to her own excellent Father and Mother, to whoſe care and pains ſhe owed that good education to which ſhe was indebted for all her other bleſſings.

The Poors Fund, which was committed to her care, ſhe reſigned, a week before her death, into the hands of Mrs. Hickman, according to the direction of the Will, and all the accounts and diſburſements with it; which ſhe had kept with ſuch an exactneſs, that that Lady declares, that ſhe will follow her method, and only wiſhes to diſcharge the truſt as well.

Miſs HOWE was not to be perſuaded to quit her mourning for her dear friend, until Six months were fully expired: And then ſhe made Mr. HICKMAN one of the happieſt men in the world. A woman of her fine ſenſe and underſtanding, married to a man of virtue and good-nature (who had no *paſt capital errors* to reflect upon, and to abate his joys, and whoſe behaviour to *Mrs. Hickman* is as affectionate, as it was reſpectful to *Miſs Howe*) could not do otherwiſe. They are already bleſſed with two fine children; a Daughter, to whom, by joint conſent, they have given the name of her beloved Friend; and a Son, who bears that of his Father.

She has allotted to Mr. Hickman, who takes delight in doing good (and that as much for its own ſake, as to oblige her) *his part* of the management of the Poors Fund; to be accountable for it, as ſhe pleaſantly ſays, to *her*. She has appropriated every Thurſday morning for *her part* of that management; and takes ſo much delight in the taſk, that ſhe declares it to be one of the moſt agreeable of her amuſements. And the more

agreeable,

agreeable, as ſhe teaches every one whom ſhe benefits, *to bleſs the Memory of her departed Friend*; to whom ſhe attributes the merit of all *her own* charities, as well as the honour of thoſe which ſhe diſpenſes in purſuance of her Will.

She has declared, That this Fund ſhall never fail while ſhe lives. She has even engaged her Mother to contribute annually to it. And Mr. Hickman has appropriated twenty pounds a year to the ſame. In conſideration of which ſhe allows him to recommend four objects yearly to partake of it.—*Allows*, is her ſtyle; for ſhe aſſumes the whole prerogative of diſpenſing this charity; the *only* prerogative ſhe *does* or has *occaſion* to aſſume. In every other caſe, there is but *one will* between them; and that is generally *his* or *hers*, as either ſpeaks firſt, upon any ſubject, be it what it will. MRS. HICKMAN, ſhe ſometimes as pleaſantly as generouſly tells him, muſt not *quite* forget that ſhe was once MISS HOWE, becauſe if he had not loved her as ſuch, and with all her foibles, ſhe had never been MRS. HICKMAN. Nevertheleſs ſhe ſeriouſly, on all occaſions, and that to others, as well as to himſelf, confeſſes, that ſhe owes him *unreturnable* obligations for his patience *with* her in HER Day, and for his generous Behaviour *to* her in HIS.

And ſtill the more highly does ſhe eſteem and love him, as ſhe reflects upon his paſt kindneſs to her beloved Friend; and on that dear Friend's good opinion of him. Nor is it leſs grateful to her, that the worthy man joins moſt ſincerely with her in all thoſe reſpectful and affectionate recollections, which make the memory of the Departed precious to Survivors.

Mr. BELFORD was not ſo deſtitute of humanity and affection, as to be unconcerned at the unhappy fate of his moſt intimate friend. But when he reflects upon the untimely Ends of ſeveral of his companions, but juſt mentioned in the preceding hiſtory (*a*)—On the ſhock-

(*a*) See Vol. VII. p. 13. And Vol. VIII. p. 138, 226.

ing deſpondency and death of his poor friend *Belton*—On the ſignal juſtice which overtook the wicked *Tomlinſon*—On the dreadful exit of the infamous *Sinclair*—On the deep remorſes of his more valued friend—And, on the other hand, on the Example ſet him by the moſt excellent of her Sex—and on her bleſſed preparation, and happy departure—And when he conſiders, as he often does with awe and terror, that his *wicked habits* were ſo *rooted* in his depraved heart, that all *theſe Warnings*, and this *lovely Example*, ſeemed to be *but neceſſary* to enable him to ſubdue them, and to reform; and that ſuch awakening Calls are *hardly ever afforded to men of his caſt*, or (if they *are*) but ſeldom attended with ſuch happy effects in the Prime of Youth, and in the full Vigour of Conſtitution:—When he reflects upon all theſe things, he adores the Mercy, which thro' theſe Calls has ſnatched him as a *brand out of the fire*: And thinks himſelf obliged to make it his endeavour to find out, and to reform, any of thoſe who may have been endangered by his means; as well as to repair, to the utmoſt of his power, any damage or miſchiefs which he may have occaſioned to others.

With regard to the Truſt with which he was honoured by the inimitable Lady, he had the pleaſure of acquitting himſelf of it in a very few months, to every-body's ſatisfaction; even to that of the unhappy family; who ſent him their thanks on the occaſion. Nor was he, at delivering up his accounts, contented with reſigning the Legacy bequeathed to him, to the Uſes of the Will. So that the Poors Fund, as it is called, is become a very conſiderable Sum; and will be a laſting bank for relief of objects who *beſt deſerve* relief.

There was but one Earthly Bleſſing which remained for Mr. Belford to wiſh for, in order, morally ſpeaking, to ſecure to him all his other bleſſings; and that was, the greateſt of all wordly ones, a virtuous and prudent Wife. So free a liver as he had been, he did not think that he could be worthy of ſuch a one, till, upon an impar-

imperial examination of himſelf, he found the pleaſure he had in his new reſolutions ſo great, and his abhorrence of his former courſes ſo ſincere, that he was the leſs apprehenſive of a deviation.

Upon this preſumption, having alſo kept in his mind ſome encouraging hints from Mr. Lovelace; and having been ſo happy as to have it in his power to oblige Lord M. and that whole nobly family, by ſome ſervices grateful to them (the requeſt for which from his unhappy friend was brought over, among other papers, with the dead body, by De la Tour); he beſought that nobleman's leave to make his addreſſes to to Miſs CHARLOTTE MONTAGU, the eldeſt of his Lordſhip's two Nieces: And making at the ſame time ſuch propoſals of Settlements as were not objected to, his Lordſhip was pleaſed to uſe his powerful intereſt in his favour. And his worthy Niece having no engagement, ſhe had the goodneſs to honour Mr. Belford with her hand; and thereby made him as completely happy as a man *can be*, who has enormities to reflect upon, which are out of his power to atone for, by reaſon of the death of *ſome* of the injured parties, and the *irreclaimableneſs of others*.

'Happy is the man who, in time of health and 'ſtrength, ſees and reforms the error of his ways!— 'But how much more happy is he, who has no capital 'and wilful errors to repent of!—How *unmixed* and '*ſincere* muſt the of joys ſuch a one come to him!'

Lord M. added bountifully in his life-time, as did alſo the two Ladies his Siſters, to the fortune of their worthy Niece. And as Mr. Belford has been bleſſed with a Son by her, his Lordſhip at his death [which happened juſt three years after the untimely one of his unhappy Nephew] was pleaſed to deviſe to that Son, and to his deſcendents for ever (and in caſe of his death unmarried, to any other children of his Niece) his Hertfordſhire Eſtate *(deſigned for Mr. Lovelace)* which he made up to the value of a moiety of his real Eſtates; bequeathing alſo a moiety of his perſonal to the ſame Lady.

Miſs PATTY MONTAGUE, a fine young Lady [to whom her Noble Uncle, at his death, deviſed the other moiety of his real and perſonal Eſtates, including his Seat in Berkſhire] lives at preſent with her excellent Siſter Mrs. Belford; to whom ſhe removed upon Lord M's death: But, in all probability, will ſoon be the Lady of a worthy Baronet, of antient family, fine qualities, and ample fortunes, juſt returned from his Travels, with a character ſuperior to the *very* good one he ſet out with: A caſe that very ſeldom happens, altho' the *End of Travel is Improvement.*

Colonel MORDEN, who, with ſo many virtues and accompliſhments, cannot be unhappy, in ſeveral Letters to the Executor, with whom he correſponds from Florence [having, ſince his unhappy affair with Mr. Lovelace, changed his purpoſe of coming ſo ſoon to reſide in England as he had intended] declares, That altho' he thought himſelf obliged either to accept of what he took to be a challenge, as ſuch; or tamely to acknowlege, that he gave up all reſentment of his Couſin's wrongs; and in a manner to beg pardon for having ſpoken freely of Mr. Lovelace behind his back; and altho' at the *time* he owns he was not ſorry to be called upon, as he was, to take either the one courſe or the other; yet now, coolly reflecting upon his beloved Couſin's reaſonings againſt Duelling; and upon the price it had too probably coſt the unhappy man; he wiſhes he had more fully conſidered thoſe words in his Couſin's poſthumous Letter—"If God would allow him Time for Re-"pentance, why ſhould you deny it him?" (*a*).

To conclude—The worthy Widow Lovick continues to live with Mr. Belford; and by her prudent behaviour, piety, and uſefulneſs, has endeared herſelf to her Lady, and to the whole Family.

(*a*) Several worthy perſons have wiſhed, that the heinous Practice of Duelling had been more forcibly diſcouraged, by way of Note, at the Concluſion of a work deſigned to recommend the *higheſt and moſt important Doctrines of Chriſtianity*. It is humbly preſumed, that thoſe perſons have not ſufficiently attended to what is already done on that ſubject in Vol. II. [illegible] and in Vol. VIII. Letters x. xxxvii, xxxviii, xxxix.

POST-

15 72 MAY

POSTSCRIPT.

Referred to in the PREFACE.

IN WHICH

Several Objections that have been made, as well to the Cataſtrophe as to different Parts of the preceding Hiſtory, are briefly conſidered.

THE foregoing Work having been publiſhed at three different periods of time, the Author, in the courſe of its publication, was favoured with many anonymous Letters, in which the Writers differently expreſſed their wiſhes with regard to the apprehended cataſtrophe,

Moſt of thoſe directed to him by the gentler Sex, turned in favour of what they called a *Fortunate Ending*. Some of the fair writers, enamoured, as they declared, with the character of the Heroine, were warmly ſolicitous to have her made happy: And others, likewiſe of their mind, *inſiſted that Poetical Juſtice* required that it ſhould be ſo. And when, ſays one ingenious Lady, whoſe undoubted motive was good-nature and humanity, it muſt be concluded, that it is in an author's power to make his piece end as he pleaſes, why ſhould he not give pleaſure rather than pain to the Reader whom he has intereſted in favour of his principal characters?

Others,

Others, and ſome Gentlemen, declared againſt Tragedies in general, and in favour of Comedies, almoſt in the words of Lovelace, who was ſupported in his taſte by all the women at Mrs. Sinclair's, and by Sinclair herſelf. 'I have too much *Feeling*, ſaid he '(*a*). There is enough in the world to make our 'hearts ſad, without carrying grief into our diverſions, 'and making the diſtreſſes of others our own.'

And how was this happy ending to be brought about? Why, by this very eaſy and trite expedient; to wit, by reforming Lovelace, and marrying him to Clariſſa—Not, however, abating her one of her trials, nor any of her ſufferings [for the ſake of the ſport her diſtreſſes would give to the *tender-hearted* reader as ſhe went along] the laſt outrage excepted: That indeed, partly in compliment to Lovelace himſelf, and partly for delicacy-ſake, they were willing to ſpare her.

But whatever were the fate of his work, the Author was reſolved to take a different method. He always thought, that *ſudden Converſions*, ſuch eſpecially as were left to the candour of the Reader to *ſuppoſe* and *make out*, had neither *Art*, nor *Nature*, nor even *Probability*, in them; and that they were moreover of very *bad* example. To have a Lovelace for a ſeries of years glory in his wickedneſs, and think that he had nothing to do, but as an act of grace and favour to hold out his hand to receive that of the beſt of women, whenever he pleaſed, and to have it thought, that Marriage would be a ſufficient amends for all his enormities to others, as well as to her; he could not bear that. Nor is Reformation, as he has ſhewn in another piece, to be ſecured by a fine face; by a paſſion that has ſenſe for its object; nor by the goodneſs of a Wife's heart, or even example, if the heart of the Huſhand be not graciouſly touched by the Divine Finger.

It

(*a*) See Vol. IV. p. 143.

It will be ſeen by this time, that the Author had a great end in view. He has lived to ſee Scepticiſm and Infidelity openly avowed, and even endeavoured to be propagated from the *Preſs*: The great doctrines of the Goſpel brought into queſtion: Thoſe of ſelf-denial and mortification blotted out of the catalogue of chriſtian virtues: And a taſte even to wantonneſs for out-door pleaſure and luxury, to the general excluſion of domeſtic as well as public virtue, induſtriouſly promoted among all ranks and degrees of people.

In this general depravity, when even the Pulpit has loſt great part of its weight, and the Clergy are conſidered as a body of *intereſted* men, the Author thought he ſhould be able to anſwer it to his own heart, be the ſucceſs what it would, if he threw in his mite towards introducing a Reformation ſo much wanted: And he imagined, that if in an age given up to diverſion and entertainment, he could *ſteal in*, as may be ſaid, and inveſtigate the great doctrines of Chriſtianity under the faſhionable guiſe of an amuſement; he ſhould be moſt likely to ſerve his purpoſe; remembring that of the Poet:

A verſe may find him who a ſermon flies,
And turn delight into a ſacrifice.

He was reſolved therefore to attempt ſomething that never yet had been done. He conſidered, that the Tragic poets have as ſeldom made their heroes true objects of pity, as the Comic theirs laudable ones of imitation: And ſtill more rarely have made them in their deaths look forward to a *future Hope*. And thus, when they die, they ſeem totally to periſh. Death, in ſuch inſtances, muſt appear terrible. It muſt be conſidered as the greateſt evil. But why is Death ſet in ſhocking lights, when it is the univerſal lot?

He has indeed thought fit to paint the death of the wicked, as terrible as he could paint it. But he has endeavoured to draw that of the good in ſuch an amiable manner,

manner, that the very Balaams of the world ſhould not forbear to wiſh that their latter end might be like that of the Heroine.

And after all, what is the *Poetical Juſtice* ſo much contended for by ſome, as the generality of writers have managed it, but another ſort of diſpenſation than that with which God, by Revelation, teaches us, He has thought fit to exerciſe mankind; whom placing here only in a ſtate of probation, he hath ſo intermingled good and evil, as to neceſſitate us to look forward for a more equal diſpenſation of both.

The Author of the Hiſtory (or rather Dramatic Narrative) of Clariſſa, is therefore well juſtified by the *Chriſtian Syſtem*, in deferring to extricate ſuffering Virtue to the time in which it will meet with the *Completion* of its Reward.

But not abſolutely to ſhelter the conduct obſerved in it under the ſanction of Religion [an authority perhaps not of the greateſt weight with ſome of our modern critics] it muſt be obſerved, that the Author is juſtified in its Cataſtrophe by the greateſt maſter of reaſon, and the beſt judge of compoſition, that ever lived. The learned Reader knows we muſt mean ARISTOTLE; whoſe ſentiments in this matter we ſhall beg leave to deliver in the words of a very amiable writer of our own Country.

'The Engliſh writers of Tragedy, *ſays Mr. Addiſon* (*a*), are poſſeſſed with a notion, that when they 'repreſent a virtuous or innocent perſon in diſtreſs, 'they ought not to leave him till they have delivered 'him out of his troubles, or made him triumph over 'his enemies.

'This *error* they have been led into by a *ridiculous* 'doctrine in *Modern Criticiſm*, that they are obliged 'to an *equal diſtribution* of *rewards* and *puniſhments*, 'and in impartial execution of *Poetical Juſtice*.

'Who-

(*a*) Spectator, Vol. I. No. 40.

'Who were the firſt that eſtabliſhed this rule, I 'know not; but I am ſure it has no foundation in 'NATURE, in REASON, or in the PRACTICE OF 'THE ANTIENTS.

'We find, that good and evil happen alike unto 'ALL MEN on this ſide the grave: And as the prin-'cipal deſign of Tragedy is to raiſe commiſeration 'and terror in the minds of the audience, we ſhall 'defeat this great end, if we always make Virtue and 'Innocence happy and ſucceſsful.

'Whatever croſſes and diſappointments a good 'man ſuffers in the *Body* of the Tragedy, they will 'make but ſmall impreſſion on our minds, when we 'know, that, in the *laſt Act*, he is to arrive at the 'end of his wiſhes and deſires.

'When we ſee him engaged in the depth of his 'afflictions, we are apt to comfort ourſelves, becauſe 'we are ſure he will find his way out of them, and 'that his grief, how great ſoever it may be at pre-'ſent, will ſoon terminate in gladneſs.

'For this reaſon, the antient Writers of Tragedy 'treated men in their *Plays*, as the are dealt with in 'the *World*, by making Virtue ſometimes happy and 'ſometimes miſerable, as they found it in the Fable 'which they made choice of, or as it might affect 'their Audience in the moſt agreeable manner.

'Ariſtotle conſiders the Tragedies that were written 'in either of thoſe kinds; and obſerves, that thoſe 'which ended unhappily had always pleaſed the peo-'ple, and carried away the Prize, in the public diſ-'putes of the Stage, from thoſe that ended happily.

'Terror and Commiſeration leave a *pleaſing anguiſh* 'in the mind, and fix the Audience in ſuch a ſerious 'compoſure of thought, as is much more laſting and 'delightful, than any little tranſient Starts of Joy and 'Satisfaction.

'Accordingly we find, that more of our Engliſh 'Tragedies have ſucceeded, in which the Favourites of

'the

'the Audience ſink under their calamities, than thoſe 'in which they recover themſelves out of them.

'The beſt Plays of this kind are *The Orphan*, *Venice Preſerved*, *Alexander the Great*, *Theodoſius*, *All for Love*, *Oedipus*, *Oroonoko*, *Othello*, &c:

'King *Lear* is an admirable Tragedy of the ſame 'kind, as Shakeſpeare wrote it: But as it is reformed 'according to the *chimerical notion* of POETICAL 'JUSTICE, in my humble opinion it has loſt half its 'beauty.

'At the ſame time I muſt allow, that there are very 'noble Tragedies, which have been framed upon the 'other Plan, and have ended happily; as indeed moſt 'of the good Tragedies which have been written ſince 'the ſtarting of the abovementioned Criticiſm, have 'taken this turn: As *The Mourning Bride*, *Tamerlane* (*a*), *Ulyſſes*, *Phædra and Hippolitus*, with moſt 'of Mr. Dryden's. I muſt alſo allow, that many of 'Shakeſpeare's, and ſeveral of the celebrated Tragedies 'of Antiquity, are caſt in the ſame form. I do not 'therefore diſpute againſt this way of writing Tragedies; but againſt the Criticiſm that would eſtabliſh 'This as the *only* method; and by that means would 'very much cramp the Engliſh Tragedy, and perhaps 'give a wrong bent to the genius of our writers.'

This ſubject is further conſidered in a Letter to the Spectator (*b*).

'I find your opinion, ſays the author of it, con-'cerning the *late-invented* term called *Poetical Juſtice*, 'is controverted by ſome eminent critics. I have 'drawn up ſome additional arguments to ſtrengthen 'the opinion which you have there delivered; having 'endeavoured to go to the bottom of that matter. . .

'The moſt perfect man has vices enough to draw 'down puniſhments upon his head, and to juſtify Pro-

(*a*) Yet in Tamerlane, two of the moſt amiable characters, Moneſes and Arpaſia, ſuffer death.

(*b*) See Spect. Vol. VII. No. 548.

'vidence

'vidence in regard to any miſeries that may befal him. 'For this reaſon I cannot think but that the inſtruc-'tion and moral are much finer, where a man who is 'virtuous in the main of his character falls into diſtreſs, 'and ſinks under the blows of fortune, at the end of 'a Tragedy, than when he is repreſented as happy and 'triumphant. Such an example corrects the inſolence 'of human nature, ſoftens the mind of the beholder 'with ſentiments of pity and compaſſion, comforts 'him under his own private affliction, and teaches 'him not to judge of men's virtues by their ſucceſſes '(*a*). I cannot think of one real hero in all antiquity ſo 'far raiſed above human infirmities, that he might not 'be very naturally repreſented in a Tragedy as plung-'ed in misfortunes and calamities. The Poet may 'ſtill find out ſome prevailing paſſion or indiſcretion in 'his character, and ſhew it in ſuch a manner as will 'ſufficiently acquit Providence of any injuſtice in his 'ſufferings: For, as Horace obſerves, the beſt man 'is faulty, tho' not in ſo great a degree as thoſe whom 'we generally call vicious men (*b*).

'If ſuch a ſtrict *Poetical Juſtice (procceds the Letter-'writer)* as ſome gentlemen inſiſt upon, were to be 'obſerved in this art, there is no manner of reaſon 'why it ſhould not extend to heroic Poetry, as well as 'Tragedy. But we find it ſo little obſerved in Ho-'mer, that his Achilles is placed in the greateſt point 'of glory and ſucceſs, tho' his Character is morally 'vicious, and only *poetically* good, if I may uſe the 'phraſe of our modern Critics. The *Æneid* is filled 'with innocent unhappy perſons. Niſus and Eurya-'lus, Lauſus and Pallas, come all to unfortunate 'ends. The Poet takes notice in particular, that, in 'the ſacking of Troy, Ripheus fell, who was the moſt 'juſt man among the Trojans:

(*a*) A caution that our Bleſſed Saviour himſelf gives in the caſe of the Eighteen perſons killed by the fall of the tower of Siloam, Luke xiii. 4.

(*b*) *Vitiis nemo ſine naſcitur: optimus ille,*
Qui minimis urgetur.——

'——*Cadit*

'——*Cadit & Ripheus, juſtiſſimus unus*
'*Qui fuit in Teucris, & ſervantiſſimus æqui.*
'*Diis aliter viſum eſt*——

'The gods thought fit—So blameleſs Ripheus fell
'Who lov'd fair Juſtice, and obſerv'd it well.'

'And that Pantheus could neither be preſerved by 'his tranſcendent piety, nor by the holy fillets of 'Apollo, whoſe prieſt he was:

'—*Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,*
'*Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis infula texit.* Æn. II.

['Nor could thy piety thee, Pantheus, ſave,
'Nor even thy prieſthood, from an early grave.

'I might here mention the practice of the antient 'Tragic Poets, both Greek and Latin; but as this 'particular is touched upon in the paper above-men- 'tioned, I ſhall paſs it over in ſilence. I could produce 'paſſages out of Ariſtotle in favour of my opinion: 'And if in one place he ſays, that an abſolutely vir- 'tuous man ſhould not be repreſented as unhappy, 'this does not juſtify any one who ſhould think fit 'to bring in an abſolutely virtuous man upon the 'ſtage. Thoſe who are acquainted with that au- 'thor's way of writing know very well, that to take 'the whole extent of his ſubject into his diviſions of 'it, he often makes uſe of ſuch caſes as are imagina- 'ry, and not reducible to practice. . . .

'I ſhall conclude, *ſays this gentleman*, with obſerv- 'ing, that tho' the *Spectator* above-mentioned is ſo far 'againſt the rule of *Poetical Juſtice*, as to affirm that 'good men may meet with an unhappy Cataſtrophe 'in Tragedy, it does not ſay, that ill men may go off 'unpuniſhed. The reaſon for this diſtinction is very 'plain; namely, becauſe the beſt of men [as is ſaid 'above] have faults enough to juſtify Providence for 'any misfortunes and afflictions which may befal them; 'but there are many men ſo criminal, that they can

'have

'have no claim or pretence to happineſs. The *beſt* of 'men may deſerve puniſhment; but the *worſt* of men 'cannot deſerve happineſs.'

Mr. Addiſon, as we have ſeen above, tell us, that Ariſtotle, in conſidering the Tragedies that were written in either of the kinds, obſerves, that thoſe which ended unhappily had always pleaſed the people, and carried away the prize, in the public diſputes of the Stage, from thoſe that ended happily. And we ſhall take leave to add, that this preference was given at a time when the entertainments of the Stage were committed to the care of the magiſtrates; when the prizes contended for were given by the State; when, of conſequence, the emulation among writers was ardent; and when learning was at the higheſt pitch of glory in that renowned comonwealth.

It cannot be ſuppoſed, that the Athenians, in this their higheſt age of taſte and politeneſs, were leſs humane, leſs tender-hearted, than we of the preſent. But they were not *afraid* of being moved, nor *aſhamed* of ſhewing themſelves to be ſo, at the diſtreſſes they ſaw well painted and repreſented. In ſhort, they were of the opinion, with the wiſeſt of men, *That it was better to go to the houſe of mourning than to the houſe of mirth*; and had fortitude enough to truſt themſelves with their own generous grief, becauſe they found their hearts mended by it.

Thus alſo Horace, and the politeſt Romans in the Auguſtan age, wiſhed to be affected:

Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipſe recuſem,
Cum recte tractant alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet; falſis terroribus implet,
Ut magnus; & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

Thus Engliſhed by Mr. Pope:

Yet, leſt you think I railly more than teach,
Or praiſe malignly *Arts* I cannot reach; Let

Let me, for once, preſume t'inſtruct the times
To know the *Poet* from the *Man of Rhymes*.
'Tis he who gives my breaſt a thouſand pains:
Can make me *feel* each paſſion that he feigns;
Enrage—compoſe—with more than magic art,
With *pity* and with *terror* tear my heart;
And ſnatch me o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will and where.

Our fair readers are alſo deſired to attend to what a celebrated Critic *(a)* of a neighbouring nation ſays on the nature and deſign of Tragedy, from the rules laid down by the ſame great antient.

'Tragedy, ſays he, makes man *modeſt*, by repre-
'ſenting the great maſters of the earth humbled; and
'it makes him *tender* and *merciful*, by ſhewing him
'the *ſtrange accidents of life*, and the *unforeſeen diſ-*
'*graces* to which the moſt important perſons are ſub-
'ject.

'But becauſe man is naturally timorous and com-
'paſſionate, he may fall into other extremes. Too
'much fear may ſhake his conſtancy of mind, and
'too much compaſſion may enfeeble his equity. 'Tis
'the buſineſs of Tragedy to regulate theſe two weak-
'neſſes. It prepares and arms him againſt *diſgraces*,
'by ſhewing them ſo frequent in the moſt conſider-
'able perſons; and he will ceaſe to fear extraordina-
'ry accidents, when he ſees them happen to the *high-*
'*eſt* part of Mankind. And ſtill more efficacious,
'we may add, the example will be, when he ſees
'them happen to the *beſt*.

'But as the end of Tragedy is to teach men not to
'fear too weakly *common misfortunes*, it propoſes alſo
'to teach them to ſpare their compaſſion for objects
'that *deſerve it*. For there is an *injuſtice* in being
'moved at the afflictions of thoſe who *deſerve to be*
'*miſerable*.. We may ſee, without pity, Clytemneſtra
'ſlain by her ſon Oreſtes in Æſchylus, becauſe ſhe had
'murdered

(a) Rapin, on Ariſtotle's Poetics.

'murdered Agamemnon her huſband; yet we cannot 'ſee Hippolytus die by the plot of his Stepmother Phæ-'dra, in Euripides, without compaſſion, becauſe he 'died not, but for being chaſte and virtuous.'

Theſe are the great authorities ſo favourable to the ſtories that end unhappily. And we beg leave to reinforce this inference from them, That if the temporary ſufferings of the Virtuous and the Good can be accounted for and juſtified on Pagan principles, many more and infinitely ſtronger reaſons will occur to a Chriſtian Reader in behalf of what are called unhappy Cataſtrophes from the conſideration of the doctrine of *future rewards*; which is ever-where ſtrongly enforced in the Hiſtory of Clariſſa.

Of this (to give but one inſtance) an ingenious Modern, diſtinguiſhed by his rank, but much more for his excellent defence of ſome of the moſt important doctrines of Chriſtianity, appears convinced in the concluſion of a pathetic *Monody*, lately publiſhed; in which, after he had deplored, as a man *without hope* (expreſſing ourſelves in the Scripture phraſe) the loſs of an excellent Wife; he thus conſoles himſelf:

Yet, O my ſoul! thy riſing murmurs ſtay,
Nor dare th' All-wiſe Diſpoſer to arraign,
Or againſt his ſupreme decree
With impious grief complain.
That all thy full-blown joys at once ſhould fade,
Was his moſt righteous Will: And be that will obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her controul,
And in theſe low abodes of ſin and pain
Her pure, exalted ſoul,
Unjuſtly, for thy partial good, detain?
No—rather ſtrive thy grov'ling mind to raiſe
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heav'nly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd ſhe now with pity ſees,
How frail, how inſecure, how ſlight
Is ev'ry mortal bliſs.

But

But of infinitely greater weight than all that has been above produced on this ſubject, are the words of the Pſalmiſt.

'As for me, ſays he (*a*), my feet were almoſt gone, 'my ſteps had well-nigh ſlipt: For I was envious at 'the fooliſh, when I ſaw the proſperity of the wicked. 'For their ſtrength is firm: They are not in trouble 'as other men; neither are they plagued like other 'men—Their eyes ſtand out with fatneſs; They have 'more than their heart could wiſh—Verily I have 'cleanſed mine heart in vain, and waſhed my hands 'in innocence; for all the day long have I been 'plagued, and chaſtened every morning. When I 'thought to know this, it was too painful for me. 'Until I went into the ſanctuary of God; then un-'derſtood I their end—Thou ſhalt guide me with thy 'counſel, and afterward receive me to glory.'

This is the Pſalmiſt's comfort and dependence. And ſhall man, preſuming to alter the common courſe of nature, and, ſo far as he is able, to elude the tenure by which frail mortality indiſpenſably holds, imagine, that he can make a better diſpenſation; and by calling it *Poetical Juſtice*, indirectly reflect on the *Divine?*

The more pains have been taken to obviate the objections ariſing from the notion of *Poetical Juſtice*, as the doctrine built upon it had obtained general credit among us; and as it muſt be confeſſed to have the appearance of *humanity* and *good-nature* for its ſupports. And yet the writer of the Hiſtory of Clariſſa is humbly of opinion, that he might have been excuſed referring to them for the vindication of *his* Cataſtrophe, even by thoſe who are advocates for the contrary opinion; ſince the notion of *Poetical Juſtice*, founded on the *modern rules*, has hardly ever been more ſtrictly obſerved in works of this nature, than in the preſent performance.

(*a*) Pſalm lxxiii.

For,

For, is not Mr. Lovelace, who could perſevere in his villainous views, againſt the ſtrongeſt and moſt frequent convictions and remorſes that ever were ſent to awaken and reclaim a wicked man—Is not this great, this *wilful* tranſgreſſor, condignly *puniſhed*; and his puniſhment brought on thro' the intelligence of the very Joſeph Leman whom he had corrupted (*a*); and by means of the very women whom he had debauched (*b*)?—Is not Mr. Belton, who has an Uncle's *haſtened* death to anſwer for (*c*)—Are not the *whole* Harlowe-family—Is not the vile Tomlinſon—Are not the infamous Sinclair, and her *wretched partners*—And even the wicked *Servants*, who, with their eyes open, contributed their parts to the carrying on of the vile ſchemes of their reſpective principals—*Are they not All likewiſe examplarily puniſhed?*

On the other hand, Is not Miſs HOWE, for her noble friendſhip to the exalted Lady in her calamities—Is not Mr. HICKMAN, for his unexceptionable morals, and integrity of life—Is not the repentant and not ungenerous BELFORD--Is not the worthy NORTON—*made ſignally happy?*

And who that are in earneſt in their profeſſion of Chriſtianity, but will rather envy than regret the triumphant death of CLARISSA; whoſe piety, from her *early childhood*; whoſe diffuſive charity; whoſe ſteady virtue; whoſe Chriſtian humility; whoſe forgiving ſpirit; whoſe meekneſs, and reſignation, HEAVEN *only* could reward (*d*)?

We ſhall now, according to the expectation given in the *Preface* to this Edition, proceed to take brief notice of ſuch other objections as have come to our know-

(*a*) See Vol. VII. p. 228. (*b*) Ibid. p. 242. (*c*) See Vol. VII. p. 192.

(*d*) And here it may not be amiſs to remind the Reader, that ſo early in the Work as Vol. II. p. 245, 246. the diſpenſations of Providence are juſtified by herſelf. And thus ſhe ends her Reflections—"I ſhall not live always—May my Cloſing Scene be happy!"

She had her wiſh. It *was* happy.

lege: For, as is there ſaid, 'This work being addreſſed to the Public as an Hiſtory of *Life* and *Manners*, thoſe parts of it which are propoſed to carry with them the force of Example, ought to be as unobjectible as is conſiſtent with the *deſign of the whole*, and with *human Nature*.'

Several perſons have cenſured the Heroine as too cold in her love, too haughty, and even ſometimes provoking. But we may preſume to ſay, that this objection has ariſen from want of attention to the Story, to the Character of Clariſſa, and to her particular ſituation.

It was not intended that ſhe ſhould be *in Love*, but *in Liking* only, if that expreſſion may be admitted. It is meant to be every-where inculcated in the Story, for *Example-ſake*, that ſhe never would have married Mr. Lovelace, becauſe of his immoralities, had ſhe been left to herſelf; and that her ruin was principally owing to the perſecutions of her friends.

What is too generally called *Love*, ought (perhaps *as* generally) to be called by another name. *Cupidity*, or a *Paphian Stimulus*, as ſome women, even of condition, have acted, are not words too harſh to be ſubſtituted on the occaſion, however grating they may be to delicate ears. But take the word *Love* in the gentleſt and moſt honourable ſenſe, it would have been thought by ſome highly improbable, that Clariſſa ſhould have been able to ſhew ſuch a command of her paſſions, as makes ſo diſtinguiſhing a part of her Character, had ſhe been as violently in Love, as certain warm and fierce ſpirits would have had her to be. A few Obſervations are thrown in by way of Note in the preſent Edition, at proper places, to obviate this Objection, or rather to beſpeak the *Attention* of haſty Readers to what lies obviouſly before them. For thus the Heroine anticipates this very Objection, expoſtulating with Miſs Howe on her contemptuous treatment of Mr. Hickman; which [far from being guilty

of

of the ſame fault herſelf] ſhe did on all occaſions, and declares ſhe would do, whenever Miſs Howe forgot herſelf, altho' ſhe had not a day to live:

'O my dear,' ſays ſhe, 'that it had been my Lot '(as I was not permitted to live ſingle) to have met 'with a man, by whom I *could* have acted generouſly 'and unreſervedly!

'Mr. Lovelace, it is now plain, in order to have a 'pretence againſt me, taxed my behaviour to him with 'ſtiffneſs and diſtance. You, at one time, thought me 'guilty of ſome degree of Prudery. Difficult ſituations 'ſhould be allowed for; which often make ſeeming 'occaſions for cenſure unavoidable. I deſerved not 'blame from *him*, who made mine difficult. And you, 'my dear, had I had any other man to deal with than 'Mr. Lovelace, or had he had but half the merit which 'Mr. Hickman has, would have found, that my Doc-'trine, on this ſubject, ſhould have governed my 'Practice.' See this whole Letter, Vol. VII. p. 231. See alſo Mr. Lovelace's Letter, No. lv. Vol. VIII. p. 236, *& ſeq.* where, juſt before his Death, he entirely acquits her conduct on this head.

It has been thought by ſome worthy and ingenious perſons, that if Lovelace had been drawn an *Infidel* or *Scoffer*, his Character, according to the Taſte of the preſent worſe than Sceptical Age, would have been more natural. It is, however, too well known, that there are very many perſons, of his Caſt, whoſe actions diſcredit their belief. And are not the very Devils, in Scripture, ſaid to *believe* and *tremble?*

But the Reader muſt have obſerved, that great, and, it is hoped, good Uſe, has been made throughout the Work, by drawing Lovelace an Infidel only in *Practice*; and this as well in the arguments of his friend Belford, as in his own frequent Remorſes, when touched with temporary Compunction, and in his laſt Scenes; which could not have been made, had either of them been painted as *ſentimental* Unbe-

lievers. Not to ſay, that Clariſſa, whoſe great Objection to Mr. Wyerley was, that he was a Scoffer, muſt have been inexcuſeable had ſhe known Lovelace to be ſo, and had given the leaſt attention to his Addreſſes. On the contrary, thus ſhe comforts herſelf, when ſhe thinks ſhe muſt be his—'This one conſolation, however, remains: He is not an Infidel, an 'Unbeliever. Had he been an Infidel, there would 'have been no room at all for hope of him; but '(priding himſelf as he does in his fertile invention) 'he would have been utterly abandoned, irreclaim-'able, and a Savage (*a*).' And it muſt be obſerved, that Scoffers are too witty in their own Opinion (in other words, value themſelves too much upon their profligacy) to aim at concealing it.

Beſides, had Lovelace added ribbald jeſts upon Religion, to his other liberties, the freedoms which would then have paſſed between him and his friend, muſt have been of a nature truly infernal. And this farther hint was meant to be given, by way of inference, that the man who allowed himſelf in thoſe liberties either of ſpeech or action, which Lovelace thought ſhameful, was ſo far a worſe man than Lovelace. For this reaſon is he every-where made to treat jeſts on ſacred things and ſubjects, even down to the Mythology of the Pagans, among Pagans, as undoubted marks of the ill-breeding of the jeſters; obſcene images and talk, as liberties too ſhameful for even Rakes to allow themſelves in; and injuſtice to creditors, and in matters of *Meum* and *Tuum*, as what it was beneath him to be guilty of.

Some have objected to the meekneſs, to the tameneſs, as they will have it to be, of Mr. Hickman's character. And yet Lovelace owns, that he roſe upon him with great ſpirit in the interview between them; once, when he thought a reflection was but implied on *Miſs Howe* (*b*); and another time, when

(*a*) See Vol. IV. p. 318, 319. (*b*) See Vol. VI. p. 337.

he

he imagined *himſelf* treated contemptuouſly (*a*). Miſs Howe, it muſt be owned (tho' not to the credit of her own character) treats him ludicrouſly on ſeveral occaſions. But ſo ſhe does her Mother. And perhaps a Lady of her lively turn would have treated as whimſically any man but a Lovelace. Mr. Belford ſpeaks of him with honour and reſpect (*b*). So does Colonel Morden (*c*). And ſo does Clariſſa on every occaſion. And all that Miſs Howe herſelf ſays of him, tends more to his reputation than diſcredit (*d*), as Clariſſa indeed tells her (*e*).

And as to Lovelace's treatment of him, the Reader muſt have obſerved, that it was his way to treat every man with contempt, partly by way of ſelf-exaltation, and partly to gratify the natural gaiety of his diſpoſition. He ſays himſelf to Belford (*f*), 'Thou knoweſt 'I love him not, Jack; and whom we love not, we 'cannot allow a merit to; perhaps not the merit 'they ſhould be granted.' 'Modeſt and diffident 'men,' writes Belford, to Lovelace, in praiſe of Mr. Hickman, 'wear not ſoon off thoſe little preciſe-'neſſes, which the confident, if ever they had them, 'preſently get over (*g*).'

But, as Miſs Howe treats her Mother as freely as ſhe does her Lover; ſo does Mr. Lovelace take ſtill greater liberties with Mr. Belford, than he does with Mr. Hickman, with reſpect to his perſon, air, and addreſs, as Mr. Belford himſelf hints to Mr. Hickman (*h*). And yet he is not ſo readily believed to the diſcredit of Mr. Belford, by the Ladies in general, as he is when he diſparages Mr. Hickman. Whence can this partiality ariſe?

Mr. Belford had been a Rake: But was in a way of reformation.

(*a*) See Vol. VI. p. 341.
(*b*) Ibid. p. 401, 402.
(*c*) Vol. VIII. p. 168.
(*d*) Vol. II. p. 4. 10. III. p. 187, 188.
(*e*) See Vol. II. p. 55, 56.
(*f*) Vol. VI. p. 328.
(*g*) Ibid. p. 402.
(*h*) Vol. VIII. p. 120.

Mr. Hickman had always been a good man.

And Lovelace confidently ſays, *That the women love a man whoſe regard for them is founded in the knowlege of them* (*a*).

Nevertheleſs, it muſt be owned, that it was not propoſed to draw Mr. Hickman, as the man of whom the Ladies in general were likely to be very fond. Had it been ſo, *Goodneſs of heart*, and *Gentleneſs of manners*, *great Aſſiduity*, and *inviolable* and *modeſt* Love, would not of themſelves have been ſuppoſed ſufficient recommendations. He would not have been allowed the leaſt ſhare of *preciſeneſs* or *formality*; altho' thoſe defects might have been imputed to his reverence for the object of his paſſion: But in his character it was deſigned to ſhew, that the ſame man could not be every thing; and to intimate to Ladies, that in chuſing companions for life, they ſhould rather prefer the honeſt heart of a Hickman, which would be all their own, than to riſque the chance of ſharing, perhaps with ſcores (and ſome of thoſe probably the moſt profligate of the Sex), the volatile miſchievous one of a Lovelace: In ſhort, that they ſhould chuſe, if they wiſhed for durable happineſs, for rectitude of mind, and not for ſpeciouſneſs of perſon or addreſs: Nor make a jeſt of a good man in favour of a bad one, who would make a jeſt of them and of their whole Sex.

Two Letters, however, by way of accommodation, are inſerted in this edition, which perhaps will give Mr. Hickman's character ſome heightening with ſuch Ladies as love ſpirit in a man; and had rather ſuffer by it, than not meet with it.—

Women, born to be controul'd,
Stoop to the Forward and the Bold,

Says Waller—And Lovelace too!

Some have wiſhed that the Story had been told in the uſual narrative way of telling Stories deſigned to

(*a*) See Vol. V. p. 137.

amuſe

amuſe and divert, and not in Letters written by the reſpective perſons whoſe hiſtory is given in them. The author thinks he ought not to preſcribe to the taſte of others; but imagined himſelf at liberty to follow his own. He perhaps miſtruſted his talents for the narrative kind of writing. He had the good fortune to ſucceed in the Epiſtolary way once before. A Story in which ſo many perſons were concerned either principally or collaterally, and of characters and diſpoſitions ſo various, carried on with tolerable connexion and perſpicuity, in a ſeries of a Letters from different perſons, without the aid of digreſſions and epiſodes foreign to the principal end and deſign, he thought had *novelty* to be pleaded for it: And that, in the preſent age, he ſuppoſed would not be a ſlight recommendation.

Beſides what has been ſaid above, and in the *Preface*, on this head, the following opinion of an ingenious and candid Foreigner, on this manner of writing, may not be improperly inſerted here.

'The method which the Author has purſued in the 'Hiſtory of Clariſſa, is the ſame as in the Life of Pa-'mela: Both are related in familiar Letters by the 'parties themſelves, at the very time in which the 'events happened: And this method has given the au-'thor great advantages, which he could not have drawn 'from any other ſpecies of narration. The minute par-'ticulars of events, the ſentiments and converſation of 'the parties, are, upon this plan, exhibited with all the 'warmth and ſpirit that the paſſion ſuppoſed to be pre-'dominant at the very time, could produce, and with 'all the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics which memory 'can ſupply in a Hiſtory of recent tranſactions.

'Romances in general, and Marivaux's amongſt 'others, are wholly improbable; becauſe they ſuppoſe 'the Hiſtory to be written after the ſeries of events is 'cloſed by the cataſtrophe: A circumſtance which im-'plies a ſtrength of memory beyond all example and

'probability in the perſons concerned, enabling them, 'at the diſtance of ſeveral years, to relate all the parti-'culars of a tranſient converſation: Or rather, it im-'plies a yet more improbable confidence and famili-'arity between all theſe perſons and the author.

'There is, however, one difficulty attending the 'Epiſtolary method; for it is neceſſary, that all the 'characters ſhould have an uncommon taſte for this 'kind of converſation, and that they ſhould ſuffer no 'event, nor even a remarkable converſation, to paſs, 'without immediately committing it to writing. But 'for the preſervation of the Letters *once written*, the 'author has provided with great judgment, ſo as to 'render this circumſtance highly probable (*a*).'

It is preſumed that what this gentleman ſays of the difficulties attending a Story thus given in the Epiſtolary manner of writing, will not be found to reach the Hiſtory before us. It is very well accounted for in it, how the two principal Female characters came to take ſo great a delight in writing. Their ſubjects are not merely ſubjects of amuſement; but greatly intereſting to both: Yet many Ladies there are who now laudably correſpond, when at diſtance from each other, on occaſions that far leſs affect their mutual welfare and friendſhips, than thoſe treated of by theſe Ladies. The two principal gentlemen had motives of gaiety and vain-glory for their inducements. It will generally be found, that perſons who have talents for familiar writeing, as theſe correſpondents are preſumed to have, will not forbear amuſing themſelves with their pens, on leſs arduous occaſions than what offer to theſe. Theſe FOUR (whoſe Stories have a connexion with each

(*a*) This quotation is tranſlated from a CRITIQUE on the HISTORY of CLARISSA, written in French, and publiſhed at Amſterdam. The whole Critique, rendered into Engliſh, was inſerted in the Gentleman's Magazine of June and Auguſt 1749. The author has done great honour in it to the Hiſtory of Clariſſa; and as there are Remarks publiſhed with it, which anſwer ſeveral objections made to different paſſages in the Story by that candid Foreigner, the Reader is referred to the aforeſaid Magazine, for both.

other)

other) out of a great number of characters which are introduced in this Hiſtory, are only eminent in the Epiſtolary way: The reſt appear but as occaſional writers, and as drawn in rather by neceſſity than choice, from the different relations in which they ſtand with the four principal perſons.

The Length of the piece has been objected to by ſome, who perhaps looked upon it as a mere *Novel* or *Romance*; and yet of *theſe* there are not wanting works of equal length.

They were of opinion, that the Story moved too ſlowly, particularly in the firſt and ſecond Volumes, which are chiefly taken up with the Altercations between Clariſſa and the ſeveral perſons of her Family.

But is it not true, that thoſe Altercations are the Foundation of the whole, and therefore a neceſſary part of the work? The Letters and Converſations, where the Story makes the ſloweſt progreſs, are preſumed to be *characteriſtic*. They give occaſion likewiſe to ſuggeſt many intereſting *Perſonalities*, in which a good deal of the inſtruction eſſential to a work of this nature is conveyed. And it will, moreover, be remembered, that the Author, at his firſt ſetting out, appriſed the Reader, that the Story (intereſting as it is generally allowed to be) was to be principally looked upon as the Vehicle to the Inſtruction.

To all which we may add, that there was frequently a neceſſity to be very circumſtantial and minute, in order to preſerve and maintain that Air of Probability, which is neceſſary to be maintained in a Story deſigned to repreſent real Life; and which is rendered extremely buſy and active by the plots and contrivances formed and carried on by one of the principal Characters.

Some there are, and Ladies too! who have ſuppoſed that the excellencies of the Heroine are carried to an improbable, and even to an impracticable height, in this Hiſtory. But the education of Clariſſa from *early childhood* ought to be conſidered, as one of her very great

great advantages; as, indeed, the foundation of *all* her excellencies: And it is hoped, for the ſake of the doctrine deſigned to be inculcated by it, that it will.

She had a pious, a well-re'd, a not meanly-deſcended woman for her Nurſe, who with her milk, as Mrs. Harlowe ſays (*a*), gave her that nurture which no other Nurſe could give her. She was very early happy in the converſation-viſits of her learned and worthy Dr. Lewen, and in her correſpondencies, not with him only, but with other Divines mentioned in her laſt Will. Her Mother was, upon the whole, a good woman, who did credit to her birth and her fortune; and *both* delighted in her for thoſe improvements and attainments, which gave her, *and them in her*, a diſtinction that cauſed it to be ſaid, that when ſhe was out of the family, it was conſidered but as a common family (*b*). She was moreover a Country Lady; and, as we have ſeen in Miſs Howe's character of her (*c*), took great delight in rural and houſehold employments; though qualified to adorn the brighteſt circle.

It muſt be confeſſed, that we are not to look for *Clariſſa's* among the *conſtant frequenters* of Ranelagh and Vauxhall, nor among thoſe who may be called *Daughters of the Card-table*. If we do, the character of our Heroine may then indeed be juſtly thought not only improbable, but unattainable. But we have neither room in this place, nor inclination, to purſue a ſubject ſo invidious. We quit it therefore, after we have *repeated*, that we *know* there are *ſome*, and we *hope* there are *many*, in the Britiſh dominions [or they are hardly any-where in the European world] who, as far as *occaſion* has called upon them to exert the like *humble* and *modeſt*, yet *ſteady* and *uſeful*, virtues, have reached the perfections of a Clariſſa.

(*a*) See Vol. IV. p. 74. (*b*) See Vol. VII. p. 199. See alſo her Mother's praiſes of her to Mrs. Norton, Vol. I. p. 260. (*c*) See Vol. VIII. p. 203—206.

Having

Having thus briefly taken notice of the moſt material objections that have been made to different parts of this Hiſtory, it is hoped we may be allowed to add, That had we thought ourſelves at liberty to give copies of ſome of the many Letters that have been written on the other ſide of the queſtion, that is to ſay, in approbation of the Cataſtrophe, and of the general Conduct and Execution of the work, by ſome of the moſt eminent judges of compoſition in every branch of Literature; moſt of what has been written in this Poſtſcript might have been ſpared.

But as the principal objection with many has lain againſt the length of the piece, we ſhall add to what we have ſaid above on that ſubject, in the words of one of thoſe eminent writers: 'That, *If*, in the Hiſtory before us, it ſhall be found, that the Spirit is *duly diffuſed throughout*; that the characters are *various and natural*; *well diſtinguiſhed* and *uniformly ſupported* and *maintained*: *If* there be a *variety of incidents* ſufficient to excite Attention, and thoſe ſo conducted, as to keep the Reader always awake; the Length then muſt add proportionably to the pleaſure that every Perſon of Taſte receives from a well-drawn Picture of Nature. But where the contrary of all theſe qualities ſhock the underſtanding, the extravagant performance will be judged tedious, though no longer than a Fairy-Tale.'

TO

TO THE

AUTHOR of CLARISSA.

IF, 'mid their round of pleaſure, to convey
An uſeful Leſſon to the Young and Gay;
To ſwell their eyes with pearly drops, and ſhare,
With Cards and Dreſs, the converſe of the Fair;
If, with the boaſted Bards of Claſſic Age,
Th' attention of the Learned to engage,
And in the boſom of the Rake to raiſe
A tender, ſocial Feeling—merit praiſe;
The Gay, the Fair, the Learn'd, ev'n Rakes, agree
To give that praiſe to Nature, Truth, and Thee.

Tranſported now to Harlowe-Place, we view
Thy matchleſs Maid her godlike taſks purſue;
Viſit the Sick or Needy, and beſtow
Drugs to relieve, or words to ſoften woe;
Or, with the pious Lewen, hear her ſoar
Heights unattain'd by female minds before.
Then to her Ivy-Bow'r ſhe pleas'd retires,
And with light touch the trembling keys inſpires;
While wakeful Philomel no more complains,
But raptur'd, liſtens to her ſweeter ſtrains.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 72 MAY

Now

Now (direful contraſt!) in each gloomy ſhade
Behold a pitying Swain, or weeping Maid!
And hark! with ſullen ſwing, the tolling bell
Proclaims that loſs which language fails to tell.
In awful ſilence ſoon a ſight appears,
That points their ſorrows, and renews their tears:
For, lo! far-black'ning all the verdant meads,
With ſlow parade, the fun'ral pomp proceeds:
Methinks ev'n now I hear the encumber'd ground,
And pavement, echo with a rumbling ſound;
And ſee the ſervants tearful eyes declare
With ſpeaking look, The herſe, the herſe is here!

But, O thou Siſter of Clariſſa's heart,
Can I the anguiſh of thy ſoul impart,
When, from your chariot flown with breathleſs haſte,
Her clay-cold form, yet beauteous, you embrac'd;
And cry'd with heaving ſobs, and broken ſtrains,
Are theſe--are theſe--my much-lov'd Friend's Remains?
Then view each Harlowe-Face; remorſe, deſpair,
And ſelf-condemning grief, are pictur'd there.
Now firſt the Brother feels, with guilty ſighs,
Fraternal paſſions in his boſom riſe:
By ſhame and ſorrow equally oppreſt,
The Siſter wrings her hands, and beats her breaſt.
With ſtreaming eyes, too late, the Mother blames
Her tame ſubmiſſion to the tyrant James:
Ev'n he, the gloomy Father, o'er the herſe
Laments his Raſhneſs, and recalls his Curſe.
And thus each Parent, who, with haughty ſway,
Expects his child to tremble and obey;
Who hopes his pow'r by rigour to maintain,
And meanly worſhips at the ſhrine of gain;

Shall

Shall mourn his error, and, repenting, own,
That Bliſs can ne'er depend on wealth alone.
Riches may charm, and Pageantry invite:
But what are theſe, unleſs the minds unite?
Drive then inſatiate Av'rice from your breaſt,
Nor think a Solmes can make Clariſſa bleſt.

And you, ye Fair, the wiſh of ev'ry heart,
Tho' grac'd by Nature, and adorn'd by Art,
Tho' ſprightly Youth its vernal bloom beſtow,
And on your cheeks the bluſh of Beauty glow,
Here ſee how ſoon thoſe roſes of a day,
Nipt by a froſt, fade, wither, and decay!
Nor Youth nor Beauty could Clariſſa ſave,
Snatch'd to an early, not untimely grave.
But ſtill her own unſhaken Innocence,
Spotleſs and pure, unconſcious of offence,
In the dread hour of death her boſom warm'd
With more than manly courage, and diſarm'd
The grieſly king: In vain the tyrant try'd
His awful terrors—for ſhe ſmil'd and dy'd.

You too, ye Libertines, who idly jeſt
With Virtue wrong'd, and Innocence diſtreſt:
Who vainly boaſt of what ſhould be your ſhame,
And triumph in the wreck of female fame;
Be warn'd, like Belford, and behold, with dread,
The Hand of Vengeance hov'ring o'er your head!
If not, in Belton's Agonies you view
What dying horrors are reſerv'd for you.

In vain ev'n Lovelace, healthy, young, and gay,
By Nature form'd to pleaſe, and to betray,

Try'd

Try'd from himſelf, by change of place, to run;
For that intruder, *Thought*, he could not ſhun.
Taſteleſs were all the pleaſures that he view'd
In foreign courts; for CONSCIENCE ſtill purſu'd:
The loſt Clariſſa each ſucceeding night,
In ſtarry garment, ſwims before his ſight;
Nor eaſe by day her ſhrill complaints afford,
But far more deeply wound than Morden's ſword.

O if a Sage had thus on Attic plains
Improv'd at once and charm'd the liſt'ning ſwains;
Had he, with matchleſs energy of thought,
Great Truths like theſe in antient Athens taught;
On fam'd Ilyſſus' banks in Parian ſtone
His breathing Buſt conſpicuous would have ſhone;
Ev'n Plato, in Lyceum's awful ſhade,
Th' inſtructive page with tranſport had ſurvey'd;
And own'd its author to have well ſupply'd
The place his Laws to Homer's ſelf deny'd (*a*).

(*a*) By the Laws of Plato's ideal Commonwealth, Homer was deny'd a place there, on account of the bad tendency of the morals he aſcribes to his Gods and Heroes. 'But (ſays the Philoſopher) as it 'is fitting that every degree of merit ſhould have its proper reward, 'pour fragrant oil on the poet's head, and crown him with a woollen 'wreath, and then baniſh him to ſome other city.' Plato de Repub. lib. 3.

CON-

CONTENTS *of* VOL. VIII.

Let.

I. *BELFORD, To Lovelace.* Particulars of Clariſſa's truly Chriſtian behaviour in her laſt hours. A ſhort ſketch of her character.

II. *From the ſame.* The three next following Letters brought by a ſervant in livery, directed to the departed Lady; *viz.*

III. *From Mrs. Norton.* With the news of a general Reconciliation, upon her own conditions.

IV. *From Miſs Arabella.* In which ſhe aſſures her of all their returning Love and Favour.

V. *From Mr. John Harlowe.* Regretting that things have been carried ſo far; and deſiring her to excuſe his part in what had paſſed.

VI. *Belford, To Lovelace.* His Executorial proceedings. Eleven poſthumous Letters of the Lady. Copy of one of them written to himſelf. Tells Lovelace of one written to *him*, in purſuance of her promiſe in her Allegorical Letter (See No. lii. of Vol. VII.) Other Executorial proceedings. The Colonel's Letter to James Harlowe, ſignifying Clariſſa's requeſt to be buried at the feet of her Grandfather.

VII. *From the ſame.* Mrs. Norton arrives. Her ſurprize and grief to find her beloved young Lady departed. The poſthumous Letters calculated to give comfort, and not to reproach.

VIII. IX. X. XI. XII. Copies of Clariſſa's poſthumous Letters to her Father, Mother, Brother, Siſter, and Uncles.

Subſtance of her Letter to her *Aunt Hervey*, concluding with advice to her Couſin Dolly.

Subſtance of her Letter to *Miſs Howe*, with advice in favour of Mr. Hickman.

XIII. *Belford, To Lovelace.* The wretched Sinclair breaks her leg, and diſpatches Sally Martin to beg a viſit from him, and that he will procure for her the Lady's forgiveneſs. Sally's remorſe for the treatment ſhe gave her at Rowland's. Acknowleges the Lady's ruin to be in a great meaſure owing to their inſtigations.

XIV. *From the ſame.* Miſs Howe's diſtreſs on receiving the fatal news, and the poſthumous Letters directed to her. Copy of James Harlowe's Anſwer to Colonel Morden's Letter, in which he relates the unſpeakable diſtreſs of the family; endeavours to exculpate himſelf; deſires the body may be ſent down to Harlowe-Place; and that the Colonel will favour them with his company.

XV. *Bel-*

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 MAY 72

XV. *Belford, To Lovelace.* The corpſe ſent down, attended by the Colonel and Mrs. Norton.

XVI. *Mowbray, To Belford.* An account of Lovelace's delirious unmanageableneſs, and extravagant deſign, had they not all interpoſed. They have got Lord M. to him. He endeavours to juſtify Lovelace by Rakiſh principles, and by a true ſtory of a villainy which he thinks greater than that of Lovelace by Clariſſa.

XVII. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Written in the height of his delirium. The whole world, he ſays, is but one great Bedlam. Every one in it mad but himſelf.

XVIII. *Belford, To Mowbray.* Deſires that Lovelace, on his recovery, may be prevailed upon to go abroad: And why. Exhorts him and Tourville to reform, as he is reſolved to do.

XIX. *Belford, To Lovelace.* Deſcribing the terrible impatience, deſpondency, and death of the wretched Sinclair.

As the bad houſe is often mentioned in this work, without any other ſtigma than what ariſes from the wicked principles and actions occaſionally given of the wretches who inhabit it; Mr. Belford here enters into the ſecret retirements of theſe creatures, and expoſes them in the appearances they are ſuppoſed to make, before they are tricked out to enſnare weak and inconſiderate minds.

XX. *Colonel Morden, To Mr. Belford.* With an account of his arrival at Harlowe-Place *before the body.* The dreadful diſtreſs of the whole family in expectation of its coming. The deep remorſe of James and Arabella Harlowe. Mutual recriminations on recollecting the numerous inſtances of their inexorable cruelty. Mrs. Norton ſo ill, he was forced to leave her at St. Albans. He dates again to give a further account of their diſtreſs on the *arrival of the herſe.* Solemn reſpect paid to her memory by crowds of people.

XXI. *From the ſame.* Further intereſting accounts of what paſſed among the Harlowes. Miſs Howe expected to ſee, for the laſt time, her beloved friend.

XXII. *From the ſame.* Miſs Howe arrives. The Colonel receives her. Her tender woe; and characteriſtic behaviour.

XXIII. *From the ſame.* Mrs. Norton arrives. Amended in ſpirits. To what owing. Further recriminations of the unhappy Parents. They attempt to ſee the corpſe; but cannot. Could ever *wilful hard-heartedneſs,* the Colonel aſks, *be more ſeverely puniſhed?* Subſtance of the Lady's poſthumous Letter to Mrs. Norton.

XXIV. *From the ſame.* Account of the funeral ſolemnity. Heads of the eulogium. The univerſal juſtice done to the Lady's great and good qualities. Other affecting particulars.

XXV. *Belford, To Colonel Morden.* Compliments him on his pathetic narratives. Further account of his Executorial proceedings.

XXVI. *James Harlowe, To Belford.*

XXVII. *Mr. Belford. In Anſwer.*

The Lady's LAST WILL. In the preamble to which, as well as in the body of it, ſhe gives ſeveral inſtructive hints; and diſplays, in

an exemplary manner, her forgiving ſpirit, her piety, her charity, her gratitude, and other Chriſtian and heroic virtues, p. 96.

XXVIII. *Colonel Morden, To Mr. Belford.* The Will read. What paſſed on the occaſion.

XXIX. *Belford, To Lord M.* Apprehends a vindictive reſentment from the Colonel. Deſires that Mr. Lovelace may be prevailed on to take a tour.

XXX. *Miſs Mountague. In Anſwer.*

Summary account of proceedings relating to the execution of the Lady's Will, and other matters. Subſtance of a Letter from Mr. Belford to Mr. Hickman; of Mr. Hickman's Anſwer; and of a Letter from Miſs Howe to Mr. Belford, p. 119—122.

The Lady's poſthumous Letter to Mr. Lovelace, p. 122.

XXXI. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Deſcribing his delirium as dawning into ſenſe and recollection. All is conſcience and horror with him, he ſays. A deſcription of his miſery at its height.

XXXII. *From the ſame.* Revokes his laſt Letter, as aſhamed of it. Yet breaks into fits and ſtarts, and is ready to go back again. *Why*, he aſks, *did his Mother bring him up to know no controul?* His heart ſickens at the recollection of what he was. Dreads the return of his malady. Makes an effort to forget all.

XXXIII. *From the ſame.* Is preparing to leave the kingdom. His route. Seaſonable warnings, tho' delivered in a ludicrous manner, on Belford's reſolution to reform. Complains that he has been ſtrangely kept in the dark of late. Demands a Copy of the Lady's Will.

XXXIV. *Belford, To Lovelace.* Juſtice likely to overtake his inſtrument Tomlinſon. On what occaſion. The wretched man's remorſe on the Lady's account. Belford urges Lovelace to go abroad for his health. Anſwers very ſeriouſly to the warnings he gives him. Amiable ſcheme for the conduct of his future life.

XXXV. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Pities Tomlinſon. Finds that he is dead in priſon. Happy that he lived not to be hanged. Why. *No diſcomfort ſo great but ſome comfort may be drawn from it.* Endeavours to defend himſelf by a whimſical caſe which he puts between A, a miſer, and B, a thief.

XXXVI. *From the ſame.* Ridicules him on the ſcheme of life he has drawn out for himſelf. In *his* manner gives Belford ſome further cautions and warnings. Reproaches him for not ſaving the Lady. A breach of confidence in ſome caſes is more excuſeable than to keep a ſecret. Raillies him on his perſon and air, on his Couſin Charlotte, and the Widow Lovick.

XXXVII. *Mr. Belford, To Colonel Morden.* On a declaration he had heard he had made of taking vengeance of Mr. Lovelace. His arguments with him on that ſubject from various topics.

XXXVIII. *The Lady's poſthumous Letter to her Couſin Morden.* Containing arguments againſt DUELLING, as well with regard to her particular caſe, as in general. See alſo Letter x. to her Brother on the ſame ſubject,

XXXIX. Co-

XXXIX. *Colonel Morden, To Mr. Belford.* In anſwer to his pleas againſt avenging his Couſin. He paints in very ſtrong colours the grief and diſtreſs of the whole family on the loſs of a child, whoſe character and excellencies riſe upon them to their torment.

XL. *From the ſame.* Further particulars relating to the execution of the Lady's Will. Gives his thoughts of womens friendſhips in general; of that of Miſs Howe, and his Couſin, in particular. *An early habit of familiar Letter writing, how improving.* Cenſures Miſs Howe for her behaviour to Mr. Hickman. *Mr. Hickman's good character.* Caution to Parents who deſire to preſerve their Children's veneration for them. Mr. Hickman, unknown to Miſs Howe, puts himſelf and equipage in mourning for Clariſſa. Her lively turn upon him on that occaſion. What he, the Colonel, expects from the generoſity of Miſs Howe in relation to Mr. Hickman. Weakneſs of ſuch as are afraid of making their Laſt Wills.

XLI. *Belford, To Miſs Howe.* With copies of Clariſſa's poſthumous Letters; and reſpectfully, as from Colonel Morden and himſelf, reminding her of her performing her part of her dear friend's laſt deſires in making *one of the moſt deſerving men in England happy.* Informs her of the delirium of Lovelace, in order to move her compaſſion for him, and of the dreadful death of Sinclair and Tomlinſon.

XLII. *Miſs Howe, To Mr. Belford.* Obſervations on the Letters and ſubjects he communicates to her. She promiſes another Letter in anſwer to his and Colonel Morden's call upon her in Mr. Hickman's favour. Applauds the Colonel for purchaſing her beloved friend's jewels *in order to preſent them to Miſs Dolly Hervey.*

XLIII. *From the ſame.* She accounts for, tho' not defends, her treatment of Mr. Hickman. She owns, that he is a man worthy of a better choice; that ſhe values no man *more* than him; and aſſures Mr. Belford and the Colonel, that her endeavours ſhall not be wanting to make him happy.

XLIV. *Mr. Belford, To Miſs Howe.* A Letter full of grateful acknowlegements for the favour of hers.

XLV. *Lord M. To Mr. Belford.* Acquainting him with his Kinſman's ſetting out for London, in order to embark. Wiſhes him to prevent a meeting between him and Mr. Morden.

XLVI. *Mr. Belford, To Lord M.* Has had a viſit from Mr. Lovelace. What paſſed between them on the occaſion. Has an interview with Colonel Morden.

XLVII. *From the ſame.* Juſt returned from attending Mr. Lovelace part of his way towards Dover. Their ſolemn parting.

XLVIII. *From the ſame.* An account of what paſſed between himſelf and Colonel Morden at their next meeting. Their affectionate parting.

XLIX. *Miſs Howe, To Mr. Belford.* Gives, at his requeſt, the character of her beloved friend at large; and an account *of the particular diſtribution of her time in the twenty-four hours of the natural day.*

L. *Lovelace, To Belford, from Paris.* Conſcience the conqueror of ſouls. He cannot run away from his reflections. He deſires a particular account of all that has paſſed ſince he left England.

LI. *Belford, To Lovelace.* Anſwers him as to all the particulars he writes about.

LII. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Has received a Letter from Joſeph Leman (who, he ſays, is conſcience ridden) to inform him, that Colonel Morden reſolves *to have his will of him.* He cannot bear to be threatened. He will write to the Colonel to know his purpoſe. He cannot get off his regrets on account of the dear Lady *for the blood of him.*

LIII. *Belford, To Lovelace.* It would be matter of ſerious reflection to him, he ſays, if that very Leman, *who had been his machine, ſhould be the inſtrument of his fall.*

LIV. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Has written to the Colonel to know his intention: But yet in ſuch a manner that he may handſomely avoid taking it as a challenge; *tho' in the like caſe he owns that he himſelf ſhould not.* Copy of his Letter to the Colonel.

LV. *Lovelace, To Belford.* He is now in his way to Trent, in order to meet Colonel Morden. He is ſure of victory; but will not, if he can help it, out of regard to the memory of Clariſſa, kill the Colonel.

LVI. *From the ſame.* Interview with Colonel Morden. To-morrow, ſays he, is the day, that will, in all probability, ſend either one or two ghoſts to attend the Manes of my Clariſſa. He doubts not to give the Colonel his life, or his death; and to be able, by next morning Eleven, to write all the particulars.

LVII. THE ISSUE OF THE DUEL.

CONCLUSION.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE Collection of Sentiments and Moral Reflections extracted from the preceding Hiſtory, being printed with thoſe collected from the Hiſtories of Pamela and Sir Charles Grandiſon in a ſingle volume, are omitted in this edition, as they appear in that to greater advantage, wrought, as they are, into the *Practice* of the reſpective Characters, and all together making a *Theory* uſeful (and the more as it is portable) to the Youth of both Sexes, as Rules for their conduct in every ſtation of Life.

END *of* VOL. VIII.